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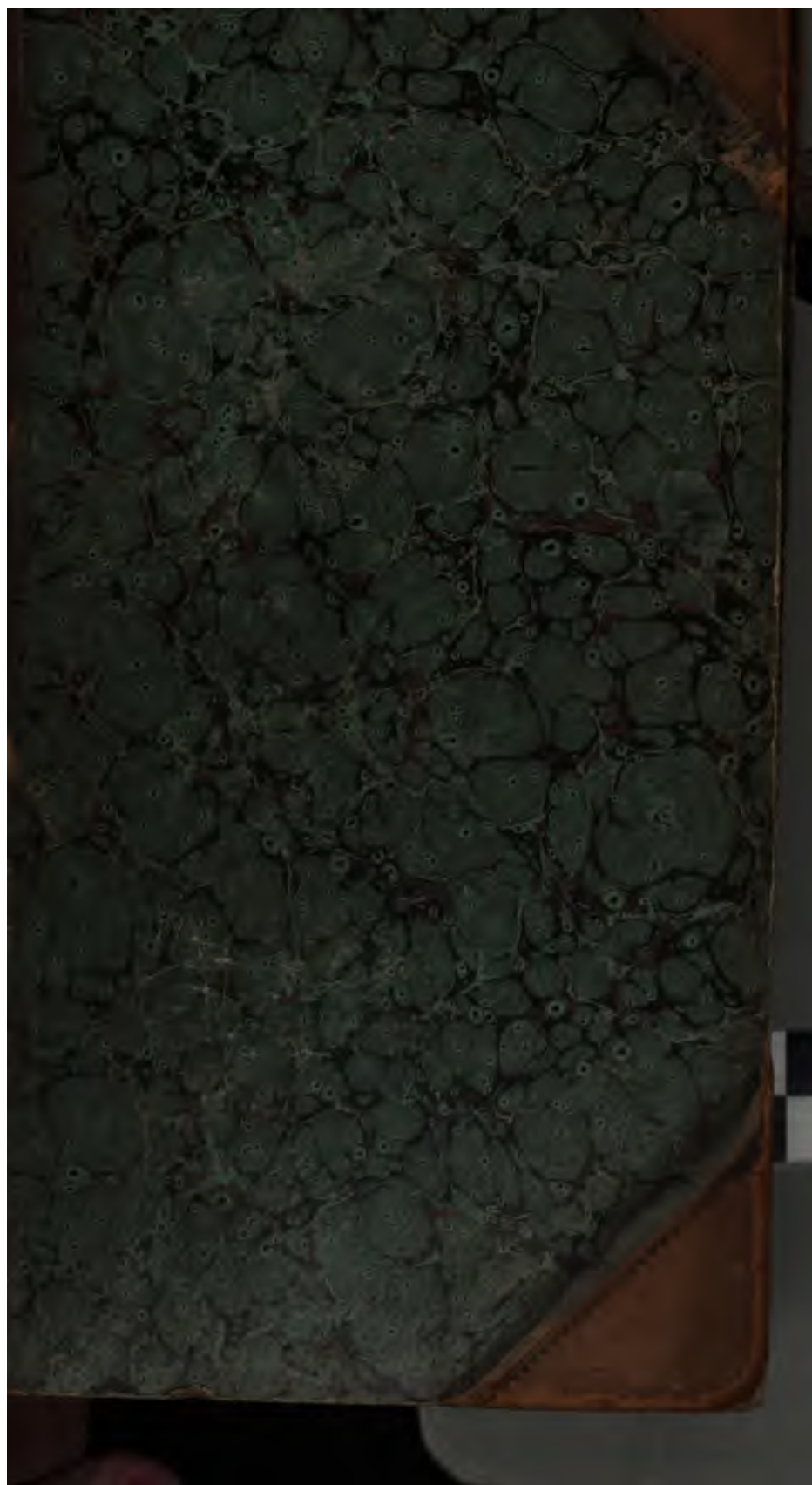
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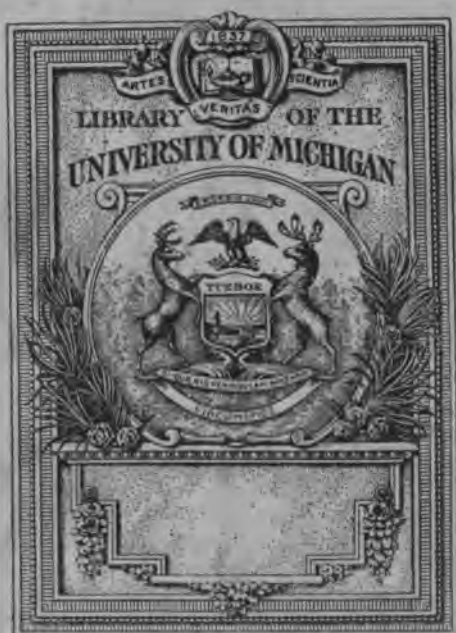
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NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.
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FEBRUARY, 1861.

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2. *Topics for Indian Statesmen.* By J. BRUCE NORTON. London, 1858.
3. *Old and New from the Lands of the East.* Leipzig and London. (M.S. Translation from the German). 1859.
4. *Allgemeine Geschichte Von Indien.* By LEOPOLD VON ORLICH. Leipsic, 1857.
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7. *Statement by Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B.* 1860.
8. *Christianity in India: An Historical Narrative.* By J. W. KAYE. London, 1859.
9. *Education in India: A Letter from the Ex-principal of an Indian Government College to his appointed Successor.* By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., late Principal, Poonah College. 1860.

THREE years and more have passed away, since, on a sultry June morning, England awoke to the knowledge that India was a-blaze. Not many days before, a meeting had been held in London, commemorative of the battle and the victory which, a hundred years ago, had placed the richest province of India at the feet of the English traders; and of the Man who had fought that great battle and gained that great victory. It was the centenary of Plassey; and men were speaking and writing about Robert Clive, and the mighty Anglo-Indian empire he had founded, little dreaming that that empire was reeling under such a blow as had never

before fallen upon it, and was not only in sore tribulation at the time, but, humanly speaking, in mortal peril.

Three years and more have passed since that sultry June morning, when the dread message, which the electric wires had brought us, spread from house to house and from town to town, and England knew that her sons had been driven in shame and agony from the imperial city of India, and that the prostrate Mogul had been proclaimed Emperor of the East. Three years; and out of what a cloud of darkness have we now emerged! What storms and convulsions have we surmounted, stilling, under God's good providence, the angry waters at last, and walking hopefully and gratefully again under tranquil skies! What deeds have been done; what sufferings have been borne; what mighty courage, and what mightier endurance, have been manifested under such ordeals as have seldom, it may be never, before tested, as in a fiery furnace, the stuff of which heroes are made! It will be a grand history when it comes to be written—a history to which Englishmen may point with pride as long as History endureth.

And now, entering upon a new year—the fourth which has dawned upon us since the storm first darkened upon India—there may be interest and profit in the study of the condition in which it has left us. The subject is a very large one. The mutiny of 1857 has precipitated so many important changes, and so much is to be said about them in their political, in their administrative, in their financial, in their social, and in their religious aspects, that we can only hope, within the limits of a single essay, to glance at all these varied topics—to indicate and to suggest, rather than to elaborate and to exhaust, leaving it to others, if they will, to work out the details. The reader must look at the whole subject in a catholic spirit, and with a comprehensive understanding, or he will be utterly dissatisfied with what we write. If he looks at it as a soldier, as a missionary, as a financier, or through any kind of class spectacles, he will surely find what we say altogether insufficient and disappointing. He will tell us that we might have said, that we ought to have said, this or that. To which, in such case, we should be minded to answer, “We know it; but if we were to say all that we know on so large a subject as this, where would be an end of our saying?”

Our Indian empire is now in a convalescent state. We have come out of the perilous ordeal purged and purified; and if we are discreet in this convalescent period, we may be healthier and stronger than before. It often happens that an acute disorder supervening upon a chronic malady, if the patient have sufficient robustness of constitution, expends itself and exhausts

its predecessor, and leaves the system free from taint. But convalescence has its own peculiar dangers. We presume upon our new-born strength. We are proud of having wrestled with grim disease, and thrown him. We think that there is nothing that we may not do. Or if, as sometimes happens, we take thought of what has gone before, pondering over our antecedent way of life, and reviewing our bygone habits in a cautionary spirit, honestly resolving to profit by the lessons of the past, there is greater danger, perhaps, in these good resolves than in the fruits of a hard, stubborn spirit; for at such times our logic often halts, and we confound coincidence with causation. Now, it appears to us that our convalescent Indian empire is exposed more or less to both of these perils—for they are not irreconcilable with each other—and that it especially becomes us to take heed of the latter. We are giving ourselves over-much to the discovery of causes. What if a man, after a cruel illness, should say, "I was abstemious before I was ill; I lived regularly; I took much exercise. *Therefore*, these things were the causes of my illness; and now that I am recovered, I will live a freer life, take my glass, and lounge in an easy-chair, instead of going abroad in the fields." Or, not to put what may be considered an extreme case, suppose he were to say, "I have lived in this house for years; I have had this or that establishment of servants; I employed certain tradesmen; I called in a certain physician; I had certain habits and ways of life; I have been ill; and these things must have made me ill. *Therefore* I will change them all." If a man were to argue in this wise, we should surely declare him to be frightfully out in his logic, and set him down as little better than an ass. But have we not been arguing, and more than arguing, very much in this way since our Anglo-Indian empire fell sick and was nigh to death? Have we not gone off into a rabid hunt after causes, and found the seeds of disease in all sorts of unsuspected places, and written down sentence of death against this thing and that, simply because it co-existed with the mutiny,—because it was there when the crisis came upon us; as though we were to hang every man known to have been in Princes Street at a certain hour when a murder was committed.

That since the mutiny, in our over-eagerness to find causes in every co-existing circumstance, we have run into some extremes, and have with undue rapidity inaugurated new systems, and are building up a vast revolutionary structure, with a haste scarcely compatible with solidity and permanence, is a fact which we cannot help deploring. For we might have profited by the fearful lesson taught us, under God's good providence, and come out of our straits much strengthened as well as purified by suf-

fering, with good prospect of running even a nobler career than before, if in our convalescent state we had consented to experimentalize slowly and cautiously, and had adopted the tentative system with prudence and care. Even now we see much of good augury in the prospect before us. And, perhaps, the results even of violent reactions are salutary, for without such violence the just equipoise might not be re-established. Indeed, we have no fear about public opinion adjusting itself in due time, into whatsoever extremes it may have been swept by such a whirlwind as that which recently overtook us. If we had only to think of public opinion, or popular feeling, we might leave those excesses to themselves, in the full assurance that they will find their level. But legislative excesses are of another kind. They do not right themselves. The mischief which they do is irremediable. We legislate in haste, and we repent at leisure.

We desire these considerations to be kept in view as the reader follows us, from point to point, in our survey of convalescent India; for to the errors and excesses of convalescence we shall have occasion to refer as we proceed. Great changes have, doubtless, come over our relations with the people of India. Every one who now comes from that country, tells you that it is not what it once was. A few years ago, and we laughed incredulously at the idea of the insecurity of our position. Far-seeing men, who ventured to talk of dangers, and to hint that we should some day wake to find the house all a-blaze, were scouted as weak-minded alarmists. It was a pleasant thing to feel thus secure. Englishmen, with their wives and children, settled in India, surrounded by the natives of the country, looking upon them as a harmless, feeble people, anything but afraid of them, sleeping with doors and windows open, sending perhaps their dear belongings from one end of India to another, under the charge of native menials, without a fear or a misgiving. English ladies, without protection, but without molestation, travelled hundred of miles by river or by road. If our countrymen carried fire-arms with them, it was not to shoot human game. But all this is changed now. Instead of calm security and placid contempt, we have ceaseless anxiety and measureless detestation. It is impossible to wonder. It is equally impossible to condemn. We all know how, even in this country, at a distance of thousands of miles from the blood-stained theatre of action, and many weeks after the events of which we read had occurred, the great heart of society was stirred with horror and indignation, and an eager longing for revenge broke out in all the words we uttered. There were some, we know, who at that time could not meet a black man in the streets of London without an irresistible desire to strike him in the face. What, then,

the feeling must have been in the breasts of men who witnessed these fearful scenes, or, if they did not see them with their own eyes, received the dread tidings, fresh and fresh, from the scene of blood—

“When straight one news came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death”—

When they heard of near relatives or beloved friends ruthlessly butchered like sheep in the shambles—tender women outraged—little children slaughtered for mere sport,—what could they do but cherish bitter hatred against the perpetrators of these foul wrongs, and, in their honest manly indignation, burn with unappeasable desire to punish the wrong-doers? Nor can we reasonably expect this feeling to subside as rapidly as it arose. There are bitter memories which will not die when they are bidden. And it is natural, too, that men should include the whole race within the circle of their hatred. We do not say that it is right. Of the two hundred millions of natives of India, how small the portion that really did us any wrong; and how many fought for us, and died for us, and what many acts of noble fidelity and self-devotion might be chronicled to the honour of the people! Still we say it is natural that the hatred engendered, even by exceptional acts of cruelty and ferocity, such as have filled so many English homes with mourning, should extend to the whole race, and survive years after the causes have ceased. It is not the memory of fierce international strife that dies hard in the human breast. Nations slaughter each other one day, and embrace each other on the next. Witness the fraternal carousings which succeeded the Peace of Tilsit, whilst yet the plains of Eylau and Friedland were moist with the blood of the comrades of the boon-companions of Russia and France. But it is hard to forget treachery and outrage—murder committed upon unresisting victims, and foul indignities wreaked upon helpless, unoffending little ones. And it is hardest of all to forget, when our humiliation comes from those whom we had before trodden down and despised. When we say, therefore, that there has recently been, and that we fear there still is, among the majority of Europeans in India, or rather, perhaps, we should say, in Bengal, an intense hatred and distrust of the whole race of natives, we express neither surprise nor condemnation. It is a natural symptom of the convalescent period, and we are not without a hope that it will soon pass away.

It *will* pass away, indeed, if it be left to itself. But there are those who foster and encourage the feeling—who appear to desire that hatred between the white man and the black should be the normal condition of our tenure of India. They dwell upon the ethnological differences of Race; upon the natural

superiority of the children of the West over the children of the East; upon the further distinctions engrafted upon it by the advancing civilization of Europe; and contend that, as conquerors, we have every right to impose disabilities and restrictions upon the conquered. Neither time nor space will admit of our entering upon the questions thus opened out to our investigation; but, it may be incidentally observed in this place, that the more we know of the people of India, of their early history and literature, of the civilization which was gleaming over the land when the nations of the West were shrouded in darkness, the less disposed we are to speak or to write contemptuously of them. To rank them with the black races of Africa is philosophically absurd; but it is more to our purpose to say, that the theory which upholds the expediency of a general recognition by the State of these distinctions of race, is politically false and dangerous. And we rejoice in the assurance that the viceroy of India has set his face stedfastly against it, and that Her Majesty's Government have wisely and generously supported him.

But the tendency of this policy has, we are afraid, been rather towards the aggravation, than the diminution of the evil. For the refusal of Lord Canning to sanction any legislative recognition of the difference of race, has increased the bitterness of feeling with which the European classes in India regard the present position of affairs; they revolt at the idea of being in any way classed with men who have so recently shown, by their conduct, that they require to be restrained by severe penal enactments; and they ask whether they are again to be placed at the mercy of miscreants who are still thirsting for their blood. The discordant views of the English Government and of the English community in India, found practical exposition in the great controversy which gathered round the Arms' Act; and in that controversy, the exasperation of the latter reached its culminating point. We repeat, that we are not surprised that the English community, should chafe under the feeling that any legal restrictions should be imposed upon *their* possession of arms, at a time when it appears to be demonstrably necessary that they should possess the means of protecting themselves, their wives, and their children, against the ferocious assaults of the treacherous enemies by whom they are surrounded. The feeling, we say, is a natural feeling; but it was not, therefore, less the duty of those whose privilege and responsibility it is, by any means, to influence public opinion, to illustrate the other side of the question, and to endeavour to allay the angry feelings of their countrymen. In this respect, the Anglo-Indian Press, with one or two exceptions, signally failed. Instead of endeavouring to smooth the exasperated feelings of their countrymen, the English journals,

especially of Bengal, supplied new sources of irritation. And never was the unpopularity of the Governor-General so great, as when he refused to exempt the European and Christian communities of India from the operation of the Act prohibiting the possession of arms, except with the express sanction of the State.

Of the propriety of the course pursued by the Indian Government, we have not the smallest doubt. Had it been possible to draw a line between the loyal and the dangerous classes, some theory of exemption might have been admitted. But exemptions, based upon colour and creed, are as unsatisfactory in theory as they are objectionable in practice. Our enemies in India were really an exceptional class. At all events, in all parts of the country there were multitudes of native inhabitants who had done us no wrong, and who had never thought of doing us any wrong. At the Presidency towns, loyal addresses from the most influential native communities, had been presented to Government in the season of their tribulation, and there was really no reason to think that their declarations of sympathy and good-will were a solemn mockery. To have granted an exemption to the European, or to the Christian inhabitants generally, would have practically expressed a doubt of the truth and sincerity of the loyal natives who had never swerved from their allegiance. The State was in no danger from the machinations of these men. We are sore afraid, indeed, that when history comes to take account fairly of the comparative loyalty of the native and the anti-native party, it will be found that the comparison is in favour of the former. It has been distinctly stated, and we believe never contradicted, that a plot was formed in Calcutta for the seizure and deportation of the representative of the British Crown, and that the conspirators were not natives of India, but men of English name and lineage. This is, doubtless, called loyalty to the nation; fine words and specious arguments are never wanting on such occasions. But what the nation really demanded in that conjuncture was, that every Briton should stand by the British Government in the hour of its need—that individual opinions, individual feelings, and individual interests should be submerged for a while in the one paramount duty of supporting the State and presenting a front of union to the enemy. We may give men credit for believing that the welfare of the nation would have been promoted by the forcible expulsion of the Governor-General by his own countrymen; but, in doing so, we are constrained to admit the wonderful extent to which men are sometimes blinded by their passions. No more fatal blow could have been struck at our supremacy in India than that.

The extraordinary unpopularity of Lord Canning among the independent Europeans in Bengal is assignable only to the fact,

that he resolutely refused to support them in the bitter war of races into which they desired to plunge. We speak of the "independent Europeans," not denying that the feeling was shared by a considerable number of Government servants; but, in their case, the animosity was comparatively reticent—they could not publicly avow it. Of course, the views of the Governor-General were misjudged; his policy mis-stated. Because he would not draw invidious and impolitic distinctions; because it was his desire to tranquillize the native mind: because he would not condemn and proscribe a whole race for the iniquities of a few; it was said that he was regardless of the interests of his countrymen, and wilfully oblivious of their deserts. But rash judgments of this kind are not eternal. In India they are longer lived than in England; but even there they die out in time. A Governor-General has few opportunities of explaining himself. He speaks to the public in legislative enactments, often of an unpalatable character. An English minister has his parliament; his public meetings; his public dinners; he is never at a loss for an occasion to ventilate his feelings and opinions. Opportunities of popularising himself are continually recurring; and, if they are not, he can easily make them for himself. A few graceful, genial sentences, pitched in the right key and uttered at the right time, will go far to smooth down the asperities of a public, irritated by an unpopular measure. At all events, they may relieve him of his own personal share of unpopularity, and change a groan of dissatisfaction into a shout of applause. When Lord Canning got a chance, he made the most of it. It was "long a-coming;" but when it came, it was turned to splendid account. At a banquet, given at Rajmahal in October last, when the completion of the railway to that place was formally inaugurated, the Governor-General made a speech. His lips were unsealed. He stood face to face with members of the European community, official and unofficial, and he spoke memorable words, "winged words," that flew from one end of India to the other, and made, wheresoever they went, an impression, deepened by the previous reticence of the statesman who uttered them. To borrow the language of the playing fields, he got his innings, and he made a long score. He did not hesitate to state, plainly and candidly, what are our besetting national faults; but he did full justice to the many noble qualities of the unofficial Englishman in India, and especially, as the occasion demanded, to that type of him represented by the railway engineer. He spoke of motives higher than those of mere successful enterprise, and then went on to say, that with those higher motives the engineers of the East Indian Railway "had sought to win the confidence of the people; and all their arrangements of pay, treatment, and

exact adherence to engagements for time of services, tended to this end. And this was the true policy of Englishmen. Only so could we worthily represent England in the great work before her in the world. And to do this we must take pains to win the hearts of the people, not live among them as among a conquered people ruled by a government of force and fear, but to lead them up to the conquest of a pure faith over a dark superstition, to sway by the influences of a proved and unwavering honesty of purpose, and overcome our prejudices and their fears by the exercise of our higher principles. One word more he felt called upon to say. In the course of late events the dangers of the times had been met by the highest devotion in the servants of the E. I. Railway, and he took this as the first opportunity of acknowledging their great public services, and his gratitude to those who had so specially distinguished themselves, not only by such devotion, but, in many cases, by the greatest self-denial in a thousand ways which could never meet with its just meed of especial acknowledgment. Boyle of Arrah, and many another as brave as he, were in the recollection of all. Kelly was a name remembered by them, and the mention of Colonel Eyre, who was present, would recall other names of servants of the Company who had rendered good service, and not in Bengal only. Who had ever heard of E. I. Railway engineers not sticking unflinchingly to their posts? sometimes at the sacrifice of their lives; and if he did not recall other names, it was not that he forgot or neglected them, but that they were so many, and would be so well remembered."

It is to the credit of the European community of India, that these words were so well received. If, it was said, by some of the most influential journalists—if Lord Canning had only spoken out in this way two or three years before, he might have been as popular as he has been unpopular—and they talked about the dawning of a new era. But there was, in reality, no new dawn. It was only that the shutters were opened, and the light was suffered to stream in upon the darkened chamber. This does not much matter now. What we most care to know is, that the European public of India is subsiding into a better state of feeling; and with the animosity against Lord Canning, it would appear that much of the rancorous, indiscriminating hatred of the black races, which has been so ugly a feature of the convalescent period of our Indian empire, is dying out from the great heart of Anglo-Indian society. We have said that these were ugly symptoms; but perhaps, with a deeper insight into social nosology, we might have looked hopefully upon them. It is an inseparable condition of well-nigh all diseases, that the convalescent period should be distinguished by extreme sensitiveness and

irritability. Nurses and physicians are wont to regard this as a good sign. Society is regulated by nearly the same laws, and subject to nearly the same influences. The great convulsions of 1857-58 left all classes of society in India in an extremely sensitive and irritable condition. It was the business of the Governor-General, as the great State-physician, to allay this irritability by the application of soothing remedies. It was his first care to deal with the native races. But as, in our treatment of the human frame, by removing one symptom, or relieving one organ, we may often aggravate or overburden another, so is it when we have to deal with the great framework of society. What soothes in one direction irritates in another. But, rightly and hopefully considered, there is truly nothing alarming in this. On the other hand, the sensitiveness which it indicates is in reality an encouraging symptom; and so, looking calmly back upon it, we see that, in the present case, it might so have been regarded. Sensitive to evil influences, the European community of India is now shown to be equally sensitive to good. The almost instantaneous effect of Lord Canning's Rajmahal speech proves how much sound, good, healthy, loyal feeling was still left in the men's hearts, embittered though they had been by adverse circumstances, so heavy and overpowering, that human nature could not stand up against their resistless force. There is happiest augury, indeed, in the manner in which the Viceroy's well-deserved tribute to the high worth and the noble services of the unofficial Englishmen were received; and it is as much our conviction as it is our hope, that the danger which at one time seemed to threaten the State, from the hostility of our own countrymen, is now rapidly clearing away.

We have purposely commenced our diagnosis of India convalescent, with this the most formidable symptom of her returning health. And, in doing so, we have explained the relations left by the mutiny between the European community and both the Government and the native races. We now turn to the relations subsisting between the Government and those races. In these we see little that is not of a satisfactory and encouraging nature. That during the great paroxysm of the disease it was necessary to resort to measures of extremest severity, even the most merciful must admit. In some instances, perhaps, the responsible servants of the State, called upon to act for themselves in a sudden and unprecedented emergency, *did* in the field what Government might have hesitated to *order* in the bureau. But, on the whole, we are disposed to think that in such a crisis the most vigorous measures are the most humane, and that what will not bear writing and scarcely thinking about, may really be the best thing to do. At all events, we must yield ready forgiveness

to those who, when any pause for consideration might have been fatal, acted promptly and resolutely, but with an excess of violence perhaps not demanded by the occasion. This, however, is not a question which we are called upon to discuss. Whatever may have been our bearing towards our enemies in the height of the mutiny, history will record that when England had once set her triumphant heel on the neck of the rebellion, she was as merciful as she was strong. A policy of forgiveness was inaugurated. An amnesty was declared. Rebellion, pure and simple, was held to be a pardonable offence. Men not stained with the foul crime of assassination, and not committed as leaders and instigators of rebellion, were invited to lay down their arms and claim the mercy of the conqueror. There was, doubtless, a feeling in high places that some of our enemies had something to forgive, for with the inauguration of this policy of mercy there came a reconsideration of some of our past measures; and rapidly there dawned upon our rulers the knowledge that some grave mistakes had been committed—mistakes whose roots were buried deep down in the soil of injustice and oppression.

Only a few weeks ago, there passed away from amongst us, in the seclusion of one of our Scottish castles, the strong, brave spirit of one of the greatest of Indian statesmen. Eight years of incessant toil, of eager activity in that destroying climate, had utterly broken down a constitution lacking natural purity and vigour, and he had returned to England only to perish slowly by a process of decay which repose had come too late to arrest. He died for his country as certainly as did Lawrence or Havelock, Neill or Nicholson; and there was something heroic in the sacrifice, though it should be regarded rather as a warning than as an example to the younger statesmen of the age. Of late years, it has been the fashion to speak of Lord Dalhousie's policy as of a grasping and aggressive character. People talked and wrote, vaguely but still forcibly, about his "annexation policy," as though it had been his rule to seize and appropriate every rood of territory, for the absorption of which there was any kind of plausible pretext. In this we think that considerable injustice was done to Lord Dalhousie. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that he had a somewhat exaggerated idea of the rightful claims of the Paramount State, and a perverted sense of its duties. It was his conviction that the welfare of the State and the good of the people were alike promoted by the extension, or, as his disciples say, the consolidation of our Indian Empire; and, therefore, he availed himself of such opportunities as Providence seemed to throw in his way for converting into British soil unseemly patches of native territory, and incarnadining the whole map of India—"making the green, one red." It is our own

belief that this was a mistake. But the theory has been maintained by so many able and good men, that we cannot speak of it with cold contempt, or with bitter indignation. It is true that among the statesmen who have upheld an opposite policy—who have believed that expediency not less than justice dictated the maintenance of the native States of India—are such men as Mountstuart Elphinstone, John Malcolm, Charles Metcalfe, Neill Edmonstone, St George Tucker, George Clerk, and Henry Lawrence. We believe, indeed, that the balance of authority, if the question is to be subjected to that test, will be greatly against the political system supported by Lord Dalhousie and his disciples. But now that the grave has closed over the frail body of that eager, restless-minded statesman, let us be in no hurry to speak of his measures as in any way the cause of the great malady from which we are now recovering. As we said at the commencement of this paper, we are too prone to look upon mere coincidence as cause and effect. And, it by no means follows that, because the great rebellion of 1857 has clearly demonstrated that Lord Dalhousie's foreign policy was a mistake, that policy caused, or was among the causes of, the outbreak.

It is now generally admitted—although politicians of the Dalhousie school may reluctantly shape the admission into words—that the British Empire in India, in 1857, was, under Providence, saved by the Native States. The idea is not one very pleasing to our national self-love; but we believe it to be a substantial fact. Not only is it true that, if the few remaining States of India had turned against us in the hour of our need, we must have been driven out of the country, but that, if there had been no Native States, we could not have recovered ourselves. There were other benefits which we derived from their existence at that time, beyond the mere resources which they placed at our disposal—the money, the munitions of war, the means of transport, and even the men, which they lent us when we were in our sorest straits. And apart from the mere feeling of gratitude, which now induces us to heap honours and rewards upon those who were loyal to the Paramount State, and faithful to their engagements, under great trial and temptation, we have now a conviction that our own interests are identified with theirs, and that to strengthen them is to strengthen ourselves. Our present policy may be described as a policy of restoration. In no respect is the change wrought by the rebellion more remarkable, than in our treatment of the Native States of India. We are once again beginning to respect the ancient rights and usages of the princes and chiefs, and, instead of compassing the extinction of the old ruling families, adopting measures to secure their perpetuation.

It is not to be doubted that the practice of the years preceding

the great outbreak of 1857 had done much to unsettle the minds of all the remaining potentates of India. There was a general feeling of insecurity—a prevailing sense that the British Government was on the watch for every “lapse” and “escheat,” constituting itself Heir-General to all the principalities in the country to which no direct lineal successor was to be found. It may seem strange to the uninstructed that so many opportunities of this kind should be afforded by failure of direct heirs. In a country where no great respect is entertained for the institution of monogamy, it might be supposed that there would be rather a surplusage than a deficiency of heirs. But early exposure to the enervating influences of the Zenana is not favourable to the perpetuation of ancient houses, in direct lineal succession. The practice, therefore, of adopting heirs, in such default, is general in India, and the privilege greatly esteemed. Not only does it secure the continued existence of ancient families and perpetuate noble names, but it has a deep religious significance; it is embedded in the superstitions of Hindooism. A Hindoo believes that the performance, after death by his son, of the funeral obsequies prescribed by his religion, is necessary to his salvation. An adopted son has all the powers and privileges of an heir of the body. Hence the general desire to adopt; and hence, perhaps, it might be added, the cruelty of refusing to recognise such adoptions. This, however, must be taken with some reservation. The negation interposed by Government does not, of course, extend beyond the question of political and territorial rights; and the power of adopting, *quoad* all personal and private property, remains, whatever may be the decree of the Paramount State. But the idea of this imperfect adoption raises doubts and inquietudes in the mind of a chief, even in relation to his spiritual prospects; whilst his ancestral pride and political ambition revolt at the thought of the extinction of his house.

And whatever benefits to the people may really result from the absorption of a native principality into English soil (benefits, however, which in the plenitude of our national self-love we are wont to exaggerate), we should deceive ourselves grossly if we were to believe that only the immediate members of a princely house feel a personal pride in its maintenance, and a personal humiliation in its decay. A third part of a century has passed away since the house of the Peishwah was extinguished; but among the Mahrattas of Central India it was still found to be a tower of strength, when Scindiah and Holkar, loyal under great trial and temptation, were sore pressed by the rebellion of their troops. And although a still longer period had elapsed since the princes of the house of Timour had shrivelled into pensioners and puppets, the traditionary loyalty of the Moham-

medans of all parts of India, which had never ceased during all that time to turn towards the shattered throne and the broken sceptre of the Mogul, burst out in a blaze, when news spread from post to post that the imperial standard had been raised, and that Delhi was at once the watchword and the home of a great movement against the power of the usurping Feringhees. There was scarcely a Mohammedan in India who did not feel a personal pride in the thought of the revival of the Mogul dynasty. And, as with the greater, so with the lesser houses, a personal feeling, partly of pride, partly of self-interest, gathers round them, from numerous dependents and adherents, who exult in the thought of their maintenance, and resent the idea of their fall.

Now, the present policy of the British Government towards these native families, whether venerable by long descent or of comparatively recent growth, is strictly of a conservative character. This policy, shadowed forth in her Majesty's Proclamation, has been wrought out in substantial practice by Lord Canning, who has wisely availed himself of every possible opportunity of reassuring the minds of the native princes and chiefs. The Durbars which he held in Upper and Central India during the cold season of 1859-1860, and which have been resumed in the winter now passing away, have had the best possible effect. The authoritative announcements, in open Durbar, by the representative of the British Crown, that it is the desire of her Majesty's Government to perpetuate the houses of the loyal princes and chiefs; and that, in the event of the failure of direct heirs, adoption in accordance with the national religions, and with the ancient usages of their respective houses, would be recognised by the Paramount State, has induced a feeling of widespread confidence and security, unparalleled in this generation. Nor is this all that has been done. It was formerly held to be expedient to reduce within the smallest possible limits the territorial dominion of these princes and chiefs—to lop here and to lop there whenever opportunity presented itself, and to keep a watchful eye upon them, lest by any means they should aggrandize themselves to our cost. But now we are aggrandizing them ourselves. We are giving, instead of taking. We are freely dividing among our friends the territory rightfully forfeited by the rebellion of our enemies. The princes and chiefs who have been faithful to their engagements have been exalted; their dominions, in many important instances, have been greatly increased; and in thus elevating their position and enhancing their dignity, we have believed that we have added to our own strength. The foreign policy of Lord Canning, indeed, is as wise as it is generous. Its tendency is to flatter the pride of the native

princes, to identify their interests with those of the British Government as Lord Paramount; and to induce them to devote their energies to affairs of internal administration, not to expend them in useless military pomp. He has dotted the great continent of India with friends, who will aid and assist us freely in the day of trouble, should trouble ever again come upon us,—friends, who know that, so long as the British Empire in India endures, they are secure in their possessions, and will not be unrighteously dispossessed either of a single foot of land or a single honour which appertains to their state.

Whilst thus pursuing towards the princes and chiefs, exercising sovereign jurisdiction within their own territories, a line of conduct dictated equally by generous feeling and by considerations of sound policy, the same cardinal principle was observed in the bearing of the British Government towards the landed aristocracy of our own provinces. It had long been our rule to depress these great landlords. The tendency of our revenue settlements in Upper India had been to dispossess them, and to vest the proprietary right in a number of small shareholders. We do not intend that this paper should be read only with the help of a glossary; so we shall eschew, as much as possible, technical terms and local phraseology. There is one word, however, in the vocabulary of Indian revenue, which recent events have rendered so familiar to the English reader that we may use it without a misgiving. Most people have a tolerably clear conception of a Talookhdar. In Oude, we found these great feudal chiefs rampant, and we humbled them. This was only in accordance with the system which we had wrought out more gradually and more noiselessly in the North-western Provinces of India. But in Oude, the rebellion of 1857, which, of course, saw the whole landed aristocracy of Oude arrayed against us, brought the question of the landed proprietary into unhappy prominence; and we found that we had committed, not only a great injustice, but at the same time a great mistake. The recovery of Oude by conquest placed the land at the disposal of the conqueror. There was nothing due to the village proprietors, chiefly with whom we had made the first settlement; for no sooner had our authority ceased in the province than they voluntarily placed themselves in subordination to the Talookhdars, from whose "hateful yoke" we thought we had done great things in dispossessing them. There was, indeed, a *rasa tabula* before us, upon which we might inscribe what names we liked as proprietors of the soil. So we went back to the state before annexation, and, except when all claim to the favourable consideration of the British Government had been forfeited by unyielding rebellion, or by crimes of a still deeper dye, the old Talookhdars, whom we

had ousted, were restored to the position in which we had found them on our first assumption of the government of the country.

There was something in such generosity as this unintelligible to the native mind. It looked like a cunningly-devised plan to bring about, by false pretences, the pacification of the province, so long rent by internal convulsion. There were some, indeed, who thought not merely that it was our intention to keep them quiet for a time, and then, our object gained, to throw them over; but who suspected that we had a design to bring them into communication with our officers that we might the more easily seize them as soon as it suited our purpose to do so. And when the Governor-General went in person to Lucknow, and invited the principal Talookhdars to meet him in Durbar, some of them tremblingly believed that they were going to their doom. In the old time, under the native Government, Talookhdars had been summoned to the royal presence, and had never returned to tell what was said to them at the Court of Lucknow. But they soon found the difference between an English viceroy and an Oriental prince. The Governor-General addressed them in a frank, manly style, told them in a few words the policy of the British Government towards them, and caused the pregnant sentences he had uttered to be translated and circulated largely among the people of Oude. Nor did his efforts to secure the confidence of the great landholders stop here. Every Talookhdar with whom a settlement was completed, received a written sunnud, or grant, signed by the Chief Commissioner, confirming him in perpetuity in the possession of his lands. This was not a permanent settlement, but a permanent recognition of the family with whom the settlement was made. The grant was, of course, subject to the payment of the Government dues, and the assessment of the value of the land was left open to revision. This was quite enough. There was no apprehension that the assessment would be so heavy as to render the proprietary right of little or no value.

Having thus restored the Talookhdars to their old position, every effort was made to improve their character. There was no sort of fear of their ever again defying their Government. Their teeth had been drawn. The whole country had been disarmed. The Talookhdars had given up their guns, had dismissed their followers, and suffered the impenetrable belts of jungle which had surrounded their fortresses to be destroyed. It was now proposed to give them new objects of interest—to identify them with the officers of the State in the cause of order and good government. So, in the first instance, a few were selected on whom certain magisterial and fiscal powers were conferred. Others were afterwards added to the list. It was a step

altogether in the right direction. And the experiment thus happily inaugurated in Oude, was soon tried in the Punjab, where similar powers were conferred on some of the leading Sirdars; and that it will extend to other parts of the country we are justified in believing. It is rather a return to an old state of things, than the initiation of a new system; but, viewed in connection with the recent policy of the British Government, these laudable efforts to elevate the social and moral condition of the squirearchy of the country must be regarded with extreme satisfaction. Men are wont to become what we believe them to be. Treat them as though they were unfit for power, and unfit they will remain to the end of the chapter. Trust them, impose responsibility upon them, and they will rise to the point which they are expected to attain. It will be no small triumph of beneficent administration to convert an Oude Talookhdar into a respectable country gentleman; but we believe that the triumph is now in the way towards speedy accomplishment.¹

Such, briefly described, is the present policy of the Government of India towards the native princes and the native aristocracy.² We have made it the subject of preliminary explanation, because we believe that everything else is dependent upon it. We have nothing to dread from external enemies. If we are compelled to keep up at all times a gigantic military force, it is not because we have any danger to apprehend from the designs of Russia or of France, but because we believe that at any

¹ Sir Herbert Edwardes, in a note to his printed Exeter Hall Lecture, says very pertinently on this subject:—"The 'Talookhdar system,' not only of revenue, but police and judicial powers and rights, which has by a kind of necessity been stumbled upon in reconstructing the province of Oude (which, as a natural consequence, had to be extended to the Punjab, and must inevitably be demanded and obtained ultimately by all India), is nothing short of a *political revolution*, though apparently attracting little notice. It is a first step and a long one towards the self-government of India." To this Sir Herbert Edwardes adds: "But how infinitely does this, which we have done already, add to the necessity of preparing the Indian people, as well as chiefs, for sound self-government, by beginning at the beginning of national strength,—a true faith and a pure religion capable of regenerating individuals."

² Our illustrations have been drawn mainly from that part of India which was convulsed by the recent rebellion. But similar beneficent influences have been at work in other parts of the country. We need only refer to the results of the Inam Commission. Speaking of the Madras Presidency, Sir Charles Trevelyan says: "Whatever conduces to direct the activity of the people into the channels of peaceful industry, to give the influential classes a stake in the permanence of the existing government, and to create a general impression of justice and security, has the double effect of increasing the productiveness of the public revenue, and of diminishing the military and police expenditure. The settlement of the Inam question in the Madras Presidency, whereby upwards of 300,000 small landed properties will be converted from a state of insecurity, which made them the habitual prey of corrupt native officers, into the highest description of freehold tenure, is alone worth half-a-dozen regiments."

moment we may find that the country is bristling with internal enemies. Our defensive measures, which swallow up the revenues of the State, are necessitated by the insecurity of our tenure. But, safe in the affections of the more powerful classes, having with them a community of interests, trusting them and trusted by them, we might forego much of this ruinous display of strength. We are absolutely consumed by our legions. We are breaking down under the magnitude and costliness of our army. It happened that, when the Bengal army broke into revolt, there was not a sufficiency of European troops in the country to crush it at once. We are now, therefore, filling the country with European troops, and the revenues cannot bear the drain upon them. There is a continual deficit, only to be met by borrowing. And borrow we must, unless we can contrive to reduce the military charges of the Anglo-Indian empire. In other words, unless we are to regard the present cost of our defensive establishment as temporary and exceptional, appertaining only to this transition-state—this convalescent period—we do not clearly see how we are to drag through our financial difficulties.

For the revenues of India are not elastic; we cannot stretch them at our pleasure. It is the veriest delusion to suppose that we can transplant to India the financial policy of Europe, and deal with the natives of the former country as we would with the tax-payers of Great Britain. Sir Charles Trevelyan is undoubtedly right when he maintains that the only way out of our financial difficulties is by the reduction of our military expenditure. To make a great display of strength at the present time may be an absolute necessity. The liberal policy which we are now carrying out, and, we believe, with such happy promise of eventual success, especially demands a display of strength. If it were not for such display, our concessions might be regarded as indications of weakness. But permanently to maintain an overawing and overwhelming military establishment of this kind, is to stultify all our conciliatory measures; for these measures are based upon anything but the conviction that we can govern India only through her fears.

If we thought that the military expenditure of India must be maintained at its present figure, we should have no hope of her eventual recovery. For the idea of greatly increasing the revenue by striking out new methods of taxation, is clearly delusive. An increase of revenue from acknowledged time-honoured sources may be looked for under the fostering influence of good government; but this is altogether incompatible with the existence of a burdening, paralysing military force, clamorously demanding every rupee in the treasury, and leaving nothing for those great reproductive wants which restore tenfold the

revenue they consume. If we are to endeavour to feed this voracious giant by flinging to it the bread wrung from the discontent of the people, we had better give up the game at once. The people of India, long accustomed to certain forms of taxation, pay those taxes quietly and uncomplainingly, even though they should be oppressive, because they are used to them. Every new thing alarms them. Timid and suspicious, they look with mistrust upon every change, though it may demonstrably be for their good, and they oppose to it an amount of passive resistance often more difficult to cope with than actual force. Sir Charles Trevelyan, no mean judge in such a matter, said that he thought that the dangers into which we were drifting from these experiments in taxation were greater than those from which we had escaped. And, in truth, if we had been asked, any time since we first began to study Indian affairs, what we conceived to be the greatest danger to which our tenure of power in India could be exposed, we should have answered, "An incursion of English financiers." We often hear, in periods of great public tribulation, that some one man is "worth half-a-dozen regiments to the State." An expert English financier, in such a crisis as that which we had reached in 1859, was worth a score of regiments to the enemy. It is true that there was no great amount of financial ability at that time in Bengal. India, since the days of Henry Tucker, has not been famous for her financiers. But the question which had arisen was not how we could make, but how we could save, money; it was, in fact, a military question, and a mixed commission of experienced Indian soldiers and civilians, sitting in Calcutta with the one object of drawing up a plan for the future defence of the country upon the most economical basis, consistent with the public safety, would have done far more to restore the finances of our Indian empire to a healthy condition, than the mission of a crack Indian financier fresh from the treasury at Whitehall and the editor's room of the *Economist* newspaper.

And that, up to the present time, events have fully justified this conclusion, we have at least some evidence in the intelligence which comes upon us from India as we write. The income tax, which was to have done so much to restore the balance of our Indian finances, appears, upon the best official authority, to contribute a million sterling a-year to a gross income of nearly forty millions.¹ Making every allowance for the fact, that the financial year 1860-61 may, so far as the new

¹ See the resolution of the Government of India in the Finance Department, dated Fort-William, November 19, 1860, received as we are writing this page. The total income from all sources is set down at L.39,140,000. The expenditure is set down at L.45,413,000, leaving a deficit of L.6,273,000.

system of taxation is concerned, be considered an experimental year, and that a larger amount may be realized when the machinery is in more efficient order, we may still ask whether the gain is such as to justify the risk that we incur by exciting popular discontent. If the hazard of failure be great, the prize of success should be great also. "Nothing venture, nothing win," is a pregnant truth; but who ventures largely in search of small gains? We might have knocked five millions off our military expenditure with less danger than we have incurred by inflicting on an ignorant and susceptible people,—a new tax not yielding half the amount.

"India is at peace," says the Government of India, in the important manifesto from which we have gathered the fact of the failure of the income tax.—"India is at peace, externally and internally; and while the presence of an army much stronger than has ever before been at the disposal of the Government of India gives a feeling of general security, it has been the desire of the Government of India to give the fullest effect to the principles laid down in her Majesty's proclamation, to remove every cause of heartburning, distrust, and animosity, and to secure to her Majesty's subjects, of every rank and of all races and creeds, the fullest and most undisturbed enjoyment of their respective rights and lawful usages." This, in a few words, embodies what we had written, in the early part of this article, on the wise policy of Lord Canning towards the natives of India, before the document now quoted was before us. The credit thus claimed is fairly due to the Governor-General and his colleagues; and, we may add, to the Home Government, who have consistently supported them. But, reading these official sentences, we hoped to find them leading straight up, with due logical directness, to the conclusion, that, all these favourable circumstances considered—all causes of discontent and irritation removed—the maintenance of an overwhelming military force in India had ceased to be a political necessity. The great fault, or rather the great shortcoming of this document, is, that it fails to strike at the heart of the evil. It does not declare with sufficient distinctness that the military expenditure is the one grand impediment to the restoration of Indian prosperity. No possible savings in any other direction can help the Government out of its embarrassments. A man who keeps a stud of race-horses, and spends his thousands on the turf, is called an idiot, and very properly too, if he talks of reducing his expenditure by limiting the amount of beer consumed in the servants' hall. Yet, to lay much stress upon small parings in this department and in that—upon reducing a clerk here and a ream of stationery there, and causing dissatisfaction and diminishing zeal among the exe-

cutive servants of the Government by small retrenchments of salary (always penny wise and pound foolish)—instead of striking root and branch at the military expenditure, is really to emulate this domestic example of economical reform. We by no means wish it to be inferred that serious efforts are not being made to reduce the military expenditure. We know that, in all the Presidencies, reductions in the native establishments are being made. But we should have liked to see a more positive, a more outspoken recognition of the fact, not that the military charges are one of many items of expenditure to be reduced, but that they are *the* one, from the reduction of which alone any substantial benefit is to be expected. Seeing our way clearly to this, we might see our way to the end of the difficulty. But whilst everything else is tolerably plain, here we go groping in the dark. What is to be the military establishment maintained for the defence of our Indian empire? We may assume this much,—that substantively it is to be an European army—that certain Native Regiments will supplement this European force, not that a few European regiments will supplement the Native force. It has been decreed, we know, that this European force shall not, henceforth, be a distinct army raised for local service, but a component, fluctuating part of the Line army of the Crown. It is understood that, after much previous consultation between the Secretary of State for India and the War Department of her Majesty's Government, the Council of India, who are known to be averse to "amalgamation," have sat in solemn deliberation upon the scheme. Now, upon the result of all these consultations and deliberations everything appears to depend. It is ruled that there shall be an European army of overwhelming strength in India. The Native Army has rebelled, and, therefore, is substantially to be abolished,—one manifestation of that logic of convalescence to which we adverted at the commencement of this article. But an European army in India, with all its continual waste of life, with all the accompaniments necessary to obviate the effects of the climate, with all the cost of shipment and re-shipment and constant reliefs, involving many months' actual loss of service going and returning, is an institution of so burdensome a character, that unless it be very adroitly and very honestly managed, the finances of India may break down irrecoverably under the weight.

We are strongly of opinion that the interests of India demand the preservation of the local character of her army. But as, in spite of the balance of authority in favour of such preservation, irresistible influences have prevailed, and a contrary decision has been enforced, it would be of little service now to parade the arguments which have been so fruitlessly advanced by the advo-

cates of the local system. On the main question of the defence of India by a Local or a Line army, the Council of India have been overruled. The Indian Minister, exercising the power constitutionally vested in him, has, in accordance with the views of the Government generally, and with the wishes of the Queen, set at nought the protests and remonstrances of the fifteen experienced advisers appointed to aid his counsels. But the Secretary of State cannot always overrule his Councillors. Whatever it may be in all other respects, the Council of India is, in financial matters, a substantial fact. It has a constitutional power over the public purse, which practically it may be induced, but it cannot be compelled, to abdicate. Parliament may, of course, limit this control, or deprive the Council of India of it altogether. If it does, it had better abolish the Council itself. But, as the law now stands, the consent of the majority of the Council is necessary to the validity of a measure directly entailing any expenditure of the public money. The Council can at all times refuse the supplies. To give it this power, and yet to allow any other authority to fix the number of regiments to be fastened on the revenues of India, would be a preposterous inconsistency. Practically, then, whatever decision has been arrived at with respect to the character of the Indian army, it should rest constitutionally with the Council of India, and with no other authority, to fix, from time to time, the strength of the military establishment necessary for the defence of the country. It is of small use to be the custodians of the public purse, if others, though they may not put their hands in it at the mouth, may cut holes in it at the bottom.

Our great fear is this: that Indian interests will be made to subserve imperial interests; that it will not be so much matter for consideration among statesmen at home whether India requires the presence of so many regiments, but whether they are wanted or not wanted in England. Either British Governments must be more virtuous than they were, or greater restrictions than heretofore must be imposed upon them, if they do not, when England is at peace, yet, in spite of peace, groaning under an almost unendurable burden of taxation, endeavour to relieve their own Exchequer by throwing upon India the expense of regiments not wanted at home. "We can send for them when they are wanted; and in the meantime India pays." Such, practically, has been the language of English statesmen; and such it may be again. Governments not seldom stand or fall by their Budgets. But who cares for an Indian Budget? who listens to it? Parliament decrees that there shall be one, but Parliament will not sit it out. The Indian Minister, after all, is but a component member of the Cabinet. If the Cabinet fall, he falls with it.

To expect him to care more for the finances of India than for the interests of the Ministry, is clearly only to provoke a disappointment. Our only hope, therefore, is in the Council of India. In Parliament they can do nothing. An act has passed for the exclusion of Indian knowledge and experience from the House of Commons; and unless the Councillors, to whom party is nothing, who care little whether a Whig or a Tory Government sits in Downing Street, have really a potential voice in the Council Chamber, there is every reason to apprehend that so large a body of troops of the line will be billeted on India, when England wants to be rid of them, as to render the permanent recovery of the former from her embarrassments a most improbable contingency.

The actual number, within certain limits, of European troops to be stationed at one time in India, being determined by the Secretary of State for India and Council, we should like to see some definite plan for the location and organization of these troops. What India now requires for her defence is not an overwhelming body of troops, which will destroy our empire more surely than any enemy they can be brought against, but a force of moderate numerical dimensions, that can be brought to bear upon any given point at a few hours' notice. Hyder Ali had a true conception of the thing, when he said that we should keep our European soldiers, like *cheetahs* (or hunting leopards), in cages, to slip at the prey in the critical moment. But he had no notion of the facility with which the idea was coming in time to be worked out,—no notion of the kind of cages and the manner of letting slip which the science of the nineteenth century has placed within our reach,—no notion that the *cheetah* on the banks of the Hooghly could be slipped, in a few hours, at the game on the banks of the Jumna. But if we cannot, by means of railway communication, economize numbers in our military arrangements, Steam does not occupy that place in the history of nations which we have believed it to do. The military defence of India is a subject which we do not make profession of ability to deal with; but we shall be much surprised if it is not dealt with, ere long, by those who are competent to lay down a plan at once economical and effective, for utilizing to the utmost possible extent a small European force, and thus making it do the work of double or quadruple the number, with infinitely less expenditure of life and exhaustion of physical energy. If our regiments are not located in the right place, if they are not in good condition, if they are not in a fit state to move, and if there are no means of moving them, a hundred thousand English soldiers may be insufficient for the defence of the country. We have found this ere now to our cost,—we have found that numbers are not strength,—that, with a very costly establishment, we

have lacked the means of meeting any sudden danger. A well-systematized plan of military defence at the present time would be annually worth crores of rupees. The waste of strength and waste of money have hitherto been most lamentable.

It has been urged reproachfully by those who clamoured for the extinction of the old local army of India, that it was only kept up so long to feed the patronage of the East India Directors, by affording a continual supply of cadetships. Even members of the War Departments of her Majesty's Government ventured to hint in Parliament, that the opposition of the Council of India to the proposal for the "amalgamation" of the two services, was founded on nothing but their natural distaste to part with their patronage. Let us now see what are the virtue and forbearance of the Horse Guards and the War Office; let us now see what is their willingness to maintain in India the minimum force consistent with the safety of the State. This notion of minimizing the number of men, fastened upon India, and utilizing that minimum number to the utmost possible extent, must needs be a very unpopular one with the Army, and with all who have to do with the patronage and perquisites of the Army. But in no other way can we hope to educe, out of the present financial chaos, that grand desideratum, a surplus revenue. There are two facts which we submit to the especial consideration of all who take an interest in this discussion. The one is, that numbers do not make efficiency; the other is, that there is nothing so expensive as human life. Barracks cost money; fortifications cost money; railroads cost money; but human life costs most of all. It is a continually recurring expense. There is no end of it; whilst the expenditure of masonry, and iron, and earth, has limits which are soon reached, and the percentage of repairs—the meat and drink, and medicine, and clothing of these material works—is light in comparison with the amount consumed by our human defences. There is nothing plainer than this. There is nothing, we believe, easier in itself, than this maximum utilization of minimum numerical strength. But if we are to accomplish this, we must think honestly of Indian interests. We must not suffer English Budgets and Army Estimates to take any place in our thoughts. We must not be diverted from our duty, by considerations of the so-called "general welfare of the British Army"—of the expediency of keeping so many regiments in the Army List, to be available for general service when wanted by the empire. In a word, we must not sacrifice India to England; we must be honest and just to our far-off Eastern dependency.

But what hope is there for this? We are gradually imperializing everything in India, except her finances. Whilst England jealously guards her Treasury, lest a stray coin should ever find

its way into the Indian exchequer, and not only refuses her money but her credit to India—thus increasing the difficulties of Indian financiers by compelling them to borrow at high rates of interest—she is setting the imperial stamp on everything on which she can lay her hands. Her first determination was to imperialize the Government of India. With that avidity to find causes everywhere in mere coincidences, on which we have commented above, the statesmen of England discovered that, because the East India Company existed in 1857, and the great mutiny broke out in the same year, therefore the Company were the cause of the mutiny, and therefore it should be abolished. Such was the inexorable logic of the illogical. No other nation took this view of the matter. Lookers-on from a distance said that the East India Company had built up an empire in the East which was the glory of England and the admiration of the world, and that it was rank ingratitude, upon the first sign of disaster, to cry out that the country had been misgoverned, and that the old government must be extinguished.¹ But such was the outcry. It was a word and a blow. Judgment was executed, promptly and fatally, upon the East India Company; and now the India House, once in the City of London, has become the India Office, in the City of Westminster; the Court of Directors is turned into the Council of India; one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State presides there, instead of the Chairman of the East India Company; and the Governor-General of India is no longer the delegate of that Company, but the Viceroy of her Majesty the Queen. Of all the results of the great mutiny of 1857, this, perhaps, is the most palpable and demonstrative. The Home Government of India is now a substantive part of the Ministry of the Crown. Only in the one fact, that the establishment of the India Office is paid out of the revenues of India, does it differ from the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, or any other department of Her Majesty's Government.

Whether the great change is a change for the better, or a

¹ See, for example, the very interesting German work placed third on the list at the head of this article. The writer, generally supposed, and, we believe, not erroneously, to be Prince Frederick of Holstein, says:—"In almost all the newspaper articles and pamphlets which have been published on the subject of the mutiny, and, with few exceptions, in the Parliamentary speeches, the blame has been attached to the ill-directed administration of the East India Company. This view of the case, however, must be controverted as altogether erroneous. If the Company be really so bad, why did not the mutiny break out sooner in India? How is it that the Company was able, in the course of 150 years, with only their own resources and efforts, to raise India to a greater and more flourishing kingdom than that of Alexander the Great? How is it possible that an empire could have maintained itself in such prosperity and security, unless favoured by the blessing of Heaven? The origin of this storm must be sought in other causes than the administration of the Company." The principal causes alleged are unjust wars, annexations, and resumptions.

change for the worse, it is too early a day to determine. We believe that since the government of India has been under the immediate superintendence of a Minister of the Crown, the business of the department has been conducted with a zeal and assiduity beyond all praise. It is no exaggeration to say, that the office of Secretary of State for India, rightly regarded, is the most laborious office under the Crown. With a body of experienced councillors and competent executive officers at his elbow, the Indian Minister might, if so disposed, shift much of the burden of his work on to the shoulders of other men, and content himself with fixing his imprimatur on business already done. Practically, indeed, if he had ten lives and ten heads, he could not *do* the work himself. The difference between an indolent and a laborious statesman, in such a case, consists in the amount of superintendence exercised over the general business of his department. One man may be a living agency in such a place ; another, little more than a signature or a seal. Now, whatever may have been the result of their labours, it is generally admitted by all impartial minds, that the first two Secretaries of State for India—Lord Stanley and Sir Charles Wood—have thrown themselves into their work with a zeal and energy scarcely exceeded in the annals of administration, and that they have exercised their high functions most honestly and conscientiously, according to the light that was in them. It was to be apprehended that frequent changes of Ministers would be attended by frequent changes of policy,—that one Secretary of State might take a pleasure in undoing what had been initiated by his predecessor of an opposite party. But hitherto, we believe, there has been no such result. Party-writers have made grimacing attempts to show that all the good has been done by Lord Stanley, and all the harm by Sir Charles Wood ; but, in reality, it would be difficult to show where the measures of the one statesman end and those of the other begin. The permanent Staff of a department of Government, except in Cabinet questions, acts as a sort of general transmitter of consistency, and ordinary business goes on much the same under one official chief as under another. The India Office throws up comparatively few Cabinet questions, and the Council of India is an additional guarantee for the maintenance of a consistent policy. Of all the members of the Cabinet, the Indian Minister is the one who is least interfered with, and, we may add, the least sympathized with, by his colleagues. So far as the business of his own department is concerned, except on very extraordinary occasions, he finds himself completely isolated from the rest of the Ministry. The stability of a Government seldom or never depends upon the result of a discussion of Indian affairs. They are hard to under-

stand, and altogether uninteresting to statesmen of the ordinary calibre. All this, of course, contributes to the maintenance of a consistent policy. An Indian Secretary, on entering office, is far more likely to adopt the principles and practice which he finds there, than to reverse them; the more especially, as it is probable that he may regard them rather as the belongings of the collective Council than of his individual predecessor in office.

It is to be observed, however, that the actual position of the Council of India, in the new scheme of Government, does not appear to be very clearly determined. From certain indications, which presented themselves during last Parliamentary session, we should infer (as, indeed, has already been suggested with reference to the Army question) that, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, the Council, except in money matters, have really no constitutional powers. If so, the expediency of maintaining so large and expensive a body, for the purpose of affording advice or information, when asked for, on matters of comparatively minor importance, may at least be open to question; and the question will not improbably be discussed in the course of the session now about to commence. We have seen it written, and heard it said, that business does not advance more expeditiously, under the present system of administration, than under that of the double Government of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. We well know that this is a mis-statement. But it is a necessary consequence of a system which involves the deliberation first of a committee of five, and then of a Council of three times the number of able and experienced men, that there should be considerable delay between the point of initial preparation and that mission to India of a despatch bearing the signature of the Secretary of State. That the Council of India cost money, and cause delay, is certain. But, if what we believe to have been the intention of the Legislature is fairly carried out, and if they themselves have courage and independence enough to do their duty, and to realize the constitutional idea which they were intended to embody, we believe that they may confer the most important benefits upon India, and therefore upon England, by resisting the encroachments of Parliament on one side, and of the Palace on the other.

We are approaching the limits of the space at our command, and we find very much unsaid that we had proposed to say on this most comprehensive subject,—but there is one especial branch of it to which, before we conclude, whatever may be the abruptness of the transition, we must invite the attention of the reader. To what extent, and in what manner—whether beneficially or injuriously—the great convulsions through which we have passed, have affected the great cause of Education, and the

still greater cause of the Gospel, it is not easy to determine. On the one side, it is to be said, that all the blood which has been spilt has excited in the bosoms of some nominally Christian men an increased animosity against the attempted evangelization of the heathen; but it has stimulated others to increased exertions, it has created a sustained energy of action on the part both of institutions and of individuals, and, instead of damping the ardour of their hopes, has kindled them into a stronger flame. Whilst, on the one side, it is alleged that, prominent among the causes of the insurrection, were the anxiety and alarm engendered in men's minds by the war which was being carried on against the doctrines, the usages, and the ceremonials of Hindooism, and that now, after this rude awakening from the sleep of security into which we had fallen, it behoves us to walk with double caution—if not respecting more those doctrines, usages, and ceremonials, at all events prudently veiling our detestation of them, and ceasing from all offence;—whilst this is alleged on the one side, on the other it is contended that it was not Christianity, but the want of Christianity, which brought down this heavy visitation upon us,—some regarding it as a special judgment inflicted upon us for our cold indifference to the interests of Christianity; others merely asserting, that if we had done more, if we had succeeded better, if we had infused more of the leaven of Christianity among the people, the atrocities, which have so sorely afflicted us, would not have been committed. In all of this there is some truth, and there is some error. It would be as wrong to say that our crusade against Hindooism had nothing to do with the rebellion of 1857, as that it was the exciting cause of that great movement. Doubtless, it contributed something to the vague feeling of insecurity and alarm which predisposed men's minds to regard with suspicion the designs of the Christian Government, and to distort into the most grotesque shapes the manifestations of its power. If we had suffered Hindooism to run its course unmolested, it is probable that we should never have been suspected of an intention to destroy the caste of our sepoys, by forcing them to pollute their lips and their souls by biting off the ends of cartridges lubricated with animal grease. But not, therefore, are our previous efforts to strip Hindooism of some of its outer grossnesses to be condemned. We cannot be always fortifying ourselves against the possibility of misconstruction in the manner which some would have us do—by exhibiting ourselves as the patrons of Hindooism. But still it behoves us to move cautiously—to shape our efforts in such a manner as not to mar our chances of success, by exciting alarm or impelling to resistance.

Irritability, as we have before observed, is an ordinary symp-

tom of convalescence. In India now it pervades all classes; and it behoves the State physician to deal tenderly and forbearingly with it. The application of sedatives is, indeed, at such a time, an important part of the treatment. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the British Government acted wisely and well in sending forth to the people of India, in the name of their Sovereign, a message of friendly assurance—of peace and good-will; and truly a message worthy of a Christian sovereign was that contained in the Royal Proclamation, issued on the memorable 1st of November 1858.—“Firmly relying ourselves,” said that great manifesto, “on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith and observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.” If we thought that this were intended in any way to discourage efforts for the conversion of the heathen to the saving faith of Christianity, it would never receive from us a word of approbation; but it is addressed only to that kind of interference which, whilst it is fraught with political dangers, is more likely to retard than to advance the diffusion of Christianity in India. It is only the authoritative influence of the State, and of the servants of the State, which is here repudiated. The natives of India, it must ever be remembered, cannot separate the one from the other—cannot divest in their minds the officer of his officialism; and, therefore, it was necessary, in such a conjuncture, to caution all in authority against anything which might be supposed to indicate authoritative interference.¹

But while we believe it to have been the bounden duty of the State, at such a time, to put forth these tranquillizing assurances, it is perfectly consistent with this belief to desire to see missionary enterprise very active and energetic in the present conjuncture. That the great mutiny of 1857, and the trouble which overtook

¹ We desire that the reader, perusing this passage, should lay stress upon the epithet which we have used, and thoroughly understand that we speak only of “authoritative interference,” that is, interference arrayed in the garb of external authority. In this sense the word “interference” in Her Majesty’s proclamation is to be understood. In this sense it was accepted by the missionary community at the time. But there never can be any intention on the part of a Christian Government to prohibit its servants, in their private capacity, from promoting the religion in which they glory. But where, it may be asked, does the officer cease and the man begin? To this we may answer, in the words of another. “To lay down general instructions, defining the precise extent to which the in-

the churches at that time, had a tendency to stimulate the zeal of the friends of the Gospel at home, is not to be doubted. Never was there so much Christian effort—never so much Christian liberality. Much injury to the cause of missions, doubtless, was done. Property was destroyed; churches were dispersed; converts were alarmed; and a weapon was placed in the hands of such of our own people as have not favoured the conversion of the heathen, which they will not readily cease to use. But the day of convalescence has come; and we believe that our missions will soon be planted more firmly in India than before.

We cannot all be missionaries by profession; and there are many of us who cannot do active missionary's work without disobeying our Sovereign, and so dishonouring our calling. But there is one sense in which every man who treads Indian soil may be a missionary for good, as by walking in opposite paths he may be a missionary for evil. We speak of the leading of Christian lives, but especially of obedience to that great Christian mandate to "love one another." And here we may borrow the words of another:—

"As for ourselves," says Mr Kaye, in his *History of Christianity in India*,—"for the small handful of Christian men whose mission I firmly believe it is, in God's good time, to evangelize the great Indian races,—what we have now to do is to possess ourselves in faith, and with faith to have patience; doing nothing rashly, nothing precipitately, lest our own folly should mar the good work, and retard the ripening of the harvest. But greater even than Faith and Hope is Charity; for, amidst much that is doubtful in the extreme, and of most difficult solution, there is one truth, most nearly concerning us all, that engenders no conflict of opinion, no inner or outer strife,—one truth which every man, without the shadow of a misgiving, may take to his heart confidently and courageously; and that truth is, that we have now reached an epoch in the history of our Anglo-Indian Empire, in which every Christian man who is brought face to face with the natives of the country may demonstrate his Christianity as never yet he has had chance of doing it before. Be he in the service, or be he out of the service—be he old or young—be he high in rank or of humble station, he may assert his national faith by vindicating that great

alienable right which every man possesses to promote the interests of his religion may be carried in practice, without coming into collision with the duties imposed upon the public officer by the Government he serves, and therefore which he is bound to obey, appears to be a hopeless task, and if not hopeless, perhaps an unprofitable one. It is better that every man should follow the dictates of his own conscience in such a matter, and that Government should deal with individual cases as they arise. Though it may be very difficult to define in written words the limits of the permitted and harmless interference of Government servants, in efforts for the religious advancement or social improvement of the people, I scarcely think that in a man's own mind there can be any inward conflicts, or that any one can go far wrong for want of intelligible instructions."

cardinal principle of Christianity, the forgiveness of enemies—praying for them who have persecuted and despitefully used his race. Increased kindness and consideration towards the natives of the country should now be the rule and the practice of every Englishman whose lot is cast among them. The amnesty which has been proclaimed by the Queen of England should be echoed by every Christian heart. Terrible things truly have been done; and the Lord God of recompenses has suffered a terrible retribution to overtake the wrongdoers. For every Christian man, woman, or child who has fallen in this great struggle, how many Hindoos and Mahomedans have perished at the bayonet's point, at the cannon's mouth, or in the noose of the gibbet! Does not such great national punishment wipe out the national offence? and ought we not to be so satisfied with such a measure of retribution, that boundless compassion may rightly take the place of anger and revenge in every Christian heart?"

Truly this is pitched in the right key; but we would add somewhat to the exhortation, and it is this,—Do not let your compassion and your love dwell at a distance from their objects. Do not stand aloof, but draw nigh to them. Is there a natural and ineradicable antipathy and repulsion between the two races? Is anything like social fusion an absolute impossibility? Many say it—many believe it in their hearts. Not many, we suspect, have tried it. It must be tried; doubtless, very tolerantly at first; but we believe that it will not be tried in vain. Intercourse is education. We complain that the natives of India are not fit to associate with us; and we deny them the only chance that they have of fitting themselves for such companionship. Is this great gulf for ever and for ever to yawn between the two races? Are we to be continually told that the English associated on friendly terms with Nana Sahib, and that he turned round on them and cut their throats? Perhaps Nana Sahib felt that the English tolerated him because he was rich—because he had elephants and horses, and carriages, and could contribute towards their amusement; but that their habitual bearing towards his countrymen was that of insolence and contempt. But pure Hindooism, it may be said, is exclusive; and the educated Hindoo, who has emancipated himself from the trammels of caste, is not always a good specimen of humanity. Well—we will admit that Young Bengal is something of a coxcomb. The *adulescentulus* almost always is. Young Bengal is in a transition state; we have to deal with an adolescent state of society, which demands from us, who are older and wiser, an exercise both of judgment and forbearance. He is in a somewhat perilous condition just now, and much depends upon our treatment of him. He yearns after better things, and especially after a better domestic life. His great stumbling-block is in the present condi-

tion of female society. A very anxious and significant fact has just been brought to light by the Indian journals. Whilst female education is making little progress in Hindoo homes, the professional courtezans of the metropolis are educating themselves to become attractive companions for the educated youths of Bengal ; and these young men, weary of the inanity, of the dreary blank of their legitimate domestic circles, solace themselves with the more intellectual intercourse provided for them by the accomplished inmates of the brothel. Here is a fact that speaks volumes. It declares, trumpet-tongued, the great want of the one race, and the great duty of the other. Nothing could indicate more clearly the point to which it now behoves us to direct our efforts.

The present situation of India is one, in all its varied aspects, of the deepest interest. If we have induced any of the readers of this journal to think seriously of it, we have not written in vain. "Truly," says Sir Herbert Edwardes, "it will not do to go on 'never minding' two hundred millions of our fellow-subjects." We have done that too long already. And it is not difficult to see that upon the bearing of England during the next few years towards her great Indian dependency, hinges the practical solution of the greatest question which a nation has ever been called upon to consider, since the Almighty first raised up nations to weigh them in the hollow of His hand.

- ART. II.—1. *Shelley and his Writings.* By C. S. MIDDLETON.
 2. *Trelawney's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*
 3. *Life of P. B. Shelley.* By THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG.
 London, 1858. Vols. I. and II.
 4. *Shelley Memorials, from Authentic Sources.* Edited by LADY
 SHELLEY. London, 1859.

THE spirit of a man who emphatically devoted both his life and genius to the process which an ingenious authoress (with a grace beyond our sex) calls "*building broken cisterns*," appears to have survived him, and still to hang over his biography. Shelley well deserved not only a record of his life, but the study of his character. Human existence is often, or generally, interesting to others, in proportion as it is difficult and painful to the individual himself who sustains it; and Shelley had a large right to the sympathy we give to the unhappy. His mental and moral constitution was again peculiar, and presented much to attract the attention of the student of humanity, whether on its moral or its intellectual side.

It might therefore have been expected, that within a reasonable time of his decease, some one possessing the requisite capacity for such a task, and commanding the necessary opportunities, would have seriously devoted himself to a subject of so much attraction, and that we should have had, long ere this, a work which, for better or worse, must have remained as Shelley's Biography. This natural expectation, however, has not been fulfilled, nor, after this period, can it be much longer maintained. Shelley's own spirit, as we have said, seems to have influenced his biographers; and the result is a multitude of attempts, more or less ambitious, and more or less meritorious, but no achievement. Three new "*Lives*" of Shelley (or, strictly speaking, two and a half; for one is only half finished, and is not likely, we suppose, under the circumstances we shall have to mention, ever to be completed), published within the last two years, give us among them as large a supplement, probably, as we are ever likely to obtain to the facts previously known, but no one of them can be said to answer the desired conditions.

The history of Shelley's biography has been briefly this. After the newspaper paragraphs had announced the sudden and shocking end of the poet by the foundering, or more probably the running down, of his boat off the coast of Tuscany in 1822, the only notices of any importance which broke the silence in which his

name seemed buried for seventeen years, were the "Papers" published respectively, in periodicals, by Mr Hogg in 1832, and by Shelley's cousin, Captain Medwin, about the same date.

The latter was a very slight performance, of doubtful accuracy; the former was confined to the author's reminiscences of his friend's college life, of the brief course and violent catastrophe of which he had been equally partaker. In 1839, however, the announcement of a complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with Notes by his widow, was presumed to promise the accomplishment of the duty to which she was understood to have devoted herself. But the Shelley fate hung over the enterprise, and considerable disappointment was expressed at finding Mrs Shelley's biographical notes restricted to little more than a series of dates referring to the composition of her husband's poems. The explanation, as we now learn, is, that Sir Timothy, the poet's father, interposed, and forbade a biography under a threat of stopping the supplies. In this state—except for the production from time to time of additional material in the shape of Essays, Prose Translations, and Letters, the latter not always to be warranted authentic—matters rested till 1847, when Captain Medwin again came into the field, with his former notice expanded into what professed to be a complete life. Of this work, which was duly noticed in this *Journal* at the time,¹ it is sufficient to say, that if the nucleus had little substance, the tail appended was still more decidedly nebulous. Then again ensued a ten years' lull, broken only by a letter or an article in "Notes and Queries," or the discovery of some long-lost treasure in America; when, like some whimsical tree which, after standing season after season dingy and dusty on the back stage of the greenhouse, scarce marking its vitality by an occasional leaf, suddenly wakes up, and throws out its luxuriant sprays on every side, the capricious plant of Shelley's biography in the last two years has burst out into no less than three complete "Lives," to say nothing of such "Recollections" as those of Captain Trelawney;—and alas! a satisfactory, or even a tolerably satisfactory, life yet remains to be written.

But we have gained, indeed, a very considerable accession of matter; and, with the exception of the details of one very interesting period (for which, however, it would be idle to wait, when we find the vague promise of them at some future time, made by Mrs Shelley in 1839, repeated with equal vagueness—in fact, in the identical terms—by her daughter-in-law in 1859), we may probably consider ourselves as fully possessed of the facts of Shelley's history as we are ever likely to be. And it is in consequence of the new and very strong light which the

¹ See *North British Review*, Vol. viii., No. xv.

recent publications, and especially one of them, throws upon what may be called the First Part of Shelley's life, that we desire to direct the reader's attention to them.

But, in discharge of our critical duty, we must first give a brief account of the several works; and the more so, that with two of them, at least, we shall have little to do hereafter.

Of Mr Middleton's volumes we would fain speak with the respect due to a conscientious endeavour; but when we have said so much in their favour, we have said all that we can say. The work, except for one or two trifling facts, is merely a compilation; and we cannot assert that Mr Middleton shows any talent for compilation. Of his style of thought and expression he can scarcely complain if we choose as a specimen his reflections on the unhappy separation between the young poet and his first wife. It is an occasion for pathos; so here the pathos is!

"This was a cruel finish to that little piece of romance, opened with so much earnestness and mutual satisfaction, having for its prelude vows of eternal fidelity—young lovers' vows, alas, how frail! but nevertheless, like the dews of morning to opening flowers, thence followed by an elopement to Gretna Green" [where Shelley never went], "in the very heyday of the blood, and all seeming to glide on so pleasantly, so satisfactorily."—*Middleton*, vol. i., p. 269.

We have been careful to reproduce the punctuation precisely, as in an unknown tongue one does not know what any sign may be worth. It is well to know—or it would be unfair to produce this glorious pannus—what English *can* be written, in spite of the Civil Service Commission.

Mr Trelawney's "Recollections" are scarcely a subject for criticism. As conveying the impression Shelley made upon a mind like that of the author, the work is not without its value; and the narrative of the terrible office Mr Trelawney so manfully discharged towards his dead friend, is painfully interesting. With the rest of the volume we are not here concerned.

And now we come to what was to have been *the* Life of Shelley. Circumstances certainly seemed to warrant the anticipation. Mr Hogg had been the poet's bosom friend at Oxford, and had continued to see a great deal of him, till Shelley left England, after which, we believe, he still corresponded with him. He is a man of recognised literary ability, and, as a barrister of long standing, might be supposed to know the world. These particulars very naturally pointed him out to the family as a fit person to whom to entrust the task of at last executing a final memorial of Shelley; and the papers which they possessed were unreservedly placed in his hands. The result is the instalment of two volumes (intended to be half of the work), which is now before us. A second and immediate consequence is, that

the steed being indubitably stolen, all possible haste is made to shut the stable-door,—without figure, that the family in dismay withdraw their commission, and resume the custody of their papers,—and Mr Hogg is hoist with his own petard.

Truly, the dismay of the family is not unreasonable; yet, as we do not belong to the family, we cannot pretend to espouse their cause any further than it coincides with that of the public. And the public is in this case much in the condition of a government, whose official happens, as officials do sometimes happen, to commit an indiscretion, by which his principals cannot help profiting. Of course, they rebuke the indiscreet official, perhaps turn him adrift altogether; and profit by his error. We are quite ready to rebuke Mr Hogg, as indeed he most richly deserves; but we cannot help feeling that we profit by him.

Of this extraordinary production, if we were to say that it would be impossible to write a work more atrociously violating every canon of good taste, literary and moral, we should speak only the truth. And if we say that it is an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of Shelley, we speak the truth likewise. And, paradoxical as it may sound, the merits and demerits of the book enhance each other; at least, its badness is a condition of its goodness. If Mr Hogg had been sensible of the proprieties and delicacies which men are usually supposed to feel in presenting themselves—and still more, we should imagine, in exhibiting the memory of a departed friend—before the public, it is quite certain that he would not have told us half what he has told us, either about Shelley or about himself. His extravagances on the latter head appear at first sight the more intolerable, because apparently so impertinent. We have, for example, sixteen pages (pp. 172–188, vol. i.) devoted to an excursion which he (Mr Hogg) made from Oxford, without a word of reference to Shelley, or the slightest bearing in the world on the subject of the biography. Again, we have no less than forty pages (pp. 217–257, vol. ii.) given to a visit he paid to Ireland in 1813, the sole pretext for the introduction of which history is that he went to Ireland to see the Shelleys—and missed them! These instances by no means exhaust, they only exemplify, the liberties Mr Hogg thinks himself entitled to take with his subject; and the first impression, in spite of a few good—rather too good—stories which we get thereby, is a strong feeling of impatience, to say the least. But further consideration does much to justify Mr Hogg. It is something to know so well what sort of person the chosen friend of the poet was; and Mr Hogg has doubtless reflected, as we have, that to estimate the value of evidence, we ought to be acquainted with the character of the witness. Had it been possible to make the statements offered in these volumes without revealing

the idiosyncrasy of the writer, we do not know what our opinion of Shelley might not have been; and we may remark that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in reducing his correspondent's style in the *New Monthly* to the ordinary manner of reasonable men (of which Mr Hogg bitterly complains in his present preface), made himself responsible for a serious mystification. But Mr Hogg, now master of his own space, magnanimously throws off the disguise, and supplies a very handsome ha'porth of antidote to his own revelations. When the flaw in the mirror is obvious, we allow for the distortion of the image.¹

Sufficiently scared, as we have stated, at the two volumes on which we have just commented, the family withdrew their papers from Mr Hogg's hands; and the last work on our list is a sketch by Lady Shelley herself, intended merely, as she modestly implies, to connect together the remaining materials which they think proper to be published, but which they are unwilling to leave at the mercy of Mr Hogg's fantastic manipulations.

Unpretending as it is, in point of taste and style it stands in very agreeable contrast with all the preceding biographies; but its very scale prevents its being all that we could desire. Of its kind, however, it is as good as the peculiar objects which its authoress had in view could perhaps allow it to be. The earlier portion, especially, exhibits a tact in the selection of particulars, and a terseness in the narration of them, which suggest the study of Johnson as a model; and strikes the modern ear with a very pleasant quaintness. Its symmetry, however, as a biographical essay in the style of that master, is injured by the necessity, in the latter portion, of interweaving the new material which she desired to produce. For the matter itself, much cannot be said. There is an unfinished *Essay on Christianity*, by Shelley, hitherto unpublished, which would be valuable if Shelley had really had any opinions, or any claims to have his opinions regarded, but which actually is no more than a sceptical exercise of tolerable, and only tolerable, ingenuity. The matter of most

¹ Perhaps, as we have given a specimen of Mr Middleton's style, it would only be fair to show at least how Mr Hogg can write. Mrs Shelley, had she survived, would surely have found her sorrow soothed by being introduced in such terms as the following, if, as we suppose—but are not by any means sure—the allusion is to that lady:—

"Let us next write," exclaims Mr Hogg, "of the immortal dead whilst he was at Eton. And—oh! let us write of him with a tender sadness, as a dove would write about his lost mate; and why may not a dove write with a pen drawn painfully from his own wing?"

Why not indeed! It must be convenient for widowed birds of literary habits to have their writing materials so handy. We are presuming that this obscure passage refers to Mrs Shelley, though the sex of the dove would rather suggest that Mr Hogg meant to represent himself in that figure. But the instrument he was using cannot be doubted, whether he plucked it from his own wing or not; and it was not a dove-quill.

interest is, it may be said, least to the subject; for it consists of illustration of Mrs Shelley's character, which well deserves consideration—for she was a very remarkable woman,—but is only incidentally connected with that of her husband.

Having given this cursory account of the history of Shelley's biography, and the latest additions to it, we return to our object, which is to bring our present information—largely reinforced as it is by the new publications, and especially by Mr Hogg's two volumes—into focus upon the character of Shelley during what we have called above, the First Part of his life.

In Shelley's life, as in that of many other famous men, there was a special epoch at which he first discovered his genius. This is a phenomenon which we often see exemplified—the born magicians roaming over the earth looking for their wands, the pre-appointed kings of men feeling for their sceptres. Scott before "*Waverley*," Byron before "*Childe Harold*," Cromwell a brewer, Washington a land-surveyor, are equally instances of this; and the life before and the life after the discovery of their true mission bears the resemblance indeed, but also the difference, between the fruit tree in its gaunt ruggedness of February or March, and the same tree in its glory of May or June. The epoch of Shelley's development we should fix about the year 1815; its proof will be the composition of "*Alastor*;" and, dividing his Life into two parts, the second will commence with this period. It is with the earlier of these periods, carrying us on to the twenty-second or twenty-third year of the poet, that we are now to deal. Although it was not the portion of his life when his genius triumphed, we select it as our subject, partly because the fresh material before us throws most new light on it, but chiefly because it enables us to trace the development of his character. And we shall be surprised if the examination of his mental and moral constitution, as we shall here be able to observe it, will not considerably modify our impressions even of his genius; or, as we should more truly say, enable us to distinguish between what was really the fruit of a rare genius, and what, truly regarded, should be cast aside as the morbid excretions of a mind never healthy, and often, we have good grounds for believing, on the very verge of utter disarray.

The family tree which was to throw out so brilliant a flower, was no commonplace stock. The Shelleys had produced knights of name, in times when a less completely organized state of society hardly allowed a name to be acquired without some force of individuality. Of later generations, however, we hear nothing till we come to the grandfather of the poet. His achievements were conquests of the modern chivalric style; he ran away, successively, with two of the richest heiresses, respectively,

in Sussex and Kent. In 1806 (when his grandson was fourteen years old), this doughty esquire won his spurs, and, in consideration of the combined merits of wealth and whiggery, was made a baronet. The last public exploit Sir Bysshe Shelley performed, was to commence the building of a mansion out of proportion even with his large revenue; privately it appears that he lived, in his old age, alone in a mean cottage at Horsham, where he consorted chiefly with persons of a low class, and when his son, the poet's father, went to visit him, used "to receive him with a tremendous oath, and continue to heap curses on him so long as he remained in the room." But his son only went to visit him when he wanted money, it must be understood.

This strong-willed man was not likely to leave a futile progeny, nor did he. Of the second baronet, Sir Timothy, indeed, no such dashing feats are told as are related of his father. They were not needed; his throne was ready made, but he was quite as far from commonplace. He appears to have been one of the most astonishing braggarts ever heard of. Incidentally, too, we find the strong will of the race reappearing even under what is usually a feature of weakness. In a conversation which Mr Hogg once held with him, he gave Paley's arguments for the existence of a Deity as his own. When they were detected, he said that Paley had them originally from him. Clearly not a man to be beaten that! There was something, too, of the poetic temperament in Sir Timothy besides his tendency to fiction. Mr Hogg says that, in the conversation referred to, he cried, laughed, and scolded, as well as praised himself inordinately, and—of course—swore. But the hereditary obstinacy had its chief exemplification in the inexorable decision with which he ultimately cut the natural ties between himself and his son. That he should *quarrel* with him was, indeed, far from strange. They were too much alike not to quarrel, and, as we shall see hereafter, his son behaved infamously towards him; that cannot be denied. We could not have been surprised, therefore, that the relations should have become difficult, scarcely that the full warmth of affection should have declined. But that so vain a man, whose complacency had, as we distinctly see, largely invested in his son's early promise, should have had the resolution to cut off his own paternal vanity when it would have been justifiable to the whole world,—nay, even twenty years after his enmity must, we should have thought, have been buried in the miserable end of its object, should have still maintained the separation by forbidding his widow to execute a biography of her husband—for he might easily have made his own terms as to the appearance he was himself to make in the proposed publication;—this perseverance shows how unlike this man was to

other men, and how thoroughly he was the son of his own father, and the father of his own son.

Of Shelley's mother we hear so little, that we cannot but presume that there is little to hear. She was a Miss Pilfold; and when we have stated this fact, and added that she was very beautiful, we have said all we know. But we are disposed to derive from her that extreme sweetness of temper for which, with all his excitability, the poet was so remarkable; and there is some negative evidence of this, besides the existence of a good-natured brother of hers—a half-pay naval captain—who stood in the gap between Shelley and his father when it was first opened, and, as far as appears, saved the poet and his bride from being starved to death in their honeymoon. In general, however, Shelley must be reckoned an exception to the assertion, that eminent men receive their genius through the female line.

The eldest son of such parents—the future poet—came into the world in the summer of 1792. His birth was followed in time, it should be mentioned—for the circumstance essentially affects the character of his home—by four sisters and one brother—the youngest child. The locality of his birth, and his home up to manhood, was a large country house called Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex.

Of his actual childhood we know nothing; but of his boyhood certain features make themselves very apparent.

One of these is his more than childish taste for the wonderful, and especially for the mysterious. The locality seems to have been favourable to this tendency of his. In the garden of Field Place dwelt a "great snake" of unknown age, but said to have been known by the same title of distinction three hundred years before. This, doubtless, was the progenitor of that large brood of snakes which we find disporting themselves so constantly in his poetry. Then there was a Mere close by, haunted by a "great tortoise," which we had always supposed to be a land animal. But he was by no means dependent on such assistance for objects of "pleasing terror." His own imagination was soon at work to reinforce the deficient *magicity* of the neighbourhood. An alchemist, old and grey, was located with all proper furniture in a vast garret extending under the roof of Field Place, and a long-closed-up room served as a sort of chapel of ease for the worship of the prevailing mystery. His sisters were naturally his confidants in this pursuit, and one of them still remembers how he used to take her after dinner on his knee, and tell her thrilling tales. But this must be carefully distinguished from the vulgar, hobgoblin tyranny of a coarse boy terrifying timid sisters for the pleasure of giving pain. Such a feeling would have been utterly out of Shelley's nature, which was pure of

cruelty to what, we fear, we must almost call an inhuman extent. His sisters were his fellow-worshippers; it was the pleasure of their sympathy with himself which he sought, and probably, as he grew older, some assistance to his own imagination from the reflection of their more absolute faith. The latter artifice is not altogether unknown to other religions.

Another trait very visible in these early days will lead us to the consideration of an important point in Shelley's mental constitution; and that is the inclination not only to mystery, but to mystification. The incidents in which this tendency is exhibited are in themselves trifles. One day, the ladies of the family are surprised to see a young rustic pass the window with a truss of hay over his shoulder. It is Bysshe going in this disguise to carry some hay to a young lady of Horsham, who had been recommended hay-tea as a cure for chilblains—a Sussex recipe, we presume, which we fearlessly take the responsibility of communicating. Another time he went to a neighbouring gentleman, and got hired as gamekeeper's boy. These and other similar tricks would be simple playfulness in most boys, but in him they mark a characteristic disposition, not only to imagine, but to *act out* the imagination. It will be seen subsequently how greatly his life was affected by the practical form which the most impracticable thoughts assumed in his peculiar nature.

A branch of this tendency, which was of easier execution, was the at least occasional practice of downright fable. His sister recollects, as having been often remarked on since in the family, a detailed visit which he professed to have one day paid to some friends in the village, which visit, it turned out, was pure fiction from beginning to end!

What was the meaning of this? Mere schoolboy lying? We do not doubt that many schoolboys, and, still more often, younger children, do lie from the same cause; but we are not disposed to set this down as ordinary lying. It is in one view less serious; while, in another, it is of a much more serious character. This was, we apprehend, in Shelley that possession by the imagination which, often occasional with very young persons, would, if continued, become actual delusion. It is not ascertained yet, we think, that the insane are absolutely convinced of the truth of their impressions; on the contrary, they often appear to betray a glimmering sense of their delusive character; and their insanity may be said essentially to consist rather in their inability to resist the fancy, than in the faith they actually lend to it. The explanation of the extraordinary falsehoods sometimes volunteered by children is, we believe, only the partial and temporary access of this infirmity: it is the imagination seizing them with a force that they cannot resist. And

such we believe to have been the case with Shelley at this time, and, not improbably, on more than one important occasion of his later life. An astonishing assertion of an attempt at assassination committed upon him, according to his account, in Wales in 1813,—of which there was not a particle of corroborative evidence, except that of his wife, to which, we are compelled to say, we can give no weight whatever,—and a somewhat similar adventure at Naples, at a much later period,—were, we believe, instances of the same congestion of the imaginative faculty.

In connection with this subject, too, we must not omit to advert to the undoubted fact that he was subject to somnambulism, or, at least, that he more than once experienced fits of that strange disease. Medwin relates one, which occurred when he was ten or eleven; and another, when Medwin found him early one morning lying unconscious, the centre of a circle of admiring boys, in Leicester Square. Williams, too, relates, in his *Diary*, two instances, occurring, if we are not mistaken, during the last few months of his friend's life, when he exhibited illusions which clearly belonged to this kind.

But while these things point too clearly to physical derangements to allow us to pass a judgment upon them as moral obliquities, it will be obvious that, unless the individual who is liable to them be very careful, they may easily lead to laxity in regard to the cardinal virtue of truthfulness; and this is the place to discuss a point of extreme importance with regard to a just judgment of what Shelley was. And though it is a little to anticipate, we shall examine the question as it affected his later as well as his earlier life, or at least as it affected the whole of the period with which we are to deal.

Generally, we may state that our conclusion is not in favour of Shelley's accuracy; but of the weight to be given to that result in an estimate of his character, we shall speak hereafter.

Of course, it would not be fair to make an assertion of this sort without giving grounds for it, which we shall do, partly in the shape of facts which we can examine for ourselves, and partly in that of the testimony of Mr Hogg, the man who perhaps knew him best.

Here, then, is an instance of Shelley's treatment of facts. He used at college to speak with horror of the consequence of having inadvertently swallowed some arsenic while at school, and feared he should never entirely recover the shock it had inflicted on his constitution. We have both Miss Helen Shelley's and Mr Hogg's testimony to this assertion. Let it be observed that the arsenic was taken *at school*, and *by accident*.

But, at p. 332, vol. ii., Mr Hogg says that "Shelley told him

that, shortly before he came to the University, he had taken poison for love of a young lady who had refused his hand." This poison was also *arsenic*.

Has Mr Hogg's memory deceived him in regard to the circumstances? and does he forget in the second volume what he had told us in the first? or was it Shelley who was romancing, and told both stories? It is singular, certainly, that Mr Hogg does not himself bring them into comparison; but he leaves us in no doubt as to what he thought of the former affair, for he very plainly intimates that he considered it the "exaggeration by his lively fancy" of some very trifling accident, and moreover asserts that Shelley showed no trace of such injury as he supposed himself to have received."—(Hogg, vol. i., p. 75.)

But, before we form our own opinion, let us cast a glance at a letter from Keswick in 1811. In that he declares that he has been unable to write, "owing to having been ill from the poison of laurel leaves!"

Why, the man who lives by swallowing swords at a fair is nothing to Shelley. Three poisonings before he was 20! Let us not fail also to observe that this unlucky individual—being a private individual, whom nobody could have the slightest motive to assail—was exposed (according to his own account) in the brief remainder of his life to *two* most frightful attempts at assassination, of neither of which there was ever the slightest evidence but his own assertion. Shall we then set utterly aside that regard for human probabilities by which we live, or suppose that this young poet romanced?

But let us try again. There is a curious passage in a letter to Godwin. He is introducing himself to the philosopher, and giving the history of the persecutions he had endured in the glorious cause of No Religion.

"He was twice expelled," he boasts, "from Eton, but recalled by the interference of his father." We much doubt if parental influence ever was of such potency at Eton; but, at any rate, it never was tried in Shelley's case, for it is as certain as it well can be, that, unsatisfactory as his Eton life was, he never was expelled from that school at all.

But this is not all. Still to Godwin (Hogg, vol. ii., p. 56), he says, in relating his actual expulsion from Oxford: "I was informed that if I denied the publication (sc. the *Syllabus* on the 'Necessity of Atheism') no more would be said. I refused, and was expelled."

What heroism, to be sure, considering that the publication positively was his own! We might ask, perhaps, if any mind accustomed to treat fact as an immutable law of speech could ever have thought of making capital for vanity out of what such

a mind could only regard as an inevitable necessity ; but we may pass over that, to observe that the whole incident is imaginary. No such proposition was ever made to him !

In another letter to Godwin, he tells him that he "had pored over the reveries of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus, the former of which I read in Latin, and probably gained more knowledge of the language from that source than from all the discipline of Eton." Possibly ; but Mr Hogg positively asserts that he never possessed the works of Albertus Magnus, and, as he shrewdly observes, "as they fill twenty-one volumes folio, they could not be hid under a bushel."—(Hogg, vol. ii., p. 111.)

Perhaps this glimpse of his temperament will lead us to read with less distress such little notices as the following, which we take almost at random from his letters :—

"I am very cold this morning, so you must excuse bad writing, as I have been most of the night pacing a churchyard."—(Hogg, vol. i., p. 161.)

He concludes the *same* letter by saying :—"I will write again : my head is rather dizzy to-day, on account of not taking rest, and a slight attack of typhus !"

Brain fever, we should rather have said. Really these letters never ought to have been published ; only then, as Mr Hogg says with an admirable preference of truth to Plato and Socrates, we should never have known his "incomparable friend."

After this, though he says it that should not say it, we may believe his friend had some ground for his very distinct assertion that it was an impossibility for Shelley to stick to "the strict and precise truth, and the bare naked realities of life ;" and that, "had he (Shelley) written to ten individuals the history of some proceeding in which he was himself a party or an eye-witness, each of his ten reports would have varied from the rest in essential and important circumstances. The relation given on the morrow would have been unlike that of the day, as the latter would have contradicted the tale of yesterday."—(Hogg, vol. ii., p. 68.)

Save us from our friends indeed ! But, of course, this was not "through an addiction to falsehood, but because he was the unsuspecting and unresisting victim of his irresistible imagination." No doubt ; it never is the wine, we know—it is always that salmon. Mr Hogg's defence, however, is a fine specimen of logic, and worthy of his legal reputation. Shelley romanced because he could not help romancing, and *therefore* he did not romance.

Mr Hogg's attempt to found his defence of his friend on a distinction between inveracity and mendacity is feeble. Why not admit at once that there are degrees in truthfulness as in other virtues, and that some violations of the strict principle are more venial than others ? As to general inaccuracy of statement,

what between himself and his friend, we may consider Shelley fully convicted of it. But on this point may not weakness with weakness come to parle? What is so rare as accuracy of language? So long as there is no serious departure from good faith in the intention, we must certainly mutually condone the fault of careless language, unless we are to have a new world. Nor is it at all certain how a new world would run without the present elastic padding of fiction between us and the rude facts of existence. And the imaginative liars are the most pardonable of all, for the reason that they are usually least conscious of the extent of their excursions in the debateable land between fancy and reality. "Belief's the soul of fact," exclaims the most moral of poets and philosophers, though, possibly, not knowing exactly how wise he was when he said so. And how easy to believe in the imaginations we have ourselves created! The poet's *château en Espagne* is as real to him as our agreeable Celtic friend's "kyastle" over in that distant country of Ireland, or those wonderful things that you and I, kindly reader, did or witnessed at what we may call generally "the last school." To confound these aberrations with the real ugly thing is to confess a superstitious spirit, into which no true sense of the real ugliness of that thing has yet penetrated.

Therefore, we are not at all intending to come down on this poor, weak young poet with the birch rod of majestic indignation; even though there were, as we fear there really was, some occasional tendency in his usually harmless fabulation to approach the real thing. The use we would make of the occasion is less to insist on his failure in this particular virtue, than to call attention to the deficiency in his character of that general principle which would at least have forced him to aim at accuracy of language—as first, indeed, at the far more important point of accuracy of thought.

What to call this principle it is not so easy to say. Conscientiousness is usually limited to the moral action; accuracy to the intellectual. Comparing the human constitution, however, to a complicated machine, in which the various mental and moral instincts represent component forces, there is, or should be, in connection with each of these a regulative power, whose part it is to serve as check upon them, and to reduce the action of each to the point of moderation and justice. Whether this part be indeed played by a central power, or by the counterbalancing action of the forces among themselves, is indifferent, as we are not writing now a metaphysical treatise; but, allowing the illustration we have chosen, it will enable us to explain to the reader that it was exactly in this point of balance and regulation that Shelley's mind exhibited its radical defect. This it was

which rendered his conduct senseless, his speech unreliable, and the results of thought which he produced—except as they were purely imaginative, and even those are greatly flawed from the same cause—utterly vain; altogether worthless, indeed, unless so far as the material his unceasing activity and remarkable natural capacities enabled him to accumulate may be wrought to conclusions often the reverse of his own by the manipulations of completer men. The remark applies signally, of course, to his religious speculations—opinions we do not call them, because we agree with Mr Hogg that he had no convictions deserving to be so regarded. That any *thinker* should ever be affected by the views with which Shelley plays, *as results*, is what we cannot conceive; and, indeed, there can be no fair appreciation of Shelley at all, except by looking upon him as a being marvellously endowed with genius, remarkably gifted, too, with peculiar abilities which we may distinguish from his genius, and exhibiting many moral qualities of a very high and rare kind, but withal radically incomplete and defective in a point more than any other, perhaps, essential to the idea of a sound-minded man.

But it is time to take up the external history of the future poet. After some elementary instruction under a clergyman in the neighbourhood, Shelley was sent, at about ten years of age, to an inferior sort of academy at Brentford, and at thirteen removed to Eton. His school life was not happy in either sphere. A nervous, dreamy, solitary child at this first school, he seems to have been a dreamy, solitary, and impracticable boy at the second. This last characteristic led him into antagonism both with his schoolfellows and the authorities; and, in truth, he rehearsed very completely at Eton the part he was afterwards to play in life. He was a fag, but he considered fagging to be a tyranny, and, having already the deepest sense of the divine right of rebellion (and, perhaps, one might say, of the duty of disobedience generally), he refused to submit to this custom of the school, and, it is said, succeeded in emancipating himself personally from its obligations. If so, we venture to transfer the admiration which the biographers generally are eager to bestow upon the youthful hero to the elder boys, who had the sense to see that, at any rate, he was not worth the trouble of coercing, and to perceive that, good or bad, the institution itself was in no danger from the opposition of a 'mad' fellow like Shelley. This epithet, which he enjoyed, sufficiently explains the estimation in which he was held by his schoolfellows. It is one of common occurrence, and, in a large school, there will usually be one or more individuals in the enjoyment of it. Applied, of course, to eccentricity in general, it especially marks,

that disregard of consequences which, with boys, little given as yet to *a priori* consideration, is not unreasonably considered a fair test of practical sanity. Shelley managed, however, it seems, before he left school, to distinguish himself, even amongst the class of the "mad" or "cracked" fellows, and attained the title of the "Atheist." But this title, according to himself, is to be understood in an esoteric sense, and not in the offensive signification which it bears in the ordinary dictionary. The allusion is stated to be to the giants, who are called *ἄθεοι*, not as denying but as defying the gods; and it is asserted that Shelley, as others before him, earned the distinction by exploits, in the shape of outrageous impudence towards the inhabitants of the scholastic Olympus. Shelley's feat was the setting fire to a tree or trees in the playing-fields with a burning-glass. We cannot confirm this interpretation; but it is given on Shelley's own authority, and is sufficiently in the spirit of the classical schools; and we should be glad to accept this view as the explanation of such an incident as that which gave so much offence at the time, when Shelley placed the word *ἄθεος* after his name in a Swiss Travellers' Book. If there happened to be any old Eton men on the same line, this act, though sufficiently thoughtless, need not mean more than that he intended to identify himself to their recollection by his school nickname. Shelley's intellectual ability appears to have been remarkable from the first. A most quick and subtle intelligence, combined with an excellent memory, made his school work only play to him. He learned his lessons as by intuition, says one schoolfellow. His facility in making Latin verses was wonderful, says another. But *how* did he learn them? He was never a scholar to the end, and at Oxford read the classics chiefly in translations. As for his Latin verses, Lady Shelley relates, with delicious simplicity, that he "never would at any time submit to the trammels of the Gradus." What a noble spirit! and how comfortable it is to reflect what bands of kindred heroes those nursing-mothers of our country, the public schools, do breed! Britons never *shall* be slaves. Alas, for poor Shelley! the child was father of the man. This heroism was of the sort which he went on exhibiting all his life—making his Latin verses with wonderful facility, and utterly refusing to submit to the trammels of the Gradus!

But Shelley's mind was seething with other ambition than could be gratified within the limits of school life, even as free as that of an English public school. This passion was, of course, very strong in him, as it usually is in imaginative natures. His actual situation cannot have been in any way gratifying. To suffer that frightful tyranny of the Gradus in school, and out of school to be called "Mad Shelley," or the "Atheist," does not

represent a position with which a nature even far inferior to Shelley's could have been satisfied. He was sane enough to know that the reputation of "madness" does not conduce to respect, either among men or boys. His consolation, however, lay in that invaluable friend of the unappreciated—the printing press. That strictly modern and European institution has never, perhaps, been sufficiently estimated in its capacity as a safety-valve to the desiring and the disappointed. Why does not some grateful young genius in or out of Parliament take up, as a subject, the relation between the freedom of the press (including the facility of printing) and suicide? How the ancients used to commit suicide! Has it been sufficiently considered, in reference to this peculiarity, that printing was not yet invented? Look at India, China, and especially at our recent discovery, Japan! No printing press, and the prevalence of that fatal habit! Tearing ourselves away, however, from this fertile and fascinating theme, we may observe that Shelley had recourse to this fountain of consolation at an unusually early age. We hear of his actually having some productions of a little sister,—not twelve years old, how much younger we do not know,—printed. Before he left Eton, at which period he was not more than fifteen or sixteen,—we believe only fifteen,—he had published a romance in all form, the form being so complete, indeed, as to bring the boy in L.40 or L.50 (the sum is variously stated) for copyright; out of which treasure he gave a magnificent parting "spread" to eight friends. We never hear of his school friends on any other occasion, but doubtless there were found some who were ready to lend him their knives to cut up such a feast.

Now, perhaps, it is not of great importance to know how Shelley thought and felt at fifteen (although there is a certain interest in observing how early the main lines of his character were laid down); but it is worth any one's while, having the opportunity, to see what a publisher would give L.40 or L.50 for in 1809. The reader shall see the first half-page of "Zastrozzi:—"

"Torn from the society of all he held dear on earth, the victim of secret enemies, and exiled from happiness, was the wretched Verezzi.

"All was quiet; a pitchy darkness involved the face of things, when, urged by the fiercest revenge, Zastrozzi placed himself at the door of the inn where, undisturbed, Verezzi slept.

"Loudly he called the landlord. The landlord, to whom the bare name of Zastrozzi was terrible, trembling, obeyed the summons.

"'Thou knowest Verezzi the Italian? he lodges here?' 'He does,' answered the landlord.

"'Him, then, have I devoted to destruction!' exclaimed Zastrozzi," etc.

Vixere fortes.—There were spasmodic writers long before you, Mr Reade!

The rest of the story is quite worthy of this commencement. But it will not take us long to develop a plot which is mild in one sense, if very far from it in another. Zastrozzi, the gentleman who has just called and sent up that civil message to Verezzi, is in intimate relations with Julia Marchesa di Strobazzo, who, however, does not seem to have changed her name, possibly because she thought her lover's as cacophonous as her own. In spite of this engagement, this lady entertains a passion for Verezzi, which, to add to the general eccentricity, Zastrozzi, for his own secret purpose, encourages. Verezzi, meanwhile, who has a sincere attachment to Matilda, Contessa di Laurentini, dutifully resists for some time the pursuit of Julia. But, forced at length, by the arts of Zastrozzi, too closely within the range of her seductions, he ends by yielding to them, and marries her. For a while he is as happy as a consciousness of his unworthy conduct will allow; but before many weeks have elapsed, on Julia's sudden appearance before him, remorse overcomes him, and he stabs himself, whereupon the jealous Matilda stabs Julia. And then Zastrozzi and Matilda fall into the hands of justice, and Matilda repents her crimes; but Zastrozzi, who has been the philosophical spirit throughout, declares his intention of "encountering annihilation with tranquillity." Before he does so, however, he is good enough to explain to the reader *why* he has thus persecuted and ensnared Verezzi,—a circumstance which has been a perfect mystery hitherto, leaving, therefore, the whole main action of the plot absolutely irrational. But Zastrozzi had an excellent reason, for Verezzi's father had seduced his (Zastrozzi's) mother, and, naturally it became a duty of filial piety to revenge her. He therefore "devotes to destruction" both the seductive Verezzi père (his *own* father? the text leaves that obscure) and the innocent son. There is no explanation given, it should be observed, why he should devote the *son* to destruction at all; but it appears to be taken for granted, as a well-known principle of ethics, that if you murder a father you will naturally proceed to dispatch the son. But having murdered the father, he had bethought him—with strange inconsistency for a gentleman who was just on the point of encountering annihilation with tranquillity—that his vengeance, even so far, was incomplete, inasmuch as he had only destroyed the seducer's *body*; therefore, when he proceeds to deal with the son, he determines first to induce him to commit some great crime whereby "his soul should be hell-doomed to all eternity!"

Matilda makes one of her many exclamations, in the course

of the story, in a tone which the author describes as one "expressive of serene horror." We imagine that our present reader is making an exclamation in the same tone.

Here is L.40 worth of imagination in 1809! The story is almost too repulsive to tell, but it is worth telling for the sake of the reflections it forces. Only half a century ago, a bookseller—who, doubtless, knew his own interest—could venture to pay so much money to an unknown author for a composition like this; that is, he was satisfied that he could obtain readers enough to repay him this sum, and the expense of printing it, with a sufficient return. And, on the other hand, a young gentleman of that date—not, indeed, of a naturally well-tempered mind, but one on whom all the civilising influences of social position, and the best educational opportunities of the time, had been largely acting—could find a vent for his fancy in concocting such a farrago. Such was the taste bred between Mrs Radcliffe and Monk Lewis; and it is much to say for Shelley, that his work is at any rate free from the worst characteristics of the latter writer, at least in the stage of which this is a copy. From what did not Walter Scott deliver us! How can we admire sufficiently that great genius, which was powerful enough to turn the pestiferous influences which he had received in common with Shelley, into the healthy growth of the Waverley novels! And how intelligible becomes the success of those novels when we see what our fathers had to feed on, when he first brought out his rich supply of delicious food! Waverley was published only five years after this date. Truly, to every one who had anything pure and sound in his own nature, Scott's novels must have come like fresh air to the survivors from Surahja Dowlah's dungeon!

The publication of "Zastrozzi" was the Vesuvio, as the firework spectacles call it, of Shelley's Eton life—a lurid enough conclusion, with more smoke than fire. A year of home ensued, which we may imagine well-suited to complete the ruin of his character; for if he were not very wisely ruled at Eton, at home he was plainly not ruled at all. He was now sixteen, and the incidents of this period are his first serious incursion into the realms of rhyme, his second novel, and his falling in love—or fancying that he had done so. Perhaps the last incident ought to be placed between the other two, but the chronology is rather hazy here.

The verse was composed in partnership with his cousin Mr Medwin, somewhat older, we believe, than himself, and consisted of innumerable cantos on the subject of Ahasuerus—a character which always had a great hold on Shelley's fancy, and reappears again in his very last poem, "Hellas." When they

had completed a large amount, they sent it to Campbell for his judgment, and got for answer that there were only two good lines in it. Campbell was, indeed, rather too apt to make *lines* the test of poetical merit, but in this case he probably gave the poem no serious attention, and only said what he thought would have the effect of putting the lads out of conceit with their work. It is curious, and not very consistent, that poets who hold up their vocation as the grandest of all, should always feel it a duty to society to discourage the adoption of it. The fact, however, is, that it is obviously unfair to put such a responsibility on a stranger; and the youths got no more than, had they been a little older, they would have known they would get. Yet it was rather a mistake, as everything but perfect candour is apt to turn out in the long run; for while it is impossible to deny that the poetry, judging by the specimens, which are all we have to judge by, would easily have permitted a more favourable verdict, we cannot look at the prose fiction which went before and that which is to follow in this case, without feeling that Shelley was in a far healthier atmosphere, when, as in writing verse, his sense of beauty was called into play to modify his tendencies towards the horrible and startling. It is not possible, of course, to attribute the portions of the poem to their respective writers with any certainty; but, at any rate, the author of "Zastrozzi" does not appear, while several of the qualities of the *poet* Shelley, especially the purity and flow, and something too of the grace, of his language, are often very traceable.

The wet blanket of Campbell's worldly wisdom effectually extinguished for the time the poetical fire of the two boys, and Shelley's energies were again turned upon a new novel. It is said that the female cousin by whom his fancy was at this time strongly attracted, assisted him in this new composition. We are for several reasons disposed to doubt this; if any young lady took a part in it, we rather imagine it to have been his eldest sister, and that the aid was probably limited to some of the lyrics. Mr Hogg gives us some verses by Miss Elizabeth Shelley, of much the same character as those inserted in the novel.

We do not propose to delay the reader with any analysis of this production, which, somewhat more ambitious, is even less coherent than "Zastrozzi." It would be absurd, of course, to lay any stress on the opinions indicated in so boyish a rhapsody, yet it is noticeable that his mind had already embraced some of the views by which he acted in after life. This is the case on the subject of marriage. The hero seduces the heroine (of course on high moral grounds), and *then* decides to marry her, to which last degrading step he finds her naturally averse, till he overcomes her scruples by the conclusive argument, that "'tis but yielding

to the prejudices of the world wherein we live, and *procuring moral expediency at a slight sacrifice of what we conceive to be right.*" And, accordingly, "they soon agreed on a point of, in their eyes, so trifling importance."

He lived at least to learn to put his argument in somewhat less vulnerable shape, when he married the unfortunate Harriet, and again his second wife, on the ground of the "disproportionate sacrifice which the female is called on to make."

It would be a pity, however, not to give a specimen of the style of a "gentleman of the University of Oxford" of those days, for it was under that designation that he published the work. And as we quoted half the first page of "*Zastrozzi*," we will now quote half the first sentence of "St Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian :"—

"Red thunderclouds, borne on the wings of the midnight whirlwind, floated by fits athwart the crimson-coloured *orbit* of the moon; the rising fierceness of the blast sighed through the stunted shrubs, which, bending before its violence, inclined towards the rocks on which they grew," etc.

A prose narrative of this pleasing kind is enlivened by such cheerful lyrics as the following :—

"Twas the dead of the night when I sate in my dwelling,
One glimmering lamp was expiring and low,
Around the dark tide of the tempest was swelling,
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling,
They bodingly presaged destruction and woe!"

Or,

"The death-bell beats,
The mountain repeats,
The echoing sound of the knell,
And the dark monk now
Wraps his cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell."

We apprehend that the reader is amply satisfied, but we must still extract one other passage, which will convince him, either that Shelley was an apt pupil of the painter who concluded to *cover* the face in which the highest expression was to lie, or possibly that Shelley was absolutely devoid of that feeling for the ludicrous, which is equally a condition of sense and humour. We give the passage *literatim*, first explaining that Ginotti, who had learned the secret of becoming immortal, is about to communicate it to Wolfstein, from whom, however, he first demands this awful condition :

"But first you must swear, that if ————
——— you wish G—— may ————."

“‘I swear,’ cried Wolfstein in a transport of delight ; burning ecstasy revelled through his veins, pleasurable coruscations were emitted from his eyes. ‘I swear,’ continued he, ‘and if ever ————— may God —————!’”

With that Barmecidal blasphemy we may dismiss the “Rosicrucian.”

Before “St Irvyne” was published, Shelley had gone into residence at University College, Oxford. This was in 1810, but in what term we do not make out. We shall not dwell on this period, because it has long been before the world in Mr Hogg’s Papers, published in the *New Monthly* in 1832 ; and we find no further particulars given in his or any other later work. Nor, indeed, do we require any. The picture there drawn of the slovenly student, with his small, feminine, spiritual face, and his long, unkempt hair ; his frail but bony figure, that was tall, but was carried so as to look low ; his impetuous manner, and shrill, cracked voice ; surrounded by his chaos of books, clothes, pistols, and philosophical apparatus ; with his teacups half-filled with aqua regia, and his carpet burnt into holes ; his mind equally full of matter in equal disorder,—this picture has been ably painted in the pages to which we refer.

What we are concerned, however, to observe is, that while, as was indeed to be expected, his mental activity took a larger scope, one especial defect which, often observed in boyhood, is usually corrected by age, became in him only more developed. The fault we now allude to was his extremely defective sense of relation. Want of modesty would be an incomplete description of this peculiarity of his, and impudence an incorrect one. He seems really to have been insensible of any relation of inferiority, or, to do him justice, of superiority either, as existing between him and others. He did not violate any *αἰδώς*, simply because he felt none. On one occasion he made an explosion in his room at Eton with chemicals. A master came in and asked him what he was doing ? Shelley answered that “he was raising the devil.” This would, of course, in any other schoolboy, have been simple impudence, but we really believe that Shelley was not guilty of that crime in the ordinary sense. The idea was just the sort of joke he was capable of ; and as it came into his head he uttered it, without any feeling of the unfitness. He shows the same obtuseness in regard not only to his father, whose own eccentricities must necessarily have somewhat abated respect, but towards his mother also, who at least had done nothing to forfeit her natural dignity. We believe that we may also attribute, in great measure, to this same defect his irreverent handling of religious topics at the present and all later periods. He had no more consciousness of the pain he inflicted on those whose most

sacred feelings he was wounding, than he had of the profaneness itself. But we mention this peculiarity now, to observe how directly it led to the first unfortunate occurrence, which was to poor Shelley's life as the first easy slip of the smooth stream over the edge of the precipice, from ledge to ledge of which it is to fall, till it is lost in the fathomless abyss at the bottom. The event in question was, of course, his expulsion from Oxford.

It was a practice of Shelley's (bearing upon this feature) to be constantly addressing letters to persons whom he did not know. We have heard of his writing to Campbell; but even at Eton he had largely adopted the habit, sometimes under his own name, sometimes under a pseudonym—the veil is sometimes supposed to mark the *want* of modesty. He entered on a long correspondence with Miss Felicia Browne, we hear,—afterwards the well-known and lamented Mrs Hemans. Nay, at a rather later period, he even wrote to Rowland Hill, and offered to preach for him.

This last instance, however, differed in object from the rest, of which the purpose was uniformly to challenge to discussion, usually on religious points, and always in a sceptical sense. And so fascinating did this underground system of proselytism become to him, that while at Oxford he drew up and had printed a series of propositions (chiefly extracted from Hume), which he entitled the "Necessity of Atheism." This syllabus must have been very short; for it was intended to be conveyed by post,—in those days when a letter was worth its weight in gold—to the post-office, if to no one else.¹ This was enclosed in an envelope, with a note stating that the sender had met with it,—feared the argument was inconvertible, and invited the refutation of it; and this (as we understand the account) under the dishonest implication that the writer was a distressed Christian who invited assistance;—and it was dispersed broadcast. How long this had been going on we do not know, but by some means a copy fell into the hands of Coplestone, afterwards the well-known Bishop of Llandaff; and he, having traced the authorship, reported the matter to the Master of University. The result was, of course, that Shelley was sent for, called on to deny the authorship if he could; and, as he could not, was expelled the University. Mr Hogg, with a generosity we are quite ready to admire, came forward on his friend's behalf to remonstrate. In all probability he only anticipated his fate. Their special intimacy, and probably their

¹ It is curious that this production should be diversely described. Lady Shelley (*Memorials*, p. 14) says distinctly that it consisted of only two pages; yet Mr Hogg speaks of it as a "little pamphlet" (*Hogg*, vol. i., p. 274), and Shelley himself refers to it as a "book." Does Lady Shelley perhaps mean two sheets?

sympathy in views (at that period), was known; and Mr Hogg found himself involved in the same sentence with Shelley.

And now, surely, it is time that the college authorities should be justified in this matter. They have now enjoyed fifty years of all but unmitigated obloquy, for an act of which it seems to us the half century since elapsed has only confirmed the substantial policy and justice. There may have been harshness in the manner; but on that point we are to remember we have only the evidence of one side. The argument, that a lighter punishment might have answered the purpose, would be a very strong one if we had known nothing of Shelley since; but, as it is, the course taken only shows how thoroughly the college authorities understood their man. The question really was, whether they should permit an indefatigable propaganda of free-thinking to be established within their walls. To imagine that Shelley would have consented to promise to abandon his proceedings—or, we regret to say, that if he had made such a promise, it would have been worth anything,—is, we humbly conceive, not to know Shelley.

Mr Hogg is magnificently indignant because they were required to deny the authorship of the syllabus. It is true that the law of England forbids that any one shall be compelled to criminate himself; but the law of England, in establishing such a maxim, may be fairly reproached with being rather actuated by the fear of injustice, than by the love of justice. The explanation, of course, lies in the practical administration of the law lying necessarily within the possible bias of politics, or national passion; and the very foundation of the English Constitution is, we know, that the government of all is the enemy of everybody. But prudent as this blunting of the glaive may be when we do not trust the hands that wield it, in the family, and the societies formed on that model, surely justice may be sought in simpler fashion. "No man ever hated his own flesh," is the principle which authorizes a parent, and by analogy the master of a college, to employ direct questioning whenever it may be necessary. The only thing to be said against putting this question to Shelley is, that it was a superfluous precaution. They knew that he could not deny the authorship.

Before we dismiss Shelley's Oxford life, it may be mentioned that he had published, while in residence, a few verses, under the title of "*Remains of Margaret Nicholson*,"—the name of the mad woman who attempted to assassinate George III. There is really nothing to be said about them, except that they are sumptuously printed in quarto. Mr Hogg professes to have had some share in them, and says they were intended to be burlesque; but, in truth, the extravagances are no more than

we might have accepted as serious from Shelley, if Mr Hogg had not warned us. Is *he* possibly joking?¹

It is also right to state, that with all Shelley's intellectual perversity, his habits and conduct were, we are positively assured, in very advantageous contrast, for innocence and elevation, with the ordinary practices of the University society, both senior and junior, at that period. Superiority to sensuality, in any form, continued indeed to be an admirable distinction of his character all his life; yet we are not, we imagine, to credit his morality, in the sense of self-government, to any great extent on this head; for, in fact, such superiority to the lower tastes was a condition of his natural constitution. And one cannot help observing, in reference to this circumstance, how nothing can compensate for the just *balance* of natural instincts. It may be held certain, that, in Shelley's case, this very conscious independence of the lower feelings, was what encouraged him to outrage moral rules, for which he could not appreciate the necessity, nor, from his imperfect sympathy with any nature beyond his own, understand why others placed such value upon them.

From Oxford, which he quitted on Lady Day 1811, Shelley retired with his friend to London, to allow the fathers concerned to get over as they might this sudden and unpleasant catastrophe. The two youths—Shelley was not yet nineteen—took lodgings in Poland Street, "rather dark, but hung with a paper representing a trellis of vines," which took Shelley's fancy amazingly. But he was seriously vexed at his expulsion from Oxford,—the only place, perhaps, which in all his life he left before he was tired of it; and the position was not cheerful—much the reverse. Indeed, had it not been for one or two circumstances, it would have been nothing astonishing had the tragedy of Chatterton been re-enacted. One of these, doubtless, was the sympathy and company of his friend; the other was his contempt for his father, and his sense of his position as heir of entail to the ample fortune of his family. It is not to be supposed, however, for a moment, that Shelley looked at this last particular in the vulgar point of view; if he had been capable of so much worldliness, it might, perhaps, have been better for him. But it prevented his actual straits from pressing him so heavily as they otherwise would have done, for he knew they were only temporary. A great aggravation, doubtless, of his situation was, that, somewhere about this period (Lady Shelley says, after he left Oxford, but other circumstances incline us

¹ For instance, what does he mean by the following sentence?—

"There was a poem concerning a young woman, one *Charlotte Somebody*, who attempted to assassinate *Robespierre*, or some such person." We presume this to be facetiousness; but we cannot say that we at all understand the joke. The poem is, of course, on Charlotte Corday (or Cordé, as Shelley gives it).

rather to believe shortly before), the young lady to whom he was, or supposed himself, attached, had begun to perceive that an union with him scarcely promised a happy future to his partner, and their correspondence was accordingly broken off. We have implied that we don't quite believe in this passion. A first love may be a real forecasting of the true needs of the man's nature, but, also, it may be a mere nympholeptic fit; and the latter, which is the commoner case, was, we believe, that of Shelley. However, we are not inclined to depreciate his disappointment. As his fancy had, no doubt, for the time made him very happy, so too, doubtless, its dissipation occasioned him considerable wretchedness. If a man dreams that he breaks his leg, he probably suffers quite as much as—not improbably more than—if he had really broken it. Nevertheless, it is a grand thing for a youth of this character (for any youth, shall we say?) to have an "eternal sorrow." Shelley's letters of this period are great on "one subject on which——"

And now Mr Timothy Shelley comes upon the stage *in propria persona*. Well, he was not a wise man, nor a person of precise or guarded expression; but, on the whole, it seems to us that he was substantially reasonable and kind in this emergency. He required (1.) that his son should immediately go home, and abstain from communication with Mr Hogg "for some considerable time;" and (2.) that he should place himself under the care and society of some such gentleman as he (the father) should select.

According to ordinary notions of human relations, and the duties consequent thereupon, one might have supposed that the young man would have felt himself bound to submit to such a requisition on the part of a father; but then Shelley had no such sense of relation or duty. And then, was it not an intolerable piece of tyranny to attempt to separate him and Hogg? What was to become of the regeneration of the world, if such high sentiments were to be subjected to common reason and sense? Well, we may sympathize, perhaps, with his boyish feeling about the friend who had just made the same sacrifice for him which one man who cannot swim does in nobly jumping into the water after another man who cannot swim; but we can scarcely admire his conduct in preferring this feeling to the plain duty of his situation. Therefore, when Mr Timothy Shelley's demand was met by a counter proposition, the gist of which was, that his son should do as he liked, and especially should *not* break off communication with his friend, one can scarcely be surprised that the father felt aggrieved, and, being hasty, threw up the negotiation. Yet, before the middle of May, we find that he had agreed to allow his son L.200 a-year, with the permission to live

where he pleased. Surely, so far, this father deserved—from his son at least—something more of consideration than to be spoken of in these terms. “I think” writes Shelley to his “eternal friend,” “I think if I were compelled to associate with Shakspeare’s Caliban—with any wretch—with the exception of Lord Courtney, *my father*, Bishop Warburton, or the vile female who destroyed Mary, that I should find something to admire!” (Letter of May 8th, 1811.)

Mr Shelley’s objects might, however, now seem to have been attained, for his son returned home, and Mr Hogg was by this time reading with a conveyancer in York. The friends, therefore, were separated; and, moreover, in spite of the formal permission to live where he liked, it was perfectly understood that there was an exception in regard to York, and that the allowance would immediately be forfeited on the discovery of any violation of this tacit compact. It might have seemed, indeed, that either the rights of eternal friendship should have forbidden this unworthy compromise, or those of eternal morality procured its observance. Shelley, however, was either unconscious of the latter obligation or perhaps thought it well, like the hero of his novel, to “procure moral expediency at a slight sacrifice of what he conceived to be right;” for the line he took was to accept the engagement for the money’s sake (the letters to his friend are quite frank about this, and, as usual, he seems quite unconscious of anything wrong in it), while he plotted how to evade the condition by going secretly to York under an assumed name.

He did not visit his friend in York, however, at present, but towards the end of August he dropped him a note as he passed through that city by the midnight mail on his way to Edinburgh, accompanied by a young lady named Harriet Westbrook.

If life is “all a muddle,” as a modern philosopher has declared, certainly Shelley’s life, at least, may be cited in emphatic support of the proposition. Let us see if we can explain the startling appearance of this new personage in the sad comedy.

Miss Harriet Westbrook was a young lady of somewhat inferior social position to Shelley, her father being a retired hotel, or coffeehouse, or inn keeper,—we cannot positively state which, for the accounts vary. But he appears to have been in good circumstances; and the education which Mr Shelley thought sufficient for his daughters, Mr Westbrook did not think too good for his, for the young ladies of both families went to the same school. This was situated at Brompton, which was not yet in London; and Shelley—whether before as well as after his expulsion from Oxford we cannot say, but certainly during his sojourn in town after that event—used to go to Brompton sometimes to see his sisters; and there his attention was not unnaturally

attracted by a young girl, who, if history be true, was more like Venus than later mortals have been privileged to behold. We have one (contemporary) lady's testimony that Miss Harriet Westbrook's red and white are now "quite extinct," and that she had "hair quite like a poet's dream;" which last feature is not the less fascinating for being perhaps slightly indistinct to the imagination. Anyhow, there can be no doubt that this young lady, then about 16, was exceedingly lovely; nor can we be surprised that Shelley, æt. 18 (although heart-broken at the time), should think so. And, unfortunately, the contact was not confined to that very restricted amount of intercourse which the rules of a ladies' school may be supposed to have permitted between the celestial inmates and the monsters of iniquity who inhabit the outer world. When Shelley was in his dismal straits for money, his sisters, like good girls—who deserved, we think, a better brother—saved up their pocket-money to help the poor lad to pay for his dark, vine-trellised parlour; and the two Misses Westbrook, when they went to town to see their parents, were the secret bearers of that charity. Moreover, the ex-vintner, who, like almost everybody else who came into connection with Shelley, has been ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of his genius, took pity on the desolate lad, and had him to his house when his own relatives were very shy of him; and when Shelley himself was describing one of them (who, it should be observed, was at the time doing everything he could for him) as "*gelidum nemus*"—the unlucky cousin's name being Grove!

And what did he do on these visits? We can only infer; but we know at least what the elder Miss Westbrook was doing on one such occasion, and if we *have* lost that brilliant red and white, we trust that the style of study of that period is extinct also. "I am now at Miss Westbrook's," writes Shelley in May; "she is reading Voltaire's '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*.'"

This was the elder sister (elder by some years), it must be observed; but then she was Harriet's ideal of wisdom and goodness, and acted as her guide, philosopher, and friend throughout. But we have sufficient proof of the tone of mind of the younger sister also. "Her indifference to, her contempt of surrounding prejudices, are certainly fine," writes Shelley (Hogg i., p. 375); though he admits that she is not so cultivated as her elder sister. "Contempt," indeed, appears to have been a peculiar virtue of this young lady's, for we hear that when she had done something which shocked her schoolfellows (we do not clearly apprehend what, but we imagine it to be the opposition to her father, which we are about to mention), and the gentle sisterhood called her "an abandoned wretch," and "universally hated her," she "re-munerated" this Christian conduct, says Shelley, "with the

calmest contempt" (Hogg i., p. 400). What was the extent of Shelley's own responsibility in producing this tone of feeling, we cannot say, but at any rate we see what it actually was.

When Shelley left town he still maintained this intimacy by correspondence, and, unfortunately, circumstances soon arose to deepen his interest in the proceedings of these young ladies. Apparently the study of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* is not conducive to the domestic virtues, or perhaps the new wine was too powerful for the ex-vintner's old bottles. He was so prejudiced as to wish his daughter Harriet to continue her education; and when she refused, to compel her to return to school. But she had an ally of whom her father did not dream. Who should she so naturally appeal to as the young champion of freedom, who boasted that the only hatred he allowed himself was the hatred of intolerance? Let us hear his own account of this passage. "Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. . . . I advised her to resist. She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but—that she would fly with me, and threw herself on my protection!" (Hogg i., p. 388). And then he goes on, and it is really too sad to joke about—"We shall have L.200 a-year; when we find it run short, we must live, I suppose, upon love! Gratitude and admiration all demand that I should love her *for ever*."

Alas, alas!—and this was the end of it,—or, rather, the beginning of the end—that she left her father's house with him, and they dropped that note for Mr Hogg (requesting the loan of L.10, for they were already in "a slight pecuniary distress!") as they passed through York by the midnight mail, on their way to Edinburgh, where, by a "slight concession to prejudice," they were married. We have before compared Shelley's life to a cataract, we have now come to the commencement of the second great fall.

And now let us see, if we can, by the light of reason or folly, discover how this dismal catastrophe came about. The obvious suggestion is, that Shelley was a young man of nineteen, and she a very lovely girl; but against this there is to be considered, first, that Shelley was little liable to such intoxication by mere beauty; and secondly, that in all his intimate letters to his friend—whom it is utterly impossible to suspect of discretion—there is not a trace of that sort of admiration, which might lead to such a result. Shelley neither was, nor, this time, thought himself "in love," whether in the higher or lower signification of that wide phrase. Yet, after giving the fullest consideration to all the circumstances, we do come to the conclusion that fundamentally this was a seduction of the senses. Fundamen-

tally, we say, because we mean no more than that at any later period of his life he would not have been betrayed by the situation ; he would have known that both the strength and the weakness of his nature forbade the union—that her character did not fill, in any commensurate degree, the higher requirements of his own, and that he could not trust himself to supply the want of original sympathies.

It would scarcely be worth while remarking this, but for the opportunity of observing how decisively the teacher's own experience contradicts his teaching. It is the practical inconvenience found to follow the transcendental view of marriage, whether among students of philosophy and professional regenerators of society like himself, or among village rustics, who may be better excused for seeing only one side of a complex subject, that it leaves the actual contraction of the union dependent at last on the inclination of a moment. The conduct of Shelley, with all his high professions of morality, when this foolish girl threw herself at his head—or was thrown by her sister, which we believe to be nearer the truth—was no whit better than that of the young man of no pretensions at all, who, falling in the way of a *bonne fortune*, yields to the temptation. And in either case we take the explanation to be the same, that the relation is regarded as temporary, and that the considerations connected with it are not weighted by the solemnities and attendant ceremonies of public marriage. Shelley did indeed accept the ceremony, as affording certain legal and social conveniences ; but it was exactly as he accepted the compact with his father regarding his separation from his friend, three months before,—that is, without the least idea of completing its obligations ; and the only thing to be said for him in this case is, that he undoubtedly committed no fraud in this instance upon his partner in the agreement. It was a collusive fraud by the pair upon society.

But it may be said, that many a marriage, as inconsiderately contracted as this, and even less promising in regard to the elements brought together, has yet fairly answered. How came this to result in such total failure ? Our space will not permit us to follow the analysis as it might be made ; but beyond the constant effect of the false principles of both parties, we must consider not only his character, but hers. It is fair to Shelley to say, that for near two years after his marriage, harassed as a life may be believed to have been, which, among other incidents, involved something like ten changes of residence—not visits, but changes of residence, intended to be permanent, and these changes embracing points as distant as Dublin, South Wales, and Devonshire,—for so long Shelley does seem to have tried to do his duty by his wife, and fairly to have succeeded. She was not

wanting in education, nor in ability of a certain sort; and he encouraged her to cultivate herself, and seems to have been at least as happy as could be expected. What occurred at length to destroy this interest, and that when the birth of their first child might rather have been expected to confirm it, it is impossible to say with any certainty, till we are allowed to see the documents, as yet withheld. But setting aside Shelley's characteristic fickleness of fancy, and the presence of a sister-in-law (the student of Voltaire), against whom his feelings at length rose to the degree of almost rabid hatred, there is one fact impossible to overlook, and that is, that with all her personal attractions, her neat habits, her even temper, her respectable cultivation, her perfect freedom from any unfeminine or unladylike tastes, her simplicity and truthfulness, and probably many other virtues, his wife belonged indubitably to that class in which Burleigh especially recommends his son not to seek a wife; because, says Elizabeth's sage secretary, "there is nothing so fulsome as a she-fool."

One word, moreover, we may say, in Shelley's excuse, that before the period—early in 1814—when the separation took place, his mental condition, as exhibited in his letters—we would especially point to one of March 16, in that year—was something, at least so near insanity, that we may well hope it carried with it, to a great extent, the irresponsibility of that state. Whether the excessive irritability under which he was then suffering were only the effect of nervous exhaustion, the consequence of the reckless excitement in which he had now so long been living, or something for which he was less answerable, there are many symptoms about this time of a constitutional crisis, which culminated, as we conceive, in a dangerous illness of the following year. With that, however, we have nothing to do, except that it is just to remark that, whatever the cause, the year 1815 marked a decidedly favourable modification both of his character and habits. He had then found his genius, and with it his true vocation; and the political, social, and religious reformer became subordinate to the Poet.

But here what we called the first part of the story—never otherwise than sad—of Shelley's life concludes, and we have exhausted the new stock of biographical material. We have used it, as we believe, fairly. If the result be a far from pleasing picture, it is not our fault. We have endeavoured to indicate the leading features of Shelley's character both better and worse. Perhaps one or two of the former class have not been as distinctly produced as might have been possible had we been drawing on a larger scale—his benevolence, for example, and liberality. It would be possible also to enlarge on the rare capacity he dis-

played for sympathy with general objects, and his unusual superiority to personal considerations. These admissions may be accepted, if the reader think fit so to take them, as indicating the consciousness of a certain bias *in malam partem*. Let the preceding pages then, be so read; still the features of defect and weakness which we have delineated belong to the character of Shelley, and must be included in any true conception of it. The fashion of what is called *genial* biographical criticism is a truth, but the fashion of *just appreciation* is a larger truth. It is well to sympathise with the individual, but it is better still to sympathise with humanity. But we have no space to enter on this topic now. Shelley rightly judged will certainly claim his "proper praise;" but the ordinary estimate of him will, we conceive, require considerable modification, both to his gain and to his loss. To his loss, in regard to the weight at present attached to his efforts as a thinker, whether he be looked on with dread or with admiration. Defects, both in his moral and mental constitution, must, as we have said before, render any intellectual conclusions to which he may have come, not only void of authority but suspicious, simply because they are his. On the other hand, to his gain, inasmuch as the moral condemnation, which must otherwise fall so heavily upon innumerable points of his conduct, is necessarily suspended by the doubt as to his perfect responsibility, or the certainty of his original incapacity of sound judgment.

One other remark must be made. We have expressly excluded the consideration of Shelley's genius, for we have been endeavouring to appreciate him as a man. But the reader who has trusted the hitherto received account, from Shelley's own statements—more entirely than we think he can do henceforth—will be surprised at our having so decidedly postponed the true development of Shelley's peculiar vein of poetical power, till the second period of his life. For *Queen Mab*, which, though a feeble, is a real, exhibition of that power, is usually, on Shelley's own authority, believed to have been written when he was eighteen, which would place its composition before he went up to Oxford. In all probability there was some foundation in fact for this statement; for in fiction, as in other things, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, but how slight it must have been is sufficiently to be seen now from his newly published letters. In one of these, dated February 1813, he spoke unmistakeably of the composition of this poem.

"Queen Mab has gone on but slowly, although she is nearly finished, and, with some restrictions, I have taken your advice, though I have not been able to bring myself to rhyme." He then proceeds to say, that the didactic portions are in blank heroic verse, and the descriptive in blank lyrical measure,

quoting *Samson Agonistes*, the Greek Choruses, and *Thalaba*, as authorities for such treatment. And, in the latter part of the same letter he states, that the "rough sketch" of the poem is finished, adding expressions, however, which indicate that he was working on some former material. This date places its real composition in his twenty-first, instead of his eighteenth year, a considerable difference, and bringing it within recognition as a first glimmer and feeble forecasting of the development which was not to be fully declared till the following year.

We advert to this fact, not only because unless explained, the usual statement might be considered to invalidate the view which we have taken of Shelley's spiritual growth, but as a point of some literary interest in itself. The additional light it throws on Shelley's unreliability is superfluous.

- ART. III.—1. *Agricultural Labourers as they were, are, and should be in their Social Condition.* By the Rev. HENRY STUART, A.M., Minister of Oathlaw.
2. *Statement as to the Mode of Erection and Tenure of Cottages for Labourers and Tradesmen on the Estate of Annandale, belonging to J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq., M.P.* By CHARLES STEWART, Esq., of Hillside; with Remarks by the Rev. PETER HOPE, Minister of the Free Church of Johnstone and Wamphray.
3. *The Right Condition of an Agricultural Community.* A Paper read before the Social Science Meeting of 1860, by the Rev. PETER HOPE.
4. *Sir John Sinclair's Report.* 1814.
5. *Scotsman Newspaper: October and November 1860.*
6. *Newspaper Report of Public Meeting on the Condition of Rural Labourers, held in Edinburgh, January 1861.*

LAST autumn, Sir John Pakington, when addressing a meeting of Worcestershire farmers, gave them the impressions he had just brought with him, from a journey a few days before through the celebrated farming district between Forth and Tweed. He dwelt on the splendid farms, with large fields and small hedges, the steam engines attached to every steading, the long leases, and the high rents. After drawing a splendid picture, and trying to provoke his audience to emulate it, he confessed that there were things in it which he would not like to have imitated. He should be sorry to see the beautiful elms, and wide-spreading oaks, and rich apple orchards of Worcestershire, all felled, and their country as treeless as that he had just left between Forth and Tweed, where he saw many chimneys, but looked in vain for a lofty tree. Had Sir John been able to look more closely, he might have seen some other things to regret besides the loss of trees. High farming is no doubt unlovely to the eye that longs for natural beauty; but this defect, if it were the only one, might well be borne. But the magnificent system of scientific farming, in which Scotland justly prides herself, has other and more serious drawbacks,—serious at least, in the eyes that look not only for lofty trees, but for thriving and intelligent men. And while we look willingly at its bright side, and freely own all that Scotland owes to her scientific husbandry, we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that, socially regarded, it has a doubtful, we had almost said a dark side. The large farm system has long since spread not only from Forth to Tweed, but more or less throughout all the eastern

counties of Scotland. By it the landlords, the capitalist farmers, and the general community, have no doubt been gainers; but it may be doubted whether those by whose hands the result has been achieved—the farm labourers—have been fair sharers in the gain. That division, which is apt to pervade all branches of modern industry, and out of which so many social troubles come—the division into large capitalists who are employers, and poor workmen—has gone great lengths here. Throughout all the eastern counties, which have been the nurseries of high farming, on the one side stand the wealthy, enterprising, gentlemen farmers, living in a style of comfort, often elegance, which nearly equals that of his laird, and which lairds fifty years ago did not dream of,—active, energetic men, quick to avail themselves of all the newest modes of husbandry, and intelligent in the ordinary topics of the day, but in genuine worth and wisdom not superior to the old-fashioned race of small farmers whom they have put out. On the other side, but with a vast distance interposed, are the ploughmen and other labourers, who do the work of the farm. Between these the gap is immense in social rank, way of living, and general feeling. Many of the ploughmen are the sons or grandsons of the small tenants whom the new system has swept away; and it would almost seem, that as the large farmer has risen in the scale above the small tenants of last century, the ploughmen and labourers, at least in prospects and opportunities of rising, have sunk below them.

The workers on these large farms are either married or unmarried men. The former, the married ploughmen, are the best off. They live in their own cottage with their wife and family, that cottage being in most cases situated on the farm, held of the farmer, but provided, like the other farm buildings, by the landlord. Where there are not enough of cottages for all the married ploughmen—and on many farms there are not enough—some one or more of these must seek for a house in the nearest village. But take it at the best. Suppose a lad married at four-and-twenty, and settled in a cottage on the farm, with his wages of from L.20 to L.23 in money, four bolls of oatmeal, four do. of potatoes, with free house and coals driven. He has nothing more to look to as long as he lives. He is as well off when he starts in life as he can hope to be when he ends it. When, out of the above wages, a wife and family are supported, children reared and educated, there is no margin left for frugality to work on. And even if thrift were to do its best, what is there for him to look to? By no amount of saving can he ever hope to be able to lease any of the large farms he sees all around him, which require a capital of several thousands to start with. The utmost that is open to him, in the high farmed districts, is to become a

foreman on a farm, with a rise in wages of a few shillings a-week ; or if he be too pushing a man to be contented with this, then he can but emigrate. But the great mass of ploughmen become neither foremen nor colonists. They spend the strength of their prime, as they began their married life, neither better nor worse, going with their pair of horses, and doing their allotted day's work. And when they have reached their threescore years, they for the most part cease following the plough, give up their pair of horses to younger hands, and either become the "orra" man—that is, the man for extra jobs on the farm—or take to breaking stones for the roads, or whatever other day labour they can find. Not a very bright existence certainly, nor one which we would willingly look upon as the best estate possible for a great portion of our countrymen, however we might acquiesce in it, if it be indeed inevitable. It wants the great, the only healing this world can offer to toil-worn man,—the hope of bettering himself, of some day rising above the ten hours' daily drudgery, owning something he can call his own, and being able in some small measure to shape the destiny of his children, and give them a better start in life than he himself had. With this state of things have come other evils, the sundering of all kindly ties between master and servant, too frequent changes of service, the want of any sense of responsibility for their welfare on the one side, and of personal or local attachment on the other, as if all duties were fulfilled and ended when the one had done his ten hours' work, and the other paid down the week's wages. Modern society, throughout all its classes, has freed itself entirely from the old feudal bonds and restrictions ; but it is a sad thought, sometimes forced upon us, that with these it has rid itself of the natural and kindly attachments with which they were more or less intertwined, and has relapsed into a state in which all relations between men begin and end with money payments.

But if such be the case with the best part of the farming population—the married ploughmen—it is still worse, and the problem becomes more difficult, when we turn to the young unmarried men. That some such must be maintained on every large farm, as well as some married ones, is clear. How these should be fed, housed, and tended, is the great practical difficulty, and those who have had most experience in rural affairs feel it most. It were well if we could look at it calmly, without passion or controversy, most of all without fierce denunciations, which tend only to embitter class against class. The thing has arisen out of circumstances for which no one class is exclusively to blame,—out of the growth mainly of high farming, which is now a national glory, and by which all ranks of the people have more or less benefited. Blame will be then only just, if, seeing

clearly one evil side to what is, on the whole, a great national gain, we do not honestly own and face it, and do our best to find a remedy.

That there must be many lads, from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty years—'halfin callants,' as they are called—employed in farm-work is clear, not only for the convenience of the farmer, but in order that you may have a supply of men coming forward to fill the place of regular ploughmen. What is to be done with these? how are they to be accommodated and looked after? In two ways this is practically answered: the one way common in large farms in the west of Scotland; the other mainly confined to the eastern districts. In Lanarkshire and the other western counties, the unmarried ploughmen have their meals in the farmer's kitchen, and their bed in the stable-loft or other outhouse. During the long winter evenings they are admitted to the kitchen, and sit round the fire; but the talk of these raw lads is, as might be believed, not edifying, but such as 'corrupts the female servants, until the one sex will talk as plainly and coarsely as the other.' Besides this, it is alleged that they are often so troublesome and exacting about their food, and so difficult to please, as to become a serious practical annoyance to the master and mistress of the house. Indeed, so real is this inconvenience, that we know one very enterprising farmer who, although he had more than one large farm in the west, and was looked up to by all his neighbourhood, yet, for no other reason than to get rid of this evil, when his farm fell out of lease, left his native district, and took a farm in the east, where he could accommodate all his men in cottages on the farm, or close at hand. So disgusted was he with the troublesomeness of the unmarried ploughmen, and the nuisance he had found them to be, when boarded in his own house.

For accommodation of the same class, the eastern county farmers have adopted the bothy system, of which so much has been heard of late. It is now somewhat more than ten years since Mr Stuart, the minister of Oathlaw, brought this system under public notice, and laid bare the evils which had arisen out of it, in a pamphlet which no one who read it can ever forget. He spoke of things he had long seen and known, in a tone of calm, clear, impartial, yet humane wisdom, which contrasts strongly with much of the discussion which the subject has since called forth. The appearance of that statement forms an epoch in the history of our rural economics, and the force with which it told is proved by the immediate formation of a society for improving the dwellings of farm labourers, which numbers among its members many of the best landlords in the bothy districts. We mention the rise of this society, not as be-

lieving that it can cure even half the evils which Mr Stuart's pamphlet disclosed, but because it proved that he had indeed laid his finger on a sore place. The discussion has of late drifted into a spirit of partisanship, in which fierce denunciation of classes and extravagant statements, founded on extreme cases, are met by too dogged denial of the evil, and refusal to admit the extent of it. From both of these we should desire to keep clear, believing that, if a remedy is to be found, it must come from an honest examination of the facts and their causes, equally removed from the exaggeration of the impugners, and the special pleading of the defenders, of the system.

We may take for granted, in the first place, that some large farms are necessary to maintain a high state of farming; and if large farms, then the existence, throughout the country, of a number of unmarried ploughmen. What, then, is to be done with these ploughmen? how are they to be fed and boarded? This is the question which we must look at steadily. That the west country plan of their living in the farmers' kitchen and sleeping in the stable-loft is not satisfactory, we know by the testimony of those best acquainted with it. That the eastern plan of bothies is, as hitherto worked, at least equally unsatisfactory, we have abundant evidence. To prove this, we need not ransack the country for cases of flagrantly neglected and immoral bothies; we need not go to the northern barbarian and his Caithness bothy, in which unmarried men and women are said to sit, cook, and eat their food together, to pass the long winter nights, without any 'light but the flickering peat fire, in the room where the lads dress, undress, and sleep, while the females sleep in an off closet entering from the lads' apartment, and, in some disgraceful instances, the beds of both sexes are in the same apartment.' Such things need no comment. But they may be said to be singular and exceptional cases, and we would willingly believe them to be so. But from what we know of human nature, and especially of ploughman nature, it needs but small evidence to prove, that if you place some half-dozen or more young raw lads, rough and undisciplined, in one house, barely and coarsely furnished, there to cook their own food, with no one to make their beds, clean the house, or in any way superintend their life during other than working hours, the result will be coarseness, filth, and rapid degradation to most of the inmates. Cast ploughmen, cast any set of men, out from the comforts and civilities of home, to herd, eat, and sleep wholly by themselves, without discipline or surveillance, and it needs no prophet to foretell the result. And there is abundant evidence to show that facts verify anticipations, founded on the knowledge of what men are. One of the ablest defenders of the system

admits that, having been himself a farm servant for upwards of ten years, he 'had lived in bothies that had not been swept for years, where the cooking utensils were never washed, and where the beds were not made up for weeks together.' The writer of these words may have escaped contamination from such a life, but forty-nine out of every fifty men will be degraded by such treatment. We remember ourselves visiting a bothy a few years ago, not a picked specimen, but taken at random, in the richest, most highly farmed part of East Lothian, of which the above would seem to be a very fair description. It was a place, for dirt, discomfort, and desolation, fit to harbour no human being. We know, too, that the lads, in the bothy district, too often spend their evenings after dark in 'raking about the country,' in those secret interviews, to the prevalence of which among our peasantry Dr Struthers attributes so much immorality. And so untended and coarsening is their life, that we are assured that many lads who have left their homes for service, with a fair parish school education, able to read and write, have ere long, in the bothy life, unlearned and forgot both. But we are spared the trouble of going more deeply into the results of the system, and proving its evils in detail, by the indirect admission of its ablest recent defender, who gives it as his opinion that the late controversy about bothies will result in their improvement, and their more general adoption, when improved. Here, then, we find even their advocate allowing the need of improvement, though as to the extent and kind of it he and we might not agree.

We should think it not too much to ask of every landlord that he should provide cottages enough on each farm to allow from one-half to two-thirds of the ploughmen employed on it to be married men, who might dwell there with their families. To ask more than this—for instance, a cottage for every plough, so as to have all the ploughmen on a farm either married, or able to marry if they choose—seems more than is required. For among ploughmen, as in every trade or profession, there must and ought to be young men coming on who must bide their fair time to marry, and whom it is not desirable to drive to too early marriage, by opening for it too great facility. Supposing, then, that on every farm there are about one-third of the workmen unmarried, and that, in the altered mode of living in large farmers' houses, it is undesirable to have these men boarded in the kitchen. A few of them will probably be the sons of the married ploughmen, and will lodge with their parents. Supposing that some cannot be lodged in the cottages of the married men, either from their small size, or from the unwillingness of the occupants to lodge lads who may be strange to them, then it is clear that you must

have an abode apart, devoted to the single men, call it a bothy, or what you will. The conditions to be observed in order to prevent such a dwelling from sinking, as so many bothies have done, into inhuman filth and wretchedness, are, first, that the house should be given over to the farmer fit for a human dwelling, not a wretched outhouse; secondly, that the farmer, either of himself, or, it may be, by the young men contributing something, should furnish it in a style which should secure decency and comfort; thirdly, that no such cottage should have more than say four or, at most, five inmates; fourthly, that it should be under the charge of the griever's wife or some other respectable married woman, who should have the care, not only of making the beds and cleaning the house daily, but of making the young men's meals. No house into which a woman never enters can be in a fit state for man's habitation. To these conditions we may add, that the griever himself should be charged with the survey of these single men's cottages, see that they keep hours, and do not stay abroad or sit up to an unseasonable time of night. And if to these were added some of the social charities—the kindly visit of the master of an evening or at mid-day, and the furnishing the young men's table with a newspaper and some books, entertaining or instructive—the bothy might soon be changed from a byword into a scene of comfort. Such do exist here and there in favoured places, under considerate masters. And there is no reason why they should not exist on every large farm, if only all concerned would lay the evil to heart, and do their share towards its removal.

This would imply that landlords should be willing to erect, not one rude bothy, no better than a byre, on each farm, however large, but two or more, where needed, well-built houses, capable of being dwelt in with comfort; that tenants should furnish them in a way fit for the decencies and conveniences of life, should put them under good regulations and superintendence, and themselves see that these are carried out; lastly, that the men themselves should be willing to co-operate, to submit to some rules, to take care of good furniture if once supplied, and to lend themselves to clean and tidy habits. These last conditions, which lie with the men themselves, are far from the easiest to get fulfilled; for often they resist any efforts made for their comfort—resist it as an infringement on their freedom—and prefer to pig and brutalize uncontrolled, to being any way interfered with. Ministers, too, might do more than in many cases they have done, by not shrinking from laying honestly before all classes in private, and, if need be, publicly too, their responsibilities in this matter. But several causes have hitherto kept most of our Scottish ministers from meddling with the social habits of their

flocks, though on these, to a very great degree, depends even their spiritual wellbeing. The proneness to divide too sharply between things religious and things secular; a tendency to dwell on high abstract doctrines, without bringing these down to the details of men's daily lives, and thus vitalizing them; and the not altogether manly fear of giving offence by bringing religious teaching to bear on the social and personal habits of men,—these, and like causes, have been at work to keep ministers from declaring to all alike—landlord, tenant, and ploughmen—their respective duties. A faithful minister, if respected in his parish, who would not shrink from speaking, privately or publicly, as he might deem best, to those concerned, would surely do something to make men feel it to be a Christian duty to extirpate this evil; and if he would, by friendly visits at mid-day or in the evening, or by whatever other means might occur to him, show a real interest in these lads, who have often none near to care for them, he would do still more. We are quite aware how easy it is to admonish others of their duty; but the suggestions here given are not offered from any wish to dictate to others, but from the belief that this and other public evils are gradually undermined by open discussion, and by each man speaking out honestly what seems to him right. If, however, farmers will not take the trouble proposed, and men will not submit to any interference or control, even for their good, then we say that bothies are a moral nuisance, which, as it cannot be mended, ought to be destroyed.

On the whole, then, we fully acknowledge that some large farms are desirable in all districts, more in some districts than in others; and that, ever since Cockburn of Ormiston, 'the father of Scottish husbandry,' let to Robert Wight, in the year 1718, The Murray's (Muirhouse) farm on a long lease, up to a quite recent date, large farms, let on long leases, have contributed much to the advance and present perfection of Scottish husbandry, benefiting farmers by good returns, landlords by high rents, and the community by increased produce. But we must not, on the other hand, shut our eyes to the fact that the peasantry have not, on the whole, shared equally in their benefits. Even if they have shared somewhat in the general gain and improved mode of living, they have not, we conceive, improved on their forefathers in intelligence and morality so much as other classes have done. While repudiating altogether such exaggerated statements, as that they have become 'a hissing and a byword,' or that they are 'sinking to the lowest moral level,' we do believe that there is much of good in them, which large farms, if they do not positively depress, at least allow to lie fallow. Our Scottish ploughmen will still, we believe, stand comparison for

shrewdness, honesty, and industry with those of any other country. But, whatever they may be relatively, it cannot be doubted that absolutely they would be better if they were not subjected, as single men, to the rough, coarse, bothy system as it now exists; and if, as married men, they were not, by the exclusiveness of the large farms, shut out in many districts from all hope of bettering themselves, and condemned to a lifelong routine of day labour.

In all human nature, and especially in the pushing Scotch nature, there must be a vast reserve fund of energy, thrift, and perseverance, of which such a life never unlocks the springs. Those same natures which, transplanted to colonial or foreign soils, put forth such latent energy, subduing nature, overcoming all kinds of circumstance, everywhere rising to the top—for travellers remark that, in every town of Europe, the chief banker, or merchant, or tradesman, is sure to be a Scotchman,—to those same natures, while they continue in the high-farmed counties, the path upward is closed. This is surely an evil, worthy the careful regard of patriotic landlords. Even in the large farm counties—the Lothians, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and all the eastern straths and seaboards north of the Forth—landlords, if they really saw and felt the evil, might do something to meet it. In many parts even of these districts it might be possible, even prudent, to let an industrious man—mason, say, or wright, or dairyman—have a portion of land on lease, which he and his family might cultivate at their bye hours, evening or morning. By such a plan, a deserving man might be encouraged, something done to bridge the gulf and break the social monotony of the few wealthy farmers and their many hired hinds, while the landlord would find his rent-roll not a whit the less by the change. No doubt the large farmers would eye such a procedure with jealousy; for they, like every other class, resent the appearance among them of any interloper either from a poorer district or a lower social place; and agricultural doctrinaires, who look on the necessity of large farms as a law of nature invariable as gravitation, would be ready to threaten any innovating landlord with the old bugbear—a tenantry reduced to the state of Irish crofters—as the sure result of any return to small farms. To such impugners it might be replied, that the lowland Scotch small tenant of the present day is a very different being from the Irish crofter; that the whole system of farming and of leases is different in Scotland and in Ireland; that, even if there were any tendency to excess of population on small farms from over subdivision, the landlord has the thing in his own hand, and can check it; that in those parts of the lowlands where small farms still exist, no such evils have arisen; that so far are the native lowland peasantry from over-population, that, in many

landward parishes, the Gibeonite part of labour, such as draining and quarrying, has of late years fallen to be done chiefly by Irishmen, for lack of Scots; lastly, that it is not a truth valid for all places and all times, that large farms are the only arrangement that will ensure the highest state of husbandry. They were necessary during last century, when farming was yet in its rude infancy, to give it the first impulse onward. They were necessary during the earlier part of this century, to carry it forward to its present perfection; but it does not follow from this, that now, when the true principles of farming are so generally understood, and the farming intelligence of the peasantry so much greater, and practical knowledge and improvements so much quicker in spreading, that the large farm system might not well be modified even in the eastern counties, and such a proportion of small farms admitted as would give scope for all grades of agricultural capital and enterprise. Sir John Sinclair, in his Report, published in 1814, when the rage for large farms was at its height, after showing the advantages of these at a certain stage of a nation's husbandry, goes on to observe that a time may come when the large farms may require to be modified, 'when by competition the rent of land increases, and when from various causes many competitors appear. The size of farms,' he says, 'must thus depend on the circumstances of a country: what is proper in one district is not so in another; and what is a proper size at one time is not so at another, even in the same district. For this reason, a proprietor should not allow his buildings and fences to go to ruin; he himself may have little need of them, but his successor may require them.'

These considerations, taken together with the undoubted fact of the social gap which necessarily arises in exclusively large farmed districts, might well make any wise landlord reflect whether it is well to have none but wealthy tenants and large farms, even in districts where these are now wholly paramount. They ought certainly to make him pause, before transplanting into the southern and other counties, where a graduated scale of farms still exists, the exclusive system of the eastern counties with all its disadvantages. To this an advocate of large farms might reply—In proof of our plan we point to the present advanced state of Scottish husbandry as its undoubted fruit; in defence of the plan of mingled large and small farms, you urge only suppositions and general principles, which have failed in other countries, and might not succeed here. Such arguments, however, we are able to meet not only with *a priori* reasonings, but with ascertained facts and experiments.

There lies before us a paper by Charles Stewart, Esq., of Hillside, Dumfriesshire, on the mode of providing cottages with

pendicles of land for labourers and tradesmen, which has been carried on under his care on the Annandale estate. The paper is made up of two separate reports; which, originally printed in the Transactions of the Highland Society, 1844 and 1859, have since been reprinted. Along with this we must notice a paper by the Rev. Peter Hope, Free Church minister of Wamphray, read before the last Social Science meeting, in which he gives what he has seen of the social and moral results of the experiments Mr Stewart describes. Mr Stewart, the author at once of the pamphlet and of the experiments, has for many years had charge of the estate of Annandale, belonging to J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq., M.P., and of other extensive properties, and has had much opportunity of becoming acquainted with the present state and past history of farming and rural economy throughout Scotland. To those who know him, every statement and opinion of his will be sure to come with no common weight. To those who do not, we need only say, that as for nearly half a century he has been among the foremost promoters of every agricultural improvement and of all useful progress in the south of Scotland, and as his natural sagacity and wisdom have been enriched with a wide and varied experience, his word on all rural matters is of rare authority. The following statements are taken from the two above-named reports:—In upper Annandale, the labourers and country tradesmen used, for the most part, to hold their houses from the tenant. About fifty years ago, as most of these houses had become ruinous or incommodious, a new plan was adopted. A lease of twenty-one years is given of a homestead and large garden at a moderate rent. The landlord supplies and saws timber and hewed freestone, needed for doors, windows, jambs, etc., etc., at a cost to himself of about twenty-two pounds. The rest of the cost of building the homestead falls on the tenant, and, besides his own labour, ranges from twenty-one to thirty-five or even forty pounds. The proprietor reserves to himself the right of resuming possession on six months' notice,—a right, however, which, as it would only be put in force in case of bad conduct, is said to have been in no case, as yet, exercised. None but persons of the best character, natives, or well known in the neighbourhood, are granted these leases. They are most of them, either men who have been ploughmen, have saved something, and wish to settle with their families; or elderly men or widows, with well-doing children, who help them; or country tradesmen, carpenters, masons, shoemakers, etc., etc. Great care is taken not to place any without certain prospect of future work, and an eye is kept on the state of population in each parish, with a view to keep the numbers rather under than above the natural demand for labour. This scheme can, of course, be

best carried out on great estates, where the care of large woods, draining, fencing, and other improvements, afford a steady supply of work for these cottar tenants. Almost all these occupancies lie in the parishes of Kirkpatrick-Juxta and Johnstone, on a tract of eight or nine miles, stretching along the west side of the river Annan. The houses are generally placed singly, along the turn-pike and cross parish roads, and care is taken that they shall not be grouped into hamlets or villages.

The second Report (1859) states that the demand for such leases is greatly on the increase; that the more recent houses are better built, and more roomy than the original ones; that pendicles of land from two to six acres, or grass for a cow, are greatly desired and now generally granted. 'The land being often coarse, the landlord, besides enclosing, helps to drain and lime it. It is improved till it affords not only summer grazing for one cow, or perhaps two, but green crop and corn, sometimes meadow hay. The rent charged is the same as it is worth as part of a farm, from ten to twenty shillings per acre. It increases the interest of the cottar, and gives scope to the intelligence which is generally possessed, and to the industry of the family, without materially encroaching on the tenant's time for earning his regular money income. He can buy turnips, meadow hay, and corn from farmers at hand. A good supply of milk is secured for the family, and the ready sale of the pork, butter, and perhaps a calf or young beast, meets any outlay as well as rent, which last is paid with perfect promptitude. All the above statements are taken almost word for word from Mr Stewart's pamphlet. After nearly a lifetime's trial of the system, he expresses his perfect conviction of its success. He has found it advantageous alike to the tenants themselves, the landlord, and the community at large. In parishes where these tenants form a third or a fourth of the whole population, none of them ever come on the poor roll, and pauperism scarcely exists. While this or a like system may be most easily carried out on large estates, owing to the supply of home timber, saw-mills, etc., etc., and the power of regulating the number of such tenancies by the demand for labour; yet Mr Stewart maintains that much may be done in the same or a like way by smaller proprietors, if they would give the cottar an interest and security in his house, by allowing him to pay more or less of the original cost, and to hold his lease directly from themselves, and, above all, by furnishing him with a pendicle of land. And it is cheering to learn that the experiment is not now confined to the estate where it originated, but is being tried by other liberal landowners, who understand and esteem the character of our peasantry.

While Mr Stewart has given the statement of facts, Mr Hope

points the moral. He remarks that, in recent discussions on these topics, it is usual to notice only three orders in an agricultural community,—landlord, farmer, and farm-servants, either hired, or cottars holding of the farmer. But he observes there is a fourth class intermediate between the small farmer and the hired labourer, not so high as the former, but higher than the latter, which ought not to be overlooked. This class, consisting of country tradesmen, retired ploughmen, etc.—a class having its own place in a well-ordered rural economy—mainly occupy the small tenancies on the Annandale estate. And Mr Hope is convinced, by what he has seen, that the system above described has succeeded in elevating this class without burdening either landlord or farmer, but with benefit to both, and has fostered small holdings without depressing agriculture or retarding improvement. Its advantages, as stated by him, are such as these :—

1. The fact that such leases are granted only to men of good character and orderly conduct, acts as a bounty upon these qualities, which make for the public not less than the individual welfare.

2. The system encourages thrift and industry both before and after obtaining such a tenancy ; before, to save means to meet the necessary outlay, and after, to make the most of the allotment. ‘What labour the cottager expends on his small holding, does not hinder his ordinary work ; it is done at by-hours or by his family. And the wife, with her cow to keep, milk for her household, butter and eggs to take to market, calf and pig to care for, becomes quite another woman from what she would have been had her husband been only a day labourer, renting a bare house from a farmer, and removeable at every term. She becomes managing and thoughtful, fertile in resources, feels that she is respected and that much is looked for from her ; she can do much for the support of her family, and she is put to her mettle to do it.’ The children, too, early take part in the field work, and so are trained to useful labour, and to habits which stand them in good stead when they go out in life.

3. Let no one compare this with the Irish crofter system. All the special evils of the latter are absent here. Character and conduct are well looked to before a lease is granted ; security of tenure is combined with moderate rent ; there is no middleman between landlord and cottar ; the balance between population and demand for labour is carefully attended to. In Ireland, everything tended towards thriftlessness and idleness ; here, all motives are at work to produce thrift and diligence.

4. The security of these small holdings is a mighty charm. The tenant feels sure that when his lease expires it will be renewed, that he himself will end his days in the house his own hands have helped to build, and that when he dies his tenancy will

go to some one of his family. Of the advantages of this permanency of abode we need hardly speak. The children brought up at the same school, the family worshipping in the same church, known and respected by the neighbours, and bound by ties of affection to their native district; these, the very best outward influences for forming character, how few of the labouring class are blest with them!

One does not wonder on being told that from these cottar homes and small farms in Annandale a very large number of youths have received a more than poor man's education, and risen afterwards to eminence. From such abodes it is that the purity and energy of the towns is recruited, and the Scotch character maintained throughout the world. There is scarcely a small farm in Annandale which has not one or more members of its family doing well in other countries and quarters of the globe, in every position, from the farm griever in England or Ireland to the merchant millionaire in India or China. This comes, in part, from the old border spirit of enterprise which two centuries of peace have not yet extinguished, but still more it is due to the existence of a class of working farmers. In the Lothians and Berwickshire, where the rural population consists of a few gentlemen farmers and a large number of mere servants, no such proportion make their way upward. The latter see little chance of rising, and the former have no call to make the exertion. This, however, though the most palpable, is by no means the highest moral effect of the system of cottar tenancy and small farms. It is not from the few who rise that it should be estimated, but from the numbers not known nor heard of in the world, who live on these holdings industrious, moral, and contented, and die leaving a good name throughout their neighbourhood. But while such is the solid good that accrues to the cottar tenant, how, it may be asked, does the landlord fare? It is well that we can answer this query on the authority of Mr Stewart, who certainly has the best means of knowing. He informs us that these cottage leases and small holdings are not only not a pecuniary loss to the landowner, but are in the long run a decided gain. He gets interest for his original outlay on the cottage and field, and fully as good a return as he would have got for the same land included in a large farm. Besides these, there are other advantages of this system which few proprietors will think lightly of. It keeps in check and reduces the poor-rate, for rarely have any of this cottar population fallen on the poor-roll. And it peoples his property with a set of industrious, sober, well-to-do workmen, themselves and their fathers native to the soil, men bound to himself who has befriended them, and to the land that has reared them, by the best and strongest ties.

This system of cottage tenure, with small portions of land held directly from the landlord, might, we are convinced, be in some measure introduced by liberal and patriotic landlords, even into exclusively large farm districts, with safety and advantage. It would do much to relieve the hopeless condition of the hinds, of which we have already spoken, and something to lessen the social gap, though it could not bridge it. But it is only where there exists a graduated scale of farms, from those of one plough, or about 60 to 70 acres, through every size, up to the large farm, that the system of cottage tenure can have full scope. The existence of these small farms is a wonderful stimulus to the cottar tenants. They know, that if they hain and husband well the pendicle, this may lead in time to the small farm. In the parish of Johnstone, for instance, out of thirty-six farms, there are six or seven held by men who were themselves once cottar-tenants, and as many more held by men whose fathers rose from that class. When a small farm in a neighbouring parish, of about L.100 a-year rental, was lately out of lease, of fourteen eligible offers, four came from men who had once been labourers. To illustrate what is meant by small farms graduated upwards, take the above-named parish of Johnstone. It contains from 7000 to 8000 acres of mixed arable, improveable, and pasture land. Under the too prevailing system of lumping land into the largest farms possible, it would probably be parcelled out into half a dozen farms, rented from perhaps L.800 to L.1000 a-year each. On these would live a number of hired servants in cottages held of the farmers. Under the system we advocate, it is at present laid out in thirty-six farms, yielding a total rental of nearly L.5000 a-year. Some of the farms pay as much as L.350 to L.400 a-year of rent; while at least twenty farms, of from 70 to 130 acres, and affording tillage for one plough, pay a rental of from L.50 to L.150 each. Besides these small farms, there are the numerous cottar tenancies we have above described. It can easily be imagined how powerfully the existence of the former must tell on the occupants of the latter. The way upward is open; persevering industry may travel it; and the small farm once attained, there is the large farm beckoning, if not the man himself, then his children. Such a prospect acts far beyond the small circle of those who succeed in realizing it. It tells on the whole body of working men. They see their neighbours and equals rise to better things. They know that they themselves may do likewise; and this feeling has a heartening, healthful influence on many a man, who may never change his original condition.

This, then, would seem to be the type of a well-ordered rural polity. Beginning with the mere day labourer, passing upward

through the cottar tenant, the small farmer, to the large farmer, it would culminate in the landlord,—a social order as perfect as our country, with all its antecedents, would seem to admit of,—an ideal, which is not only an ideal, but has in some places begun to be realized; and that not by sentimentalists or dreamers, but by the most practical of men. And there is no reason why it should not be still farther realized, if landlords and others, who have power over land, would but all look at the matter with the same careful foresight, the same humane wisdom, as the landlords and their agents above named have done. By such a course they would help to heal those social sores which in many places have become serious; they would go far to fill up the social gap, which, disguise it as you will, is a great, if it be an inevitable, evil in many high-farmed districts; and they would help to build up a rural polity, in which, as in our good British constitution, all orders of men are linked closely to each other, and rank passes so insensibly into rank, that you can scarce tell where one ends and another begins.

It may be impossible greatly to alter things in the eastern counties and elsewhere, where large farms have been too long established as the universal rule. But might we not hope that, if landlords would examine closely the experiments made in Annandale, they would see it to be their true wisdom to stay the progress of enlargement, where, as in the western and southern counties, it is only entered on and not yet consummated. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not exclude some large farms from any district. They are prizes for enterprise, and they act as a stimulant on the small farmers around them. And, to some districts, a larger number of them is suitable. To wide plains, or easy undulations of equal soil, and under thirty inches of rain, the large farm with thirty or forty acre fields is more naturally adapted. But in the western counties the ground is broken, the soil unequal, the climate moist and uncertain. To these varieties of soil and weather, the small farmer, working with his own family, without many servants or high kept horses, better suits himself; and in bad years or low prices he can save and curtail consumption and expense in a way the large farmer cannot do. He bends more to the blast, where the other breaks. 'During the last fifty years,' says one who has watched country matters closely, 'I have seen three or four crises, in which the large farmer on poor soil went to the wall, while the small ones stood.' One argument for large farms, once unanswerable, has now lost its force. There was a time when they were rightly encouraged as the only means of bringing capital, enterprise, and intelligence to embark in agriculture, and raise it from its low primitive con-

dition. But it is so no longer. Knowledge now spreads so much faster, every new discovery so soon finds its way, and is adopted by all kinds of husbandmen, that the skill of the small is already nearly on a level with that of the large farmer. In some points it is even greater, at least better in details of management.

In Mr Mill's *Political Economy* there are two well-known chapters on the subject of Peasant Proprietors. He there shows, at great length and with abundant evidence, how largely this mode of life prevails in Norway, Germany, Belgium, France, and with how beneficent results. After passing in review the working of the system in these countries severally, he sums up by showing, first, that far heavier crops are produced on these small farms than in the best tilled large farm districts of Scotland and England. Such is the spirit of thrift and industry it engenders, that every spare hour, every odd moment of the small proprietor and his family, are devoted to the improvement of their ground. Secondly, he dwells on the educating effect of these small properties—that, not less than books and schooling, though in a different way, they draw forth and discipline the mental powers. The mind of the proprietor is always active, and therefore is being elevated, while that of the day labourer is passive, and therefore depressed. Thirdly, it is not only an intellectual, but also a moral training. It cultivates the virtues of prudence, temperance, self-control. And if in some cases these qualities are carried too far, and the small landowner becomes saving even to niggardliness, this he esteems a small evil compared with the temptations of the day labourer, living from hand to mouth, and hopeless of ever bettering himself—recklessness and improvidence. Lastly, he shows, at length, that such a system cultivates habits of comfort and ways of life which are the surest checks to over population—an evil to which Mr Mill seems sensitively alive. To conclude with his own words, 'I conceive it to be established, that there is no necessary connection between peasant properties and an imperfect state of the arts of production; that it is favourable in quite as many respects as it is unfavourable to the most effective use of the powers of the soil; that no other existing state of agricultural economy has so beneficial an effect on the industry, the intelligence, the frugality, and prudence of the population, nor tends on the whole so much to discourage an improvident increase of their numbers; and that no existing state, therefore, is on the whole so favourable, both to their moral and physical welfare. Compared with the English system of cultivation by hired labour, it must be regarded as eminently beneficial to the labouring classes.'

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Most of this holds, in measure, of cottar tenants and small farmers, when organized with such checks and restrictions as have been mentioned above. This last system is the nearest approach which the present state of landed property in our country admits of. And we have seen that Mr Stewart and Mr Hope together bear witness that it draws forth and cherishes the same habits and virtues, as Mr Mill's authorities attribute to the peasant landowners of foreign countries. No doubt the tenancies have one great drawback, from which the proprietorships are free. They presuppose, for their beneficial working, landlords liberal and wise enough to have regard to the interests of the people on their estates, and to see that the prosperity of these is one with their own. And the same sage political economist warns us, that 'it is never safe to expect that a class or body of men will act in opposition to their immediate pecuniary interest.' As an abstract maxim, this is no doubt true. But, looking at facts, no one can help seeing that the happiness or misery of a peasantry on any estate always have been, and probably always will be, in some real measure dependent on the presence or absence in the landlord of the will and the wisdom to befriend them. And therefore we can but appeal to their sense of enlightened self-interest, of patriotism, and of duty. We can but ask them to look earnestly at the condition of the rural population, and to consider whether they have not been suffering one of the worthiest peasantries on earth to go to the wall, amid the fashionable rage for exclusively large farms, which bring to them no present advantage but easily collected rents, and must in the end entail sure and irreparable loss, by driving the best blood of the rural districts to foreign lands, and deteriorating what remains.

Since these remarks were in type, a public meeting has been held in Edinburgh, under the highest auspices, for considering the condition of the rural labourers of Scotland. All the speeches, whether of landlords or tenants, delivered at that meeting, as well as the letter of Lord Kinnaird published since in the newspapers, confirm the views which have been advanced in this paper, so far as the houses of farm labourers are concerned. But better houses, though very important, are but one step towards the elevation of the labourer. The necessity of a proportion of small holdings was hardly hinted at; and even the remarks made by Mr Stewart on the Annandale scheme, fell flat on the meeting, and did not strike home. We feel it therefore more than ever a duty to appeal to the landowners of the country in favour of a scheme which shall give scope to the latent worth and industry of the men who live and die toiling on their estates. It was on cottage holdings and

on small farms, not in dwellings of day labourers, that the men were reared, who, for generations, have been the very salt of our land. And who can tell how much of that worth was bound up with these very tenures and the permanency of these homes? For, as was well said at the Edinburgh meeting, 'a man's house is not merely his shelter from the elements and the scene of his affections, but it is also the mould from which his social habits, and, in a great extent, his moral feelings, are cast.' To help, in some measure, to form that mould, in which the moral being of immortal men is cast, is the high privilege and deep responsibility with which landlords are for a while entrusted. A grave enough stewardship it is to exercise in any country and over any human beings; more grave in our land, when we think from what ancestry these poor men are sprung, and of what stuff they themselves are made. These are they whose forefathers in old time kept Scotland free. Among them were born those stern sons of the Covenant who made good for us another, a not less noble freedom. These are the men from whose hearts and homes were breathed our old Scottish songs, and who were the first to sing many of our sweetest melodies. From them were sprung Burns and Carlyle, and many more of lesser name—men in whose inmost hearts were graven the virtues of their order, transfigured by the light of genius. Among these it was that Scott found the originals of all his best and most lifelike portraits—those which will longest survive and go farthest to immortalize his name. And in such little farms and permanent cottage holdings, all Scotland over, more than anywhere else, there has lived and there still lives, dumb and inaudible, the great mass of worth and wisdom, of which some small samples only have yet found utterance in books. Is it nothing that such a race should be swept ruthlessly away, depressed into mere day's-wagemen, or driven to foreign lands?

The landlord who lumps his land into a few large farms, and merely lives on their rents, whether at his own seat or at a distance, throws away a noble opportunity of usefulness, and converts himself into a mere superfluous functionary—a veritable 'burden on the land.' But he, who regulates the distribution of his farms on wise and humane principles, holding an even balance between the great tenant and the small, and giving scope to the energies of each, not only secures his own permanent interests on a surer basis, but adds something at least to the sum of those healing and benign agencies which both brighten and better the condition of mankind.

ART. IV.—*The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By THOMAS, Tenth EARL of DUNDONALD, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, etc., etc. First and Second Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1860.

“THE world knows nothing of its greatest men.” If this were true, small blame could be imputed to the world on that account. *De non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio.* There is no infallible test for discovering “village” Hampdens or “mute inglorious” Miltons; and we should possibly be at a loss what use to make of such a test, if we had one. The struggles and trials of life have frequently proved the best training school for genius: there is no help like self-help; and Burke never uttered a prouder or more suggestive truth than when he exclaimed, “I was not rocked and dandled into a legislator.” We are rather amused by the frankness than startled by the unblushing selfishness of the famous French publisher, when he tells Balzac’s *Grand Homme de Province*, “I am not here to serve as the footstool of celebrities to come, but to gain money and give it to men already celebrated.” Such is the way of the world; such it always has been; and such, we fear, it is long destined to remain. But when the essential qualities of greatness have been manifested by unmistakeable signs; when the tree is known by its fruits; when deeds or works speak trumpet-tongued; when the hero or man of genius stands confessed as plainly as the goddess (*oh, Dea certe!*) who betrayed her divine origin by her walk,—then deep, indeed, is the responsibility, and lasting should be the remorse, of the nation which permits him to be crushed by jealousy or withered by neglect.

If ever there was a hero or a man of genius, it was the late Earl of Dundonald, better known in the naval annals of his country as Lord Cochrane. He performed greater actions with smaller means than any other captain or commander recorded in history. He combined the chivalrous audacity of Sir Sydney Smith, and the calculated dash of Nelson, with an originality of conception to which neither of them so much as approximated. His insensibility to danger, his perfect calmness, his accuracy of judgment, his fertility of resource at trying moments, were sublime. He seemed especially destined to compensate England for the loss which saddened her crowning victory at Trafalgar. Yet from the very commencement of his career, and long before a shade of suspicion rested on his character, no effort was left untried in high places to crush him; and the upshot was, that what might well have been regarded as a national treasure, became

for a period a national disgrace, and, instead of being prized and watched over, was flung into the dirt and trampled on.

Ample proofs of these assertions are contained in the *Autobiography*, incomplete as it was left by his death; but they are scattered over a large space, and mixed up with a mass of desultory statements and querulous commentaries, which distract attention and impair effect. We shall endeavour to obviate this disadvantage, by giving a rapid summary of the exploits on which we found our very high estimate of his capacity.

The believer in blood and race would have no difficulty in showing that many of the late Lord's distinctive qualities were hereditary. "The Cochranes," remarks a Scottish writer, "have long been noted for an original and dashing turn of mind, which was sometimes called genius, sometimes eccentricity." Robert Cochrane, the founder of the family, aiming and arriving almost simultaneously at eminence as a warrior and an architect, and falling a victim to a court cabal, was a fitting progenitor for the hero of Basque Roads, at work in a manufactory on the very morning when his name was mixed up (as he contends, by political or professional pique) with a dishonourable plot.

He might also be cited in confirmation of the theory that the boy is father of the man. He was only in his ninth year when he was deprived of the inestimable benefits of a mother's guidance, instruction, and softening influence;¹ and "our domestic fortunes," he states, "were even then at so low an ebb, that great difficulty was experienced in providing him and his three brothers with the means of education." But, as is observed by Gibbon, every man who rises above the common level receives two educations,—the first from his instructors; the second, far the most important, from himself. Considering the part the young Lord Cochrane was to play and the work marked out for him, perhaps, as regards him, the second would not have been much improved by all the appliances and means to boot, in the shape of private tutors, public schools, or universities, that unbounded affluence could have supplied. In his choice of a profession, as in everything else through life, he was destined to be thwarted; yet here again an item or two of good is to be placed to the creditor side of the account. Many a lad selects a vocation from caprice, and slackens his exertions to excel in it as soon as the first flush of novelty has passed away. Test his firmness by a little opposition; compel self-examination by remonstrance; and then, if he perseveres and is permitted to follow his bent, he will follow it in right earnest, and will be compelled, if only by the shame of

¹ Anna, Countess of Dundonald, died Nov. 13, 1784. Her son, the late Earl, was born Dec. 14, 1775.

turning back, to concentrate his energies and manfully struggle forward to the goal.

It must be admitted that, in the case before us, the repressive stimulant was injudiciously heightened and prolonged. Lord Cochrane's father insisted on the army, and actually procured a commission for him when he was barely thirteen. His uncle (Captain, afterwards Admiral) the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane, who secretly favoured his inclination for the sea, began entering his name about the same time on the books of the ships he (the Captain) successively commanded; "so that," he states, "I had simultaneously the honour of being an officer in his Majesty's 104th Regiment, and a nominal seaman on board my uncle's ship." Living, as we are, under the regime of a reformed Parliament and a perfectly free press, we feel some difficulty in understanding how such abuses could be tolerated, even in rare instances or for an hour. Sixty years since they were the normal state of things, and excited neither murmur nor surprise. Various members of the generation which witnessed them would even now defend them, on the ground that they supplied an antidote to the admitted danger of promotion by seniority; and it is undoubtedly true, that, but for his uncle's foresight, Lord Dundonald's rise in the service would have been fatally procrastinated. Four years and a half of what hardly merited the name of schooling or tuition intervened before the old Lord consented to resign the commission, and accept the uncle's offer of a berth on board his own ship. "The difficulty now was to equip me for sea, but it was removed by the Earl of Hopetoun considerably advancing L.100 for the purpose. With this sum the requisite outfit was procured, and a few days placed me in a position to rule my fortune, with my father's gold watch as a keepsake—the only patrimony I ever inherited." He joined the "Hind" at Sheerness, on the 27th of June 1793, "at the mature age, for a midshipman, of seventeen years and a half."

In Lord Cochrane (as it is most convenient to call him whilst he was earning distinction for the name) the pride of birth and rank was always subordinate to that of intellect. But although he never presumed upon his birth, it was taken for granted that he would, especially by officers who had risen from before the mainmast, like the first lieutenant of the "Hind," Jack Larmour. "On my introduction, Jack was dressed in the garb of a seaman, with marlinspike slung round his neck, and a lump of grease in his hand, and was busily employed in setting up the rigging. His reception of me was anything but gracious. Indeed, a tall fellow, over six feet high, the nephew of his captain, and a lord to boot, were not very promising recommendations for a midshipman." Congeniality of professional pursuit soon

made them fast friends. When Captain Cochrane was moved from the "*Hind*" to the "*Thetis*," they both went with him.

"The '*Thetis*' was ordered to equip at Sheerness, and knowing that her first lieutenant, instead of indulging himself ashore, would pursue his customary relaxation of working hard aboard, I begged permission to remain and profit by his example. This was graciously conceded, on condition that, like himself, I would put off the officer and assume the garb of a seaman. Nothing could be more to my taste; so, with knife in belt and marlinspike in hand, the captain of the forecastle undertook my improvement in the arts of knotting and splicing; Larmour himself taking charge of gammoning and rigging the bowsprit, which, as the frigate lay in dock, overhung the common highway. So little attention was then paid to the niceties of dock-yard arrangement."

The practical knowledge thus acquired proved of the greatest use in many ways. His crew always felt that they were working under a discriminating eye; they placed unlimited confidence in a commander who understood and could perform their duty as well as his own, and on two occasions he actually averted impending shipwreck by going aloft and doing the work of a common seaman in a storm.

In January 1795, not quite eighteen months after his entrance into the service, he was appointed acting third lieutenant of the "*Thetis*," and the year following he was passed for lieutenant, his time being made up from his nominal rating whilst at school; and it is amusing to mark the earnestness with which he endeavours to support so palpably indefensible a practice, because a meritorious officer may be brought forward by it. Most of the greatest orators that ever adorned the House of Commons were brought forward by the patrons of rotten boroughs; but was this ever admitted by his Lordship to constitute a valid argument against Parliamentary reform? Marlborough and Wellington were both indebted to their connections for their timely advancement and their resulting opportunities, yet the British army was not on that account content to remain under "the cold shade of aristocracy."

We have no space to dwell upon Lord Cochrane's career as a subordinate officer, although far from wanting in curious incident. The most curious was his being brought into personal communication with Nelson; and we shall quote his remarks on this occasion, as we may have occasion subsequently to refer to them as partly applicable to himself:—

"The impression left on my mind during these opportunities of association with Nelson, was that of his being an embodiment of dashing courage, which would not take much trouble to circumvent an enemy, but being confronted with one would regard victory so much

a matter of course as hardly to deem the chance of defeat worth consideration.

"This was in fact the case; for though the enemy's ships were for the most part superior to ours in build, the discipline and seamanship of their crews was in that day so inferior as to leave little room for doubt of victory on our part. It was probably with the object of improving his crews that Admiral Bruix had risked a run from the Mediterranean to Brest and back, as just now detailed. Had not Lord Keith been delayed at Gibraltar, and afterwards recalled to Minorca, the disparity of numbers on our side would not have been of any great consequence.

"Trafalgar itself is an illustration of Nelson's peculiar dash. It has been remarked that Trafalgar was a rash action, and that had Nelson lost it and lived, he would have been brought to a court-martial for the way in which that action was conducted. But such cavillers forget that, from previous experience, he had calculated both the nature and amount of resistance to be expected; such calculation forming as essential a part of his plan of attack as even his own means for making it. The result justified his expectations of victory, which were not only well founded, but certain."

The battle of the Nile affords a still better illustration than Trafalgar. The French ships were moored close to the shore in the form of a crescent round the bay, apparently the best possible position for receiving an attack. The commissary of the fleet said they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. "Where," said Nelson, "there is room for an enemy's ship to swing, there is room for one of ours to anchor." His plan was formed on the instant. It was to double on the French by placing an English ship on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of theirs. When this plan was explained to Berry, he exclaimed, "What will the world say if we succeed!" "There is no *if* in the case," replied Nelson; "success is certain: who will live to witness it is quite another matter."¹ The inference, and the manœuvre based upon it, although obvious when stated as Columbus' mode of dealing with the egg, were the prescience of genius. A spark or two of it would have prevented the terrible waste of life before Sebastopol. We were the first to prove, from peculiar sources of information, now universally acknowledged as authentic, that if the northern forts had been attacked by land when the flank march was undertaken, they would have been carried easily or abandoned without a blow.² We now

¹ Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chap. v.

² *The North British Review*, No. L., July 1856. We have reason to believe that Mr Kinglake's forthcoming work will prove unanswerably the soundness of our conclusion, that the prolongation of the campaign, and the conversion of what was planned as a *coup de main* into a siege, were entirely owing to the French.

feel authorized to state, that if, as soon as the movement could be effected after the battle of the Alma, the combined fleets had appeared before them, an equally decisive result might have been obtained. We have heard naval officers of experience maintain that, unapproachable as the Russians thought themselves at Cronstadt, if Cochrane had commanded the British fleet, he would have got at them. His exploits in the "Speedy," to which we are now coming, raise a doubt whether there was anything physically possible which he could *not* have achieved in his prime. His description of her is an essential part of this brilliant commencement of his commandership:—

"The 'Speedy' was little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war, even sixty years ago. She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded rather than manned, with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers, myself included. Her armament consisted of fourteen 4-pounders! a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss, and formerly known in the service under the name of "minion," an appellation which it certainly merited.

"Being dissatisfied with her armament, I applied for and obtained a couple of 12-pounders, intending them as bow and stern chasers, but was compelled to return them to the ordnance wharf, there not being room on deck to work them; besides which, the timbers of the little craft were found on trial to be too weak to withstand the concussion of anything heavier than the guns with which she was previously armed.

"With her rig I was more fortunate. Having carried away her mainyard, it became necessary to apply for another to the senior officer, who, examining the list of spare spars, ordered the *foretop-gallant-yard* of the 'Généreux' to be hauled out *as a mainyard for the 'Speedy'!*

"The spar was accordingly sent on board and rigged; but even this appearing too large for the vessel, an order was issued to cut off the yard-arms, and thus reduce it to its proper dimensions. This order was neutralized by getting down and planing the yard-arms as though they had been cut, an evasion which, with some alteration in the rigging, passed undetected on its being again swayed up; and thus a greater spread of canvas was secured. The fact of the foretop-gallant-yard of a second-rate ship being considered too large for the mainyard of my 'man-of-war,' will give a tolerable idea of her insignificance.

"Despite her unformidable character, and the personal discomfort to which all on board were subjected, I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair, the floor being entirely occupied by a small table surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of storechests and seats. The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high, so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling

on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was, that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight and putting my head through to make a toilet-table of the quarter-deck."

He one day took a turn on the quarter-deck with a whole broadside in his coat pockets. With this vessel he encounters five or six gunboats at a time, "engages a tower which fired upon us," captures privateer after privateer, and takes so many prizes off the coast of Spain, that at length he grows into a marked object of terror, and a direct set is made at him. He chases a large ship having all the appearance of a well-laden merchantman, but on his nearing her she raises her ports, and is found to be a large Spanish frigate, crowded with men who had remained concealed till he had fallen into the trap. To fight, her would have been the extreme of rashness, to outsail her was impracticable.

"There was, therefore, nothing left but to try the effect of a *ruse*, prepared beforehand for such an emergency. After receiving at Mahon information that unusual measures were about to be taken by the Spaniards for our capture, I had the 'Speedy' painted in imitation of the Danish brig 'Clomer;' the appearance of this vessel being well known on the Spanish coast. We also shipped a Danish quartermaster, taking the further precaution of providing him with the uniform of an officer of that nation.

"On discovering the real character of our neighbour, the 'Speedy' hoisted Danish colours, and spoke her. At first this failed to satisfy the Spaniard, who sent a boat to board us. It was now time to bring the Danish quartermaster into play in his officer's uniform; and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up to the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent along the Barbary coast.

"On the boat coming within hail,—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us,—our mock officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled, and made sail, whilst we did the same."

He was blamed by some of his officers for not attacking the frigate when she had been put off her guard by the false colours, and he mentally resolved to cure them of their delusion in suspecting him of want of enterprise. An opportunity soon occurred. His crew had been reduced, by manning prizes, to fifty-four, officers and boys included, when he fell in with a Spanish xebec frigate, the "Gamo," which some (he thinks without due warrant) alleged to be his old acquaintance whom he had tricked. Instead of taking to flight or trying the chance of another *ruse*, he gave orders to pipe all hands and prepare for action.

"Accordingly we made towards the frigate, which was now coming down under steering sails. At 9.30 A.M. she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, which the 'Speedy' acknowledged by hoisting American colours, our object being, as we were now exposed to her full broadside, to puzzle her, till we got on the other tack, when we ran up the English ensign, and immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage.

"Shortly afterwards she gave us another broadside, also without effect. My orders were not to fire a gun till we were close to her; when, running under her lee, we locked our yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned our broadside, such as it was.

"To have fired our popgun four-pounders at a distance would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main deck; the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain.

"My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was the one upon which I mainly relied for victory, viz., that from the height of the frigate out of the water, the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads, whilst our guns, being elevated, would blow up her maindeck.

"The Spaniards speedily found out the disadvantage under which they were fighting, and gave the order to board the 'Speedy;' but as this order was as distinctly heard by us as by them, we avoided it at the moment of execution by sheering off sufficiently to prevent the movement, giving them a volley of musketry and a broadside before they could recover themselves.

"Twice was this manœuvre repeated, and twice thus averted. The Spaniards, finding that they were only punishing themselves, gave up further attempts to board, and stood to their guns, which were cutting up our rigging from stem to stern, but doing little further damage; for after the lapse of an hour the loss to the 'Speedy' was only two men killed and four wounded.

"This kind of combat, however, could not last. Our rigging being cut up, and the 'Speedy's' sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate or be themselves taken, in which case the Spaniards would give no quarter—whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their own favour.

"The doctor, Mr Guthrie, who, I am happy to say, is still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm; leaving him therefore, for the time, both commander and crew of the 'Speedy,' the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck—a feat rendered the more easy as the doctor placed the 'Speedy' close alongside with admirable skill.

"For a moment the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gal-

lantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the 'Gamo' frigate, of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey."

It will be observed that the gallantry of this exploit is the least of its merits. English soldiers and sailors are always ready to encounter any amount of odds. But the perfection of leadership consists in compensating numerical inferiority by position and contrivance. Getting under the lee of the Spaniard was an inspiration of the same sort as Nelson's doubling on the French ships at Aboukir. Lord Cochrane's own suggestions on this subject are remarkable for modesty and good sense:—

"Shortly before boarding, an incident occurred, which, by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, may be thought too absurd for notice. Knowing that the final struggle would be a desperate one, and calculating on the superstitious wonder which forms an element in the Spanish character, a portion of our crew were ordered to blacken their faces; and what with this and the excitement of combat, more ferocious-looking objects could scarcely be imagined. The fellows, thus disguised, were directed to board by the head, and the effect produced was precisely that calculated on. The greater portion of the Spaniard's crew was prepared to repel boarders in that direction, but stood for a few moments as it were transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the white smoke of the bow guns; whilst our other men, who boarded by the waist, rushed on them from behind, before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon.

"In difficult or doubtful attacks by sea,—and the odds of 50 men to 320 comes within this description,—no device can be too minute, even if apparently absurd, provided it have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention whilst you are concentrating your own. In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard."

The officer who succeeded to the command of the "Gamo" on the captain being killed, applied to his captor for a certificate that he had done his duty during the action, and received one to the effect that he had "conducted himself like a true Spaniard." With this document he appeared highly gratified, and "I had afterwards," adds his Lordship, "the satisfaction of learning that it procured him further promotion in the Spanish service."

It remains an uneradicable blot on Lord St Vincent's administration as First Lord, that he steadily refused to recognise this exploit as a title to promotion, till he was shamed into it; and Lord Cochrane laboured in vain to get justice done to his first lieutenant, Parker, who was severely wounded in this action. "Lord St Vincent," says his biographer, Captain Brenton, "was so much pressed on the subject of Lord Cochrane's promotion for taking the 'Gamo,' that it became almost a point of etiquette with the Earl not to make him a captain. An illustrious person is reported to have said, 'My Lord, we must make Lord Cochrane *post*;' to which Lord St Vincent replied, 'The First Lord of the Admiralty knows no *must*.'" When people in or out of authority meditate a wrong, they should be wary of giving reasons. In reply to one of the applications for Parker, the First Lord was imprudent enough to reply, that "it was unusual to promote two officers for such a service; besides, the small number of men killed on board the 'Speedy' did not warrant this application." This provoked the telling retort, that his reasons were in opposition to his Lordship's own promotion to an earldom, as well as that of his flag-captain to knighthood, and his other officers to increased rank and honours, "for that in the battle from which his Lordship derived his title, there was only *one man* killed on board his own flagship, so that there were more casualties in my sloop than in his line-of-battle ship. It was a common remark made in the navy, that the battle of St Vincent was gained by the inshore squadron under Nelson, the commander-in-chief being little more than a spectator."¹ Whether this were so or not, the objection that the exploit was performed with small loss of life, resembles the well-known one of the man who, being required to pay half-a-guinea for the skilful extraction of a tooth, exclaimed that he had been dragged twice round a country operator's shop for half the money.

"It's ill arguing with a king who has such very hard-soled boots," said Guichard, after having had his shins kicked by Frederick the Great for upholding the immortality of the soul. It's ill arguing with the dispensers of patronage, if you are looking for it, especially if you have the best of the argument. Lord St Vincent never forgot or forgave the taunt, and when he resigned or was replaced, his quarrel was taken up, by a kind of fellow-feeling, by other persons in authority. He or they managed to convert a mishap, which should have been another stepping-stone to promotion, into a fresh excuse for delaying

¹ Nelson brought the Spanish fleet to action by disobeying orders, and bore the brunt of the fight. But the credit of the manœuvre, by which nine of their ships were cut off from the main body, is due to Lord St Vincent.—*Southey's Nelson*, chap. iv.

it. Still in command of the "Speedy," Lord Cochrane was conveying a packet-boat to Gibraltar, when he fell in with some vessels which ran ashore. Being prevented by his instructions from stopping to get them off, he set fire to them, and one being laden with oil, and the night dark, the blaze illumined the sky for many miles round. The light attracted three French line-of-battle ships, which he mistook for Spanish galleons till it was too late to remedy the mistake.

"It was about four o'clock in the morning when we made out the French ships, which immediately on discovering us gave chase. Being to windward, we endeavoured to escape by making all sail, and, as the wind fell light, by using our sweeps. This proving unavailing, we threw the guns overboard, and put the brig before the wind; but notwithstanding every effort, the enemy gained fast upon us, and, in order to prevent our slipping past, separated on different tacks, so as to keep us constantly within reach of one or the other; the 'Dessaix,' being nearest, firing broadsides at us as she passed when tacking, at other times firing from her bow chasers, and cutting up our rigging.

"For upwards of three hours we were thus within gunshot of the 'Dessaix,' when, finding it impossible to escape by the wind, I ordered all the stores to be thrown overboard, in the hope of being able, when thus further lightened, to run the gauntlet between the ships, which continued to gain upon us.

"Watching an opportunity, when the nearest line-of-battle ship was before our beam, we bore up, set the studding sails, and attempted to run between them, the French honouring us with a broadside for this unexpected movement. The 'Dessaix,' however, immediately tacked in pursuit, and in less than an hour got within musket-shot. At this short distance, she let fly at us a complete broadside of round and grape, the object evidently being to sink us at a blow, in retaliation for thus attempting to slip past, though almost without hope of escape.

"Fortunately for us, in yawing to bring her broadside to bear, the rapidity with which she answered her helm carried her a little too far, and her round shot plunged in the water under our bows, or the discharge must have sunk us; the scattered grape, however, took effect in the rigging, cutting up a great part of it, riddling the sails, and doing material damage to the masts and yards, though not a man was hurt. To have delayed for another broadside would have been to expose all on board to certain destruction, and as further effort to escape was impotent, the 'Speedy's' colours were hauled down.

"On going aboard the 'Dessaix,' and presenting my sword to the captain, Christie Pallière, he politely declined taking it, with the complimentary remark that 'he would not accept the sword of an officer who had for so many hours struggled against impossibility,' at the same time paying me the further compliment of requesting that 'I would continue to wear my sword, though a prisoner,'—a request with which I complied; Capt. Pallière at the same time good-

naturedly expressing his satisfaction at having terminated our exploits in the cruising line, they having, in fact, special instructions to look out for us."

He was speedily exchanged for the second captain of the "St Antonio," who was taken in the action at Algesiras.

"Of the action which subsequently took place I have no personal knowledge, other than that of a scene witnessed by myself from the garden of the commissioner's house, in which I was staying.

"The enemy were overtaken at dusk, soon after leaving the bay; and when it had become dark, Captain Keats, in the 'Superb,' gallantly dashed in between the two sternmost ships, firing right and left, and passed on. Of course I do not assert myself to have been personally cognisant of the way in which the attack was made, the firing only being visible from the Rock, but that this is the correct version of the affair rests upon indisputable authority. The movement was so rapidly executed, that the 'Superb' shot ahead before the smoke cleared away, and the Spanish ships, the 'Real Carlos,' 112, and the 'San Hermenegildo,' 112, mistaking each other for the aggressor, began a mutual attack, resulting in the 'Real Carlos' losing her foretop-mast, the sails of which, falling over her own guns, caught fire. While in this condition, the 'Hermenegildo'—still engaging the 'Real Carlos' as an enemy—in the confusion fell on board her and caught fire also. Both ships burned till they blew up, and nearly all on board perished; a few survivors only escaping on board the 'Superb' as Captain Keats was taking possession of a *third* Spanish line-of-battle ship, the 'San Antonio'—for whose second captain, as has been said, I was exchanged.

"The remainder of the combined squadron got safely back to Cadiz after an encounter between the 'Formidable' and 'Venerable.' I am aware that the preceding account of the action with the French ships at Algesiras differs in some respects from that compiled by naval historians from the despatches; but this circumstance will not prevent me from giving my own version of a conflict in which it was my misfortune to be a reluctant spectator."

On his release, he vainly solicited employment, and his anxiety for it being somewhat mitigated by the peace (of Amiens), he formed and acted on a resolution which may be cited as one of the most remarkable instances on record of self-dependence and energy. We think by turns of Cato learning Greek at eighty, and of Peter the Great working in an English dockyard as an artisan. Conscious, he says, of the desultory and imperfect education that had fallen to his lot, he betook himself to the University of Edinburgh:—

"It was, perhaps, an unusual spectacle for a post-captain fresh from the quarter-deck, to enter himself as a student among boys. For my self-imposed position I cared nothing, and was only anxious to em-

ploy myself to the best advantage,—with what success may be judged from the fact of my never being but once absent from lectures, and that to attend the funeral of a near relative.

“Whilst at Edinburgh, I made few acquaintances, preferring secluded lodgings and study without interruption to the gaiety of my contemporaries. Besides which, if my object of getting into Parliament were to be accomplished, it was necessary to be economical, since all that the Admiralty Court had been pleased to leave me of my prize-money would not more than suffice to satisfy the yearnings of a small borough, for which the only hope of election was by outbribing my antagonists.

“Amongst my contemporaries at the Edinburgh College was Lord Palmerston, who resided with the most eminent of the then Scotch professors, Dugald Stewart, and attended the classes at the same time with myself.

“I might also mention others, of whose society in after life I should have been proud, had not the shameful treatment which it was afterwards my lot to experience from a corrupt faction, driven me from society at a time when it ought to have afforded me a welcome relaxation from hard and unintermitting exertions in the service of my country.”

On the renewal of the war with France, he obtained an interview with Lord St Vincent, having ascertained beforehand what vessels were in preparation. One after the other was refused on some frivolous pretence. This was too large, that was too small, a third was not sufficiently advanced, and a fourth was promised. “In short, it became clear that the British navy contained no ship-of-war for me.” He frankly told the Earl as much, remarking that, the Board being evidently of opinion that his services were not wanted, he had better go back to college and pursue his studies, with a view of qualifying himself for some other employment. This brought matters to a crisis. “His Lordship eyed me keenly, to see whether I really meant what I said, and observing no signs of flinching—for, beyond doubt, my countenance showed signs of disgust at such unmerited treatment—he said, ‘Well, you shall have a ship. Go down to Plymouth, and there await the orders of the Admiralty.’” The promise, thus extorted, was kept to the letter, and broken to the spirit and the hope. He was appointed to the “*Arab*,” an old collier, fitting out, through the vilest jobbery, as a vessel of war, a glance at which showed the practised seaman that, when all that could be done was done for her, “she would sail like a haystack.” This mattered little as it happened, for the station assigned the officer of proved skill and gallantry was, under the guise of protecting the fisheries, to cruise to the N.E. of the Orkneys, where no vessel fished, and where, consequently, there were no fisheries to protect. “The Board had fairly caught me,

for a more cruel order could not have been devised by official malevolence. It was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation." His command of the "Arab" lasted from October 1803 to December 1804, a period which he sets down as a dreary blank in his life. Prior to its expiration Lord St Vincent had been replaced by Lord Melville, who, on the pressing remonstrance of the Duke of Hamilton, made a show of repairing the injustice of his predecessor. Lord Cochrane was appointed to the "Pallas," a new fir-built frigate of thirty-two guns. In this vessel he became, as usual, the most formidable rover of the seas, and went far towards fulfilling the pledge, by aid of which he had managed to make up his complement, namely, that he would fill the pockets of his men with Spanish *pewter* and *cobs* (ingots and dollars). Following in the wake of several rich prizes, the "Pallas" entered Plymouth harbour with three large golden candlesticks, five feet high each, upon the mastheads.

"In one of the captured vessels was a number of bales, marked '*invendibles*.' Making sure of some rich prize, we opened the bales, which to our chagrin consisted of pope's bulls, dispensations for eating meat on Fridays, and indulgences for peccadilloes of all kinds, with the price affixed. They had evidently formed a venture from Spain to the Mexican sin market, but the supply exceeding the demand, had been reconsigned to the manufacturers. We consigned them to the waves."

By an odd coincidence, the "Pallas," like the "Speedy," falls in with three French line-of-battle ships, and is within an ace of being taken by them. Her Captain's perfect seamanship, and his inexhaustible ingenuity of contrivance, enabled him to escape. The account does not need, nor, indeed, admit of compression:—

"Seeing it impossible to escape by superior sailing, it appeared practicable to try a manœuvre, which might be successful if the masts would stand. Having, as stated, secured these by every available rope in the frigate, the order was given to prepare to clue up and haul down every sail at the same instant. The manœuvre being executed with great precision,—and the helm being put hard a-weather, so as to wear the ship as speedily as possible,—the '*Pallas*,' thus suddenly brought up, shook from stem to stern, in crossing the trough of the sea. As our pursuers were unprepared for this manœuvre, still less to counteract it, they shot past at full speed, and ran on several miles before they could shorten sail, or trim on the opposite tack. Indeed, under the heavy gale that was now blowing, even this was no easy matter, without endangering their own masts."

He set sail on an opposite tack, and before the chase was fairly renewed, the night had set in.

He returns from his cruise at the eve of a general election, and stands for the immaculate borough of Honiton, where one of the first independent electors he canvasses tells him, "You need not ask me, my Lord, who I votes for; I always votes for Mister Most." He refused to bribe at all, and his opponent, who gives five pounds a-head, is elected; whereupon his Lordship, having "made up his mind that, the next time there was a vacancy in the borough, the seat should be his *without bribery*," sends a bell-man round the town to proclaim that "all who had voted for him might repair to his agent, J. Townsend, Esq., and receive ten pounds ten." We turn at once to the result of this manœuvre, although an adventurous cruise intervened. At the ensuing election, no questions were asked, and his return was triumphant.

"This effected, it was then plainly asked, what *ex post facto* consideration was to be expected by those who had supported me in so delicate a manner.

"'Not one farthing!' was the reply.

"'But, my Lord, you gave ten guineas a-head to the minority at the last election, and the majority have been calculating on something handsome on the present occasion.'

"'No doubt. The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of five pounds from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles.'

A similar trick was played about the same time, at Ilchester, by a professed boroughmonger, who naturally and consistently exulted in its success; but the curious thing is, that Lord Cochrane seems to fancy that he actually did get elected "without bribery, and without compromising his previously (and subsequently) expressed principles." He had been so much accustomed to act on the familiar maxim, *Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat*, that he insensibly acquired a habit of squaring his conduct and conscience by it in civil life. This is the only plausible solution of the very peculiar moral and mental problem suggested by such reasoning; for what is clearer to ordinary apprehension, than that, if the vote is given in consequence of the wilfully-raised expectation, the corrupt influence is the same, whether the money be paid or not?

Barring this commencement, his political career was honest and consistent, if mistaken. His seat helped him on in his profession in the way he least anticipated. The Admiralty took the earliest opportunity of ordering him on active service, to get rid of him as a formidable reformer of naval abuses. He was appointed to the "Impérieuse" frigate, in which, besides inflicting great damage on the enemy's marine, he gives the most timely and effective aid to the Spaniards in their struggle

against the French. Lord Collingwood reports "the heroic spirit and ability evinced by Lord Cochrane in defending this castle"—the Castle of Trinidad—and the Spanish *Gerona Gazette* states: "It is a sufficient eulogium on his character to mention that, in his defence of the Castle of Trinidad, when the Spanish flag, hoisted on the wall, fell into the ditch, under a most dreadful fire from the enemy, his Lordship was the only person who, regardless of the shower of balls flying about him, descended into the ditch, returned with the flag, and happily succeeded in replacing it."

Sir Walter Scott, after commenting on the error of the British Government in not placing a flying force of five thousand men at the disposal of officers like Lord Cochrane or Sir Sydney Smith, goes on to say:—

"Lord Cochrane, during the month of September 1808, with his single ship the 'Impérieuse,' kept the whole coast of Languedoc in alarm,—destroyed the numerous semaphoric telegraphs, which were of the utmost consequence to the numerous coasting convoys of the French, and not only prevented any troops from being sent from that province into Spain, but even excited such dismay that 2000 men were withdrawn from Figueras to oppose him, when they would otherwise have been marching farther into the peninsula. The coasting trade was entirely suspended during this alarm; yet with such consummate prudence were all Lord Cochrane's enterprises planned and executed, that *not one of his men were either killed or hurt*, except one, who was singed in blowing up a battery."

When, harassed and irritated by the restless and adventurous spirit of the "great" Earl of Kildare, an Irish deputy cried out, in the bitterness of his heart, that "all Ireland could not govern that Earl," the sagacious monarch to whom the complaint was made, replied, "Then that Earl shall govern all Ireland;" and the experiment answered remarkably well. All the officers under whom Lord Cochrane was successively placed, could not command that Lord; but immeasurable would have been the gain to the country if that Lord had been appointed to command those officers. To justify this apparently paradoxical opinion, we have only to fix attention on the crowning exploit of his early life, the entrance into Basque Roads in April 1809.

The fleet against which his operations were directed, consisted of ten sail of the line and two frigates. This blockading squadron consisted of eleven sail of the line, seven frigates, six gun-boats, and some smaller vessels. Lord Gambier, who commanded it, had reported that the enemy's ships lay much exposed to fire-ships, adding, "it is a horrible mode of warfare, and the attempt hazardous, if not desperate." Lord Cochrane, at this period, stood very nearly in the same position, as regards the Admiralty.

in which Sir Charles Napier stood towards the East India Company, when, after the battle of Chillianwallah, the Duke of Wellington sent for him, and said, "If you won't go, I must." Lord Mulgrave, the First Lord, did not present this precise alternative; but he sent for Lord Cochrane, and told him that the Government looked to his zeal, skill, and patriotism for enabling them to satisfy the impatient expectations of the nation, that something to support the *prestige* of our navy would be done without delay. After pointing out the jealousy with which his suggestions and co-operation were sure to be received, he specified his plan, which impressed everybody at the first glance, by its boldness, originality, and admirable adaptation to the end. Its essential feature was, that the fire-ships should be preceded by explosion vessels; and his calculation was, that if even one of these was adroitly managed, surprise and terror would do the rest. Taking every fire-ship for an explosion-ship, the enemy would fly from them instead of boarding and extinguishing them; and the chances were, that, in the confusion of a night attack so conducted, their ships would be handled in such a manner as to fall an easy prey to an attacking squadron in the morning. Why did no one object at starting, that, if the charts spoke truth, no attacking squadron could get in without risks which the commander-in-chief would not incur in any case? No such objection was made, and the execution of the project was undertaken on the distinct promise of every description of support.

"The nature of the explosion vessels will be best understood from the subjoined description of the manner in which one was prepared under my own directions. The floor of the vessel was rendered as firm as possible, by means of logs placed in close contact, into every crevice of which other substances were firmly wedged, so as to afford the greatest amount of resistance to the explosion. On this foundation were placed a large number of spirit and water casks, into which 1500 barrels of powder were emptied. These casks were set on end, and the whole bound round with hempen cables, so as to resemble a gigantic mortar, thus causing the explosion to take an upward course. In addition to the powder casks were placed several hundred shells, and over these again nearly three thousand hand grenades; the whole, by means of wedges and sand, being compressed as nearly as possible into a solid mass. This was the vessel in which I subsequently led on the attack."

When the question of manning her was raised, Lord Gambier said, "If he chose to run on self-destruction, that was his own affair, but that it was *his* duty to take care of the lives of others, and he would not place the crews of the fire-ships in palpable danger." The most favourable opportunity was lost by delay, originating with the admiral, but at length on the night of the

11th April, Lord Cochrane got on board the largest of the explosion-vessels (he had prepared two), accompanied by Lieutenant Bissel and a forlorn hope of four sailors (volunteers), and led the way. The night was dark, the wind high, the sea rough :—

“ Judging our distance, therefore, as well as we could, with regard to the time the fuse was calculated to burn, the crew of four men entered the gig, under the direction of Lieut. Bissel, whilst I kindled the port fires ; and then, descending into the boat, urged the men to pull for their lives, which they did with a will, though, as wind and sea were strong against us, without making the progress calculated.

“ To our consternation, the fuses, which had been constructed to burn fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets ; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all directions our little boat narrowly escaped being swamped. In one respect it was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the fuses did not burn the time calculated, as, from the little way we had made against the strong head wind and tide, the rockets and shells from the exploded vessel went over us. Had we been in the line of their descent, at the moment of explosion, our destruction, from the shower of broken shells and other missiles, would have been inevitable.

“ The explosion-vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel ; whilst the water was strewn with spars shaken out of the enormous boom, on which, according to the subsequent testimony of Captain Proteau, whose frigate lay just within the boom, the vessel had brought up, before she exploded. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a huge wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork, and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with a rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. The skill of the boat’s crew, however, overcame the threatened danger, which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and in a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness.”

On reaching the “*Impérieuse*,” he finds that the second explosion-vessel—which he also intended to conduct in person—had been cut adrift, and that the fire-ships had been grievously mismanaged. Out of twenty, only four reached the enemy’s position, and not one did any damage. Almost every chance, therefore, had turned up against him, and yet so essentially sound was the plan, that its success, so far as depended on what fairly belonged to it, was complete. At daylight, seven of the nearest enemy’s ships,

including the French Admiral's, were observed from the "Im-périeuse" to be on shore, and in a position for attack without the possibility of effective resistance. There was a period when they were lying over on their sides with their bottoms exposed to be riddled by a gunboat. This state of things was signalled to the Admiral, who, unluckily, was lying fourteen miles off. At 7 A.M. he was signalled again: "*All the enemy's ships, except two, are on shore.*" Again, "*The enemy's ships can be destroyed.*" Again, "*Half the fleet can destroy the enemy.*" Again, after several other signals, "*The frigates alone can destroy the enemy.*" A bare acknowledgment by the answering pennant was the only answer vouchsafed to either. The fleet did not begin to move till 11 A.M., and, after shortening their distance from the stranded ships by about one-half, dropped anchor just out of range of the batteries. This was past bearing. "The words of Lord Mulgrave," exclaims Lord Cochrane, "rang in my ears: '*The Admiralty is bent on destroying that fleet before it can get out to the West Indies.*'" Accordingly, he drifted his own ship stern-foremost towards the enemy for fear of a signal of recall if he set sail, and after proceeding thus for half-an-hour (valuable time lost), at 1.40 P.M. the signal was run up to the peak of the "Im-prérieuse," "*Enemy superior to chasing ship, but inferior to the fleet.*" No attention being paid to this signal, at 1.45 P.M. he signalled, "*In want of assistance.*" Then at last the English Admiral was forced into something approximating to effective co-operation. Two line-of-battle ships and the frigates were sent to assist in the work of destruction, which a single frigate was carrying out by firing into three French line-of-battle ships, grounded near together, at the same time. The wind not having changed, all intelligible excuses for their not coming before are answered by their coming then. When their work was not half completed, they were recalled. Still, three French line-of-battle ships and a frigate were totally destroyed, and six were put *hors de combat*, with more or less amount of damage.

Wonderful to relate, the entire credit of this result has been recently claimed for Lord Gambier, who did all that man could do to frustrate it and reduce it to the smallest possible dimensions. His accomplished niece, Lady Chatterton, after devoting half a volume of her "Memorials"¹ to the court-martial, to which the Admiral was brought for his conduct in this affair, remarks: "The main question throughout this inquiry has been, 'Could

¹ "Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier, G.C.B., with Original Letters, etc., etc. Edited, from family papers, by Georgina, Lady Chatterton." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861. P. 297. This book is a valuable contribution to general and biographical literature; but the title conveys an erroneous notion of its character.

more have been done?' But at the end of it, the question arises, 'What *was* done?'" The main, the only question, after 'Could more have been done?' was not, 'What *was* done?' but 'Who did it?' To this question the answer will be given by acclamation,—the man who formed the scheme, and risked life and fame in its execution. We are not about to enter into a detailed examination of the evidence, nor to puzzle our readers with conflicting statements touching the depth of the channel or the trustworthiness of the charts. We do not dispute the finding of the court-martial, although Mr James has done so, and given plausible reasons for so doing.¹ We believe Lord Gambier to have been a well-meaning man and a good officer. His skill and bravery were unquestionable; and he was superior to the petty feelings of jealousy which actuated the majority of his officers. He may have been as right from his point of view as Lord Cochrane was right from *his*. The misfortune was, that two minds, so differently constituted, were required to concur; since genius, by its very nature, must outstrip duty, and heroism will always fret and disarrange discipline and routine by its impulsiveness.

Lord Gambier delayed sending the ships *in*, because he was not sure that they would get *out*, and he was afraid of their being disabled on their way by the batteries. He was prepared with what he thought excellent reasons for his caution. But, without hazarding an unprofessional opinion whether they amount to a justification, we will make bold to say that quite as good, or better, might have been urged for not attempting five out of six of the exploits which have shed most glory on our flag. In Lord Macaulay's animated pages may be read how Rooke, with a squadron of boats, burnt "The Royal Sun," the pride of the French navy, and three other first-rates, at La Hogue, under the fire of the batteries, and in the teeth of an army drawn up on the coast for their protection. Twice he dashed in on the flood-tide, and twice retired on the ebb. Lord Cochrane always maintained that the outlying squadron at Basque Roads might have done the same.

"Neither the terrors of an unknown coast nor those of a wintry storm," says Lord Stanhope, "could divert the settled purpose of Hawke. In vain did the pilot represent to him the perils of such a navigation. 'You have done your duty in this remonstrance; you are now to obey my orders, and lay me alongside the French Admiral.'"²

¹ Naval History, vol. v. In 1757, a fleet, under Admiral Knowles, entered these Roads and silenced the fort; Howe, in the "Magnanime," dropped anchor under the very walls.

² History of England, etc., vol. iv., p. 253, describing the action off Quiberon on Nov. 20, 1759.

"The fate of the East," exclaimed Napoleon, pointing to Acre, "is in that petty town!" He was on the point of gaining possession of it. The relieving army was in the bay, but the besieged were hard pressed, and the chances were that the place would be carried before the arrival of the Turkish reinforcements, when Sir Sydney Smith, leaving his ship without men enough to steer or fight her, appeared upon the breach at the head of nearly his entire crew armed with pikes, and by the hour thus gained (if we may believe Napoleon) reversed the destinies of the East.

We have already seen how Lord St Vincent's laurels were won for him by disobeying his orders, and everybody has heard how Nelson brought the critical affair at Copenhagen to a triumphant issue by clapping his glass to his blind eye and refusing to see Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall.

Although the late Lord Lyons was the soul of the expedition against Sebastopol, the naval authorities mostly sided with Dundas, who disapproved the expedition and crippled the action of the fleet; and it is no secret that nothing but dread of a popular outcry saved the late Sir William Peel from a severe reprimand for "demoralizing" his men by his memorable co-operation with Lord Clyde.

The readiness to risk life counts for little. It is the readiness to risk fame and fortune—in other words, to incur responsibility in the deepest sense of the term—that is the characteristic of heroism. If there were no departure from rules, there would be no responsibility; if the chances were not, to common apprehension at least, very much against an exploit, there would be no extraordinary merit in performing it. Let the Basque Roads controversy be tested by these simple maxims, or considered with reference to the foregoing examples, and there will be little difficulty in arriving at the merits of the case.

On being informed that a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier was to be proposed in the House of Commons, Lord Cochrane announced an intention of opposing it. Lord Mulgrave sent for him and vehemently remonstrated. The answer was, that he was acting as an independent member of Parliament, and should be wanting in his duty to his constituents if he permitted such a vote to pass unchallenged. "If you are on service," rejoined Lord Mulgrave, "you cannot be in your place in Parliament. Now, my Lord, I will make you a proposal; I will put under your orders three frigates, with *carte blanche* to do whatever you please in the Mediterranean; I will further get you permission to go to Sicily, and embark on board your squadron any one regiment which is stationed there. You know how to make use of such advantages." This so-called indiscreet and impracticable

man was always judged discreet and practicable enough when his assistance or his absence was required. He declined the offer, and by so doing left Lord Gambier no alternative but to demand a court-martial.

We think Lord Cochrane did right ; for after the line he had already taken with reference to the commander-in-chief, his own reputation was at stake. But he multiplied the number and embittered the virulence of his political enemies ; and those were times when political and personal animosity meant pretty nearly the same thing. The days of forbearance and liberality were yet to come. Each of the two great parties or factions ran down the heroes, orators, and authors of the other. The Whigs moved votes of censure on Wellington, laughed at Castlereagh's statesmanship, called Eldon an old woman, treated Canning as a "joker of jokes," denied Wordsworth to be a poet, and denounced Southey as a renegade. The Tories amply retaliated on Cochrane, Wilson, Brougham, Shelley, Burdett, and Sydney Smith. Byron and Moore partially escaped, by aid of a connection with Albemarle Street. Such being the fashion of the day, we feel more regret than surprise at finding half England exulting in the opportunity of degrading and incapacitating for future service one whose name they should have been eager to keep unsullied for their own sakes, if not for the moral well-being of mankind. To find fraud or corruption combined with intellectual eminence or chivalrous gallantry—to be obliged to write "wisest, greatest, meanest," in one descriptive line—to find a Bacon receiving bribes, or the hero of Basque Roads engaged in a stock exchange cheat—is to feel a cold chill come over our faith in what is best and brightest—to see our most cherished and most elevating illusions melt away.

The sad story is soon told. A little after midnight on Sunday, the 20th February 1814, a person calling himself Colonel du Bourg, who afterwards turned out to be Captain de Berenger, presented himself at the Ship Inn, Dover, and was admitted. He was dressed in a grey military greatcoat, a scarlet uniform richly embroidered with gold lace (the uniform of a staff-officer), a star on his breast, a silver medal round his neck, and a dark fur cap with a broad gold band. He had a small portmanteau, and he said he had just arrived from Paris bringing glorious news. Buonaparte pursued and killed by the Cossacks ; allied sovereigns in Paris ; immediate peace, etc. He wrote to this effect to the Port Admiral, who had the command of the telegraph ; and as soon as a chaise and four could be got ready, he hurried off towards London, changing horses at the regular posting houses, and scattering his news as he went. On reaching the outskirts of London he began to look out for a hackney coach,

and finding one at Marsh Gate, Lambeth, got into it and drove to Lord Cochrane's house in Green Street.

The funds rose rapidly, and Lord Cochrane sold out *omnia* to the amount of L.139,000, as soon as the premium had risen from 28 to 29, realizing a profit of nearly L.2000 on the transaction. His uncle's dealings were to a much larger extent, and it was shrewdly suggested that they sold hastily at a small profit, from a guilty knowledge that a reaction must ensue. It soon got abroad that the captain had gone first to Lord Cochrane's house, and his Lordship resorted to the extraordinary and imprudent step of a voluntary affidavit of the circumstances. On the 11th March, three weeks after the fraud or *hoax* (as he persevered in calling it), he swore that he was called away from a manufactory in Cock Lane to see a person, name unknown, in Green Street; that he found De Berenger, who had before applied to him for employment as an officer of sharpshooters on board his ship; that Berenger professed to have come for the purpose of pressing this application; and that, on being told it could not be complied with, he said he could not go to Lord Yarmouth or any other of his friends in the dress he had on, and that, apologizing for the liberty, he requested Lord Cochrane to lend him a hat to wear instead of his military cap. "I gave him," continued the noble deponent, "one which was in a back room with some things that had not been packed up; and having tried it on, his uniform appeared under his greatcoat. I therefore offered him a black coat that was lying on a chair, which I did not intend to take with me. He put his uniform in a towel, and shortly afterwards went away in great apparent uneasiness of mind, and, having asked my leave, he took the coach I came in, which I had forgotten to discharge in the haste I was in. Captain Berenger wore a grey greatcoat, a green uniform, and a military cap."

The scarlet coat with the star was found tied up in a piece of carpeting in the Thames. At the trial, all the witnesses who tracked De Berenger to Green Street swore that, to the best of their recollection, he wore a scarlet coat; and Mr Sergeant Best, who led for the defence, spoke as follows on this all-important point:

"Men do not commit crimes unless impelled to the commission of such by some strong motives. What object could Lord Cochrane possibly have for stating that this gentleman came in one coloured coat rather than another? I think I can account for the mistake. My Lord Cochrane made this affidavit a great many days, I think weeks, after the transaction had taken place. Mr de Berenger belonged to a corps of riflemen commanded by Lord Yarmouth, and his proper dress, as a member of that corps, was a green uniform.

My Lord Cochrane had often seen him in this green uniform. When he made his affidavit he recollected this circumstance ; but there being nothing to fix on his Lordship's mind the colour of the uniform, the sort of dress he had been accustomed to see Mr de Berenger in, presented itself to his mind as the dress he wore when his Lordship last saw him."¹

This was tantamount to giving up the case, and no witnesses were called on the part of the defence to prove the colour of the coat. Yet Lord Dundonald made it his main article of complaint against the presiding judge, Lord Ellenborough, that he left it to the jury to declare whether De Berenger had not presented himself at Green Street in "the livery of his crime." Lord Ellenborough manifested a strong bias against the accused ; but the fault was not in his summing up, but in his refusing to adjourn the trial on the first day, and so compelling the counsel for the defence to proceed, late at night, without a consultation. We ourselves heard the late Lord Abinger (one of the counsel for the defence) declare that, if they had been allowed time for consultation, Lord Cochrane's acquittal might have been ensured. It was a fatal blunder in Best to admit the scarlet coat ; and it should be remembered that Lord Cochrane vehemently protested against the admission. He moved for a new trial, on the ground that ample evidence was forthcoming to prove the red coat green. He never ceased to protest against the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the court upon this ground. He never omitted an opportunity of challenging inquiry into the justice of the decision, and in the book before us he states, on the honour of a man with one foot in the grave, that he was entirely innocent of the charge.

Rather past the middle of the last century, the streets of Dublin were infested by a man called "Tiger Roche." He had been in the army. He was in high esteem with his colonel, when a valuable fowling-piece belonging to a brother officer was missed. The regiment was then stationed in North America. The missing article was found amongst Roche's baggage. He explained that he had bought it of one Bourke, a serjeant, who swore that he knew nothing of the transaction. Roche was brought to a court-martial, and, as a lenient punishment, dismissed the service for theft. He challenged the officer who had prosecuted him, and, on his refusal to meet a degraded man, assaulted him. He flew at a non-commissioned officer like a madman, and, when deprived of his sword, fastened on the man's throat with his teeth ; hence the *soubriquet* of *Tiger*. He rejoined the English army before Ticanderago, and by performing prodigies of valour as a volunteer he attracted the notice of

¹ The Trial &c., taken in shorthand p., 275.

General Abercrombie; but the brand of thief was on him, which no bravery could obliterate. He wandered from capital to capital, and whenever his honour was challenged, he forced the challenger into single combat, or ferociously assaulted him. In times when it was thought that no gentleman could honourably refuse a challenge, he became the pest of society. At length Bourke fell ill, and on his deathbed made a clean breast of it. He had stolen the fowling-piece and sold it to Roche.¹

There is no longer a hope of any such revelation in Lord Cochrane's case; but there was a general belief at the time, that the uncle could have cleared the nephew had he thought fit, and Lord Brougham, one of the counsel for the defence, wrote to his distinguished client in 1844: "Your counsel were clearly of opinion that the verdict, as concerned you, was erroneous, and I always concluded that you had sacrificed yourself out of delicacy to your uncle, the person really guilty."

Our own theory is, that he suspected something of the kind to be in the wind; that he regarded it less as a fraud than as a *ruse de guerre*, like the Danish dress for entrapping the Spanish captain, or the yellow flag hoisted when there was no infection on board; and that, without being a party or directly privy to it, he suspected Berenger's errand, and aided him to get away, in the hope of saving a near relative from detection. To adopt the language of English law, he was, at worst, an accessory after the fact.

The sentence was atrocious; a fine of L.1000, a year's imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory at Westminster (which he represented) for one hour. But, atrocious or not, it was the unanimous judgment of the four judges of the King's Bench, not of the Chief-Justice alone; and we have good grounds for doubting the accuracy of Lord Campbell's statement, that Lord Ellenborough was looked upon coldly in the House of Lords in consequence of his conduct in this transaction, or that, having "misgivings" as to its propriety, "he became very wretched."² The degrading and insulting part of the punishment was remitted by the Home Secretary, although not till its execution had become impracticable, from the excited condition of the public mind, and the avowed determination of Sir Francis Burdett to stand with his noble colleague in the pillory. Indeed, the reaction produced by the undue severity of the sentence was so strong and so lasting, that it largely aided in bringing about the restoration of the late Lord's professional rank in 1833, and of his hard-earned honours of knighthood—

¹ Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years ago. Dublin, 1857. Chap. x.

² "He denied in private, most indignantly, the imputation sedulously cast upon him, that he had wreaked a party vengeance on a political enemy."—*Townshend's Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges*, vol., i. p. 359.

which, if restored at all, should have been restored at the same time—at the accession of her present Majesty.

Whilst an intuitive sense of right was influencing his royal mistress in his favour, another gifted woman was unceasingly employed in retrieving the pristine purity of his banner and wiping off the last blot upon his name. The eager, animated, and indignant appeals of his Countess, led many to investigate the facts who would otherwise have discountenanced the inquiry as wearisome or superfluous. This, however, is far from being the sole or chief example of the devotedness which he touchingly acknowledges in the chapter headed "My Marriage." During, we believe, the whole of his arduous services and romantic adventures in South America, she accompanied him, to soothe his anxieties, to sustain his hopes, to animate his exertions, to share his dangers. One night, whilst he was in command of the Chilian fleet, his ship got becalmed under a battery, from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic, and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore was not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained, and fatal. He went down to the cabin, where she lay: "If a woman sets them the example, they may be shamed out of their fears; it is our only chance." She rose and followed him upon the deck. We have heard her relate that the first object that met her eye was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features, and his "terrible" calmness, reassured her. She took the match, and fired a gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical; they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced.

The widowed Countess of Dundonald is quite as capable of narrating such actions as of performing them; and she must be possessed of ample materials for taking up his biography where it was abruptly cut short by death. The continuation of her husband's work would be the noblest monument that could be erected to his memory; and whilst engaged on it, she would be more rationally, if not more sentimentally employed, than the widow of a French hero, who paid a daily visit to *Pere la Chaise* to preserve and renew the *immortelles* on his tomb.

- ART. V.—1. *Spiritualism*. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.; with an Appendix by NATHANIEL T. TALLMADGE. Eighth Edition. New York, 1853.
2. *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World; with Narrative Illustrations*. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Philadelphia, 1860.

THE work of Mr Owen is a collection of ghost stories, intended to have a scientific application. The other work is described by the publisher as consisting “of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the spiritual experience of Judge Edmonds and Dr Dexter, through whose mediumship the work has been given to the public; of a faithful record of numerous interviews with spirits claiming to be EMANUEL [*sic*], SWEDENBORG, and LORD BACON, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of spirits; and, thirdly, of a copious appendix, embracing the experience and observations of HON. N. T. TALLMADGE, late United States Senator, and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, correspondence, etc. The work is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, DRAWN BY A SPIRIT, engraved on steel, illustrative of the departure of a spirit from the earth-sphere; also, six pages of fac-similes of spirit-writing, and other engraved illustrations.” The sum and substance of the book is a farrago of Christian doctrines and philosophical mysticism, so combined as to make up what is intended to be both an advanced philosophy and a new faith, founded on the basis of necromancy. We have selected it for notice, because it is really one of the most favourable examples, so far as regards moderation of tone and decency of diction, of a large number of books and other publications devoted to the defence and propagation of the new doctrines on the Continent, in England, and in the United States.

SPIRITUALISM, from whatever aspect we view it, merits a more philosophical and scientific examination than it has yet received. Millions are said to believe it. Men of considerable mental acquirements accept it, and expound it with all the fervour of believers in a new creed. Some of them are necromancers, with a deep conviction that they are in immediate communication with the illustrious dead, and from them receive revelations of a world hitherto not only undiscovered, but believed to be undiscoverable. They proclaim themselves to be, and are accepted by thousands as, “mediums” of intercourse between the living and dead, and, without doubt or hesitation, set forth certain statements as the truth in regard to “spirits” and their habitat.

Less speculative and mystical, in profession at least, another class of cultivated minds accept the various phenomena of spirit-rapping, clairvoyance, inexplicable dreams, and alleged appearances of ghosts as facts, but yet beyond the ordinary observed course of natural phenomena, and as pointing to the existence of another and a spiritual world. They assume to be scientific spiritualists. They insist that it is a fallacious principle of inquiry to affirm that the facts are supernatural or impossible, simply because they are opposed to all our preconceived ideas and foregone conclusions as to the natural and possible order of phenomena. They endeavour to show that the scepticism as to the testimony of the senses, which is adopted and avowed as the rule of inquiry by physicists, is opposed to scientific progress, and has especially stood in the way of a knowledge of the immaterial and invisible. And they entertain hopes of a great advance in knowledge in this direction, if a suitable but dispassionate method of inquiry be adopted. Possibly—remarks a most able member of the school—possibly truths may have been knocking at the door of human faith for thousands of years, and are not destined to be taken in for many yet to come,—or, at the utmost, may long receive but an unhonouring sanction from the vulgar and obscure. Perhaps, nay, probably, some mystic law, centering deep in our nature, and touching far distant spheres of untried being, runs through the undefined phenomena with which spiritualism deals—which, if it ever be ascertained, will throw not a little light upon the past beliefs and actions of mankind,—perhaps add to our assurance that there is an immaterial and immortal part within us, and a world of relation beyond that pressing upon our senses. Such, *verbatim*, are the aspirations of at least one eminent inquirer into these strange things.

Now, these professedly scientific spiritualists acknowledge that many phenomena, hitherto termed spiritual, are due to morbid functional activity of the nervous system; but there are others which are inexplicable by any current physical or physiological theory, and *therefore* (they say) belong to the spiritual or ultra-mundane; or, in other words, it is apparently assumed (and we refer more particularly to Mr Owen's as representative views), that the former class of theories are complete, and have explained all they can explain. Others, however, profess to think that the inquiry *may* fail to demonstrate the supernatural character of all the phenomena. This admission, however, we must say, seems to us rather a diplomatic trick, adopted for the purpose of drawing men into the observation of the phenomena, and an inquiry into them in a spiritualistic sense, for all these have a preconception of spirit-existence. Hitherto the mystical has been constantly driven back with the advance of true physiological

principles, so that many phenomena of a supposed ultra-mundane character can now be traced to natural laws of action of the nervous system. Obviously, the proper method of dealing with those inexplicable residua upon which the spiritualists fall back in proof of their doctrines, would be found in an extension of the method hitherto followed, and in instituting a deeper and wider inquiry into the correlations of consciousness and organization, and of the relation of mind to matter, so as to bring them within more general laws. This is the true inductive method. Now, this the spiritualists fail to do. They make no inquiry into cerebral physiology at all, except in so far as it is necessary to refute the application of its principles to an explanation of the residual phenomena with which they deal. There are the phenomena, they say to the sceptical neurologist; inquire into and explain them if you can;—themselves wholly holding back from the investigation, and even opposing it.

We learn from Mr Owen that a society was formed in 1851, at the University of Cambridge, for the purpose of instituting, as their printed circular expresses it, “a serious and earnest inquiry into the nature of the phenomena which are vaguely termed supernatural.” It was popularly known as the “Ghost Club.” Most of the members, we are told, were clergymen, and Fellows of Trinity College. The Bishop of ——— was one of the most active, and brought it under the notice of Mr Owen. It is remarkable that the physiological world has heard so little of this eminent club of scientific inquirers, and, in particular, of the facts they collected, and the grounds of one of the conclusions at which they arrived, namely, “that there is sufficient testimony for the appearance, about the time of death, or after it, of the apparitions of deceased persons.” So important a conclusion from solid scientific data merits the widest promulgation. If, however, Mr Owen’s facts, and histories, and conclusions be taken as a specimen of those of the “Ghost Club,” its doings have been utterly worthless, for there is nothing in Mr Owen’s book which can be admitted as even approximating to the establishment of that conclusion, or any other of the dogmas of spiritualism.

Before more deliberately examining the facts and conclusions of this spiritualistic necromancy, so far as they are embodied in the works before us, let us say one word as to the feeling which actuates us. We are disposed to recognise the importance of the inquiry thus instituted; we will most fully acknowledge that any established truths in this direction, or even any reasonable probabilities, would have our cordial respect. If men could establish, as a practical business of life, that intercourse with the departed which spiritualists profess, what a load of sorrow would often be lightened! How many hearts, now rent with

anguish at the loss of wife, or child, or parent, or friend, would be joyous with the prospect of continued communion with the dear deceased! What unavailing regrets for injuries inflicted, or love slighted, or suffering neglected, would be relieved by the certainty that the humbled survivor could atone for all the wrongs he inflicted during life, by a life-long service of incessant devotion and love to the dead! Then, again (leaving all secular advantages out of consideration), to obtain the support of scientific certainty for the expectation of a future and separate existence of the soul after death, in aid of a too often trembling faith and dim intuition, would be to provide a sure balm to the sorrower, and lay a firm foundation for morals. Hitherto, all those strange phenomena of apparitions, dreams, and visions, upon which mankind formerly confidently relied for proofs of the future and separate existence of the soul, have not been able to stand before the cold lights of science. No elves, or fairies, or witches, or warlocks, or wandering ghosts, or guardian angels, embodying the spirits of departed wife, or husband, or child, find a place in modern kosmic theories. Even the place of heaven itself is not mapped out either by astronomy or geology, and nothing is left but a simple faith in Divine Truth and Divine Intuitions. How gladly would the evidence of sense be received by many, in support of such things! What groans and sighs are often needed ere the grieving heart can attain that "sure and certain hope" which is the triumph of Christian faith! Welcome, indeed, would be the alleged facts and truths of spiritualism, if they brought with them only a portion of the palpable certainty which attaches to the most imperfectly developed departments of modern science. But, on investigation, they are found to be only dust and ashes,—a delusion and a snare.

Nevertheless, science should strengthen faith, and be the handmaid of religious truth. Mental science may, however, be said to have hardly begun, in so far as it relates to that wonderful kosmos of mind of which every human head and heart consists, albeit a *microcosmos*. Within that world of life and thought, what undiscovered laws may not lie concealed! what great truths may be dormant! Surely, if the natural be so wonderful and strange as to mimic the supernatural, it would be well to begin with the possible in inquiry, and first sound the depths of human THOUGHT, in its relations to the great laws and forces of LIFE; for, just as the mind of man advances in knowledge of physical phenomena from the known to the unknown, so must it advance in the knowledge of metaphysical phenomena. And although the erroneous basis of a true belief be thus struck away,

faith will only get the surer foot-hold on positive knowledge, and the chilling, cruel fears of superstition be dispelled.

The work on SPIRITUALISM is probably the most favourable example of modern necromantic literature. Mr Edmonds is a United States judge, Dr Dexter a United States physician, and Mr Tallmadge the governor of Wisconsin, and formerly a senator of the United States. It professes to give revelations, made through Dr Dexter, by Swedenborg, Bacon, and others, as to the habitats, natural history, polity, etc., of spirits. The spirits were never visible, but made their communications by influencing Dr Dexter's hand to write in Judge Edmonds' library, in answer to questions asked, and signing, through him, their dictations. The style of composition corresponds, we are told by Mr Edmonds, to the style of the illustrious departed, while even the handwriting of Dr Dexter varied as the spirit-visitant. No doubt was ever entertained that the pathological processes of which Dr Dexter was the subject, were other than the result of the direct influences of the spirits of the men mentioned; and yet the whole of the facts proper, even as stated by themselves, point most conclusively to a morbid condition of the nervous system as the cause of the phenomena. A notional hallucination, in short, constitutes the foundation upon which the whole structure of doctrine is built up. To set forth the proof of this proposition, let us observe, that the specimens of writing indicate clearly that the various styles were merely modifications of Dr Dexter's ordinary handwriting (for a specimen of this also is given), under the influence of a morbid action of the brain. The prevalent character of one or two of these shows that the muscular or motor system participated occasionally in the morbid state. It is well known that the hand will both write and draw automatically under certain morbid conditions of the brain, the patient being either conscious or unconscious at the time, just as the tongue will speak automatically. We know a lady in whom this automatic dexterity can be easily induced, by inducing a morbid state of the nervous system, so that her hand will move and write quite irrespectively of any volition on her part. When the state comes on, she is warned of its approach by a spasmodic feeling about the chin. This and similar phenomena are due to an automatic action of the brain, as the seat of the ideas and thoughts, just as various regular convulsions of groups of muscles are due to automatic action of the spinal marrow, and its continuation into the brain. A few extracts will suffice to show the symptoms of Dr Dexter's "case," and indicate the nature of his hallucination and morbid automatic action, and the development of the disorder.

First, as to the hallucination, and the involuntary or automatic character of his writing :—

"It was not until after I had become fully developed as a writing medium, against my will and determined efforts to the contrary, that I yielded an implicit faith in the truth of the spirit intercourse with man. . . . I were more than a man to refuse still to believe, when I was a living acting evidence, that through me, and against my will, spirits possessed the power and ability to write their thoughts and express sentiments and ideas as much opposed to the ordinary actions of my mind as if it were another person. . . . Let it also be understood, that the spirit-manifestation by my arm is absolutely involuntary. I have no direction in the act. My muscles are the medium of spirit-communication, not my thought," etc.

Like all persons with this form of hallucination, Dr Dexter had others of great pathological significance, which occurred immediately before or during sleep:—

"After their concerted and continued attempt to impress me had passed over, I refrained from visiting circles, and thought, by staying away, I might be free from any impression; on the contrary, my arm would be moved when asleep, and awake me by its motion. During the time I abstained from sitting in any circle, I was twice lifted bodily from my bed, moved off its edge, and thus suspended in the air. The first time I was so dealt with, I had retired to a different room from the one I usually occupied. I had not been asleep, and was conscious of everything around me. As I lay composing myself for sleep, I discovered my whole body was trembling in every fiber [*sic*]. I attempted to raise my hand, but I could not move; my eyes were closed, and the lids fastened. My mind was unusually active, and I noted everything which took place with an intenseness of perception I never before experienced. My bodily sensation was likewise increased in power. As I lay there, unable to move a limb, my body was lifted from the bed, and moved gently towards the edge, with the bedclothes over it; there it remained a moment, and then it was moved off the bed into the room, suspended in the air, and there held for an instant. [Hallucination of relation to space.] Just at this time the fire-bells rung an alarm, and my body was suddenly brought back to the bed, and deposited in the same place I had previously occupied, with a sort of jerk, as if it had been dropped from the power that held it. [The dream broken.] I immediately recovered my power of locomotion, and arose from the bed and examined the clothes, and found they had been drawn over toward the side where I had been lifted, and were trailing on the floor.

"I was deeply moved at this special evidence of spirit-manifestation. . . . For the first time it occurred to me, that, perhaps, in this evident design to develop me as a medium [notional hallucination of suspicion], I might, by submitting to their direction, arrive at the whole truth of spirit intercourse with man. I felt impelled to ask if there were spirits in the room. Three distinct raps were given in reply, indicating they were present; and then, too deeply agitated to question further, I again returned to bed to ponder," etc.

In short, the hallucinations gradually became more fully developed, and he began to find out that his hand "was seized and made to write." And the mode of development of this automatic movement is significant :—

"I was sitting alone in my office, late at night, and was leaning back in a rocking-chair. . . . As my hand lay on the arm of the chair, I felt a singular sensation in the whole limb, as if the arm were grasped by two hands at its upper part [hallucination of touch]. I attempted to raise it, but was unable so to do; and as soon as I made the effort to move it, the fingers were bent down tightly on the arm of the chair, and grasped it firmly [a spasmodic contraction of the fingers]. Immediately the hand began to tremble, and as I watched the movement the whole limb was shaken violently. At this moment I heard two loud raps at the upper part of the side wall of the room [hallucination of hearing]; and it then occurred to me, that this unseen power, whose manifestation I had so often witnessed [in circles of inquirers], was in some way operating upon me [notional hallucination from suggestion]. To satisfy myself, I asked in an audible voice, 'Did the spirits just rap?' There were three distinct raps in reply. I then asked, 'Are the spirits trying to influence me?' Again there were three distinct raps. At this I arose from my chair, arranged my books, and then retired," etc.,

Every physician familiar with the hallucinations of the insane, can recognise morbid phenomena in all these. Corporeal hallucinations of floating, etc., spectral sounds, and suspicions of unseen or mysterious agencies, are commonly associated in certain forms of maniacal melancholia. In Dr Dexter's case, they came on late at night, when sitting alone, and when he was just entering, or already in, the first stage of sleep, a condition which always highly predisposes to irregular action of the brain, if it be not in the great majority of cases one of actual incoherence of ideas (dreaming).

Dr Dexter and Mr Edmonds affirm most emphatically, that the style of Dr Dexter's compositions corresponded to that of the "spirits" by whom he was thus involuntarily dealt with. That would have been nothing remarkable, if Dr Dexter had been already familiar with the works of Bacon; but the converse is certainly the fact. Hence the assertion (itself founded on an hallucination), in common with many others, serves to show how utterly unfit these persons are to observe and compare even the most ordinary phenomena. Otherwise, we should be shocked to find that the English of the great Chancellor of England has degenerated in the "spirit-world," as well as his love of truth. We find, for example, that when Lord Bacon was in the full flow of his communications, and telling Dr Dexter how to comport himself towards those who deny the phenomena and con-

clusions of spiritualism, his advice was, that there should be a "grand dignity" in Dr Dexter's answers, and a "moral personification" of his communion with spirits. Again, Dr Dexter took the great liberty, we must say, of asking Lord Bacon to stop, while he should "read to Judge Barbour some of Swedenborg's communications." Lord Bacon was good enough to say, in his polite way, "that he was always instructed by anything from Swedenborg;" but after listening to that great ghost's opinions for half-an-hour or so, he said, "I guess we will all go home, and so good night." We can understand Lord Bacon yawning, but the parting salutation looks more like a hint from Dr Dexter himself to Governor Tallmadge and Judge Barbour to be off, than the pure idiom of the author of the "Advancement of Learning." Be this as it may, they acted on the hint, and he came back to the Doctor and the Judge (who remained in "cosy" conversation till after midnight), and moved the former, in answer to a question of Mr Edmonds, to write as follows:—

"Sleep? Certainly, Judge, how can our bodies support the tear and wear of life without sleep? But the nearer I approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings. Thus, I feel inclined to-night to be cosy with you two, and to open my heart, and tell you of its high and noble aspirations, to tell you with what joy I shall wend my way to those worlds spoken of by Swedenborg, when I shall have accomplished the object for which I now labour."

The main object of Bacon and Swedenborg seems to have been to instruct Dr Dexter and the deluded Judge and Governor, and their friends, in the doctrines of spiritualism, and the best modes of propagating them. With that total defect of power to perceive the incongruous, which characterizes the insane affected with this class of hallucinations, Dr Dexter and his friends can perceive nothing extraordinary in the circumstances, that he, an obscure transatlantic physician, had been selected by the greatest deceased philosopher of Europe as the medium of his modern speculations in ghostdom, and that he should adopt a Yankee idiom to express them. It is curious to note the particulars of Dr Dexter's "case" in other respects. When the hand acted at first automatically, the writing and the ideas were equally imperfect, as is the case in all this class of hallucinations. The earlier attempts expressed a single idea, and could hardly be deciphered; while it was only after some practice that the writing became rapid, bold, and easily read. The "patient" knew nothing of what he had written until it was read to him, and even then the matter wholly passed from his memory. At first it was necessary he should "sit in a circle" before his hand would write, and even wait an hour or two; but practice made perfect, and as his

susceptibility increased, the impression was felt almost as soon as the circle was formed. The morbid state would also come on when sitting alone at night, or during the first sleep, when he was compelled to write. In all these circumstances we have the usual conditions of morbid phenomena.

Let us now turn to the history of Judge Edmonds as given by himself, and we learn the history of his "case," as one of monomania also :—

"It was in January 1851 that my attention was first called to the subject of 'spiritual intercourse.' I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was labouring under great depression of spirits [melancholia]. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had, in the course of my life, read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know if, after death, we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. [Speculating on ghosts and ghostdom.] I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings." I complied, more to oblige her, and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and determined to investigate the matter, and find out what it was. If it was a deception or a delusion, I thought I could detect it," etc.

This is the usual course of development of disease in these morbid mono-ideists. They have an entire and unwavering conviction of their own cleverness, and their ability to detect fraud or explain phenomena, however remarkable and obscure. No suspicion ever crosses their mind, that at least some knowledge of the laws of action of the brain and nervous system is needed in these cases; and they are therefore speedily bewildered in the quagmires of superstition, mysticism, and deception. As his mental state became worse, Mr Edmonds experienced a class of hallucinations of touch, and other sensations very common in persons affected with a morbid suspicion of mysterious agency, as of galvanism, electricity, secret wires, and the like. In Mr Edmonds' case, the agents are spirits, and, as usual, manifest their influence at night :—

"To-night, after I had gone to bed, and while I lay reading, according to my usual custom, I felt a touching on my left thigh, which I at first thought was the twitching of the muscles, which all will at times experience. It continued, however, so long, and with such regularity of intervals, that I began to think it could not be from that cause. I accordingly put my hand down by the side of and upon my thigh, and the touching ceased. The moment I withdrew my hand it was renewed. This I did several times, and always with the same result. I then altered the position of my hand. . . . The touch-

ings of my thigh were renewed; and not only that, but there was a feeling on the top of my hand and across my fingers, as if that which touched my thigh had passed across my hand and touched each finger as it passed. It seemed like a stream of electricity passing across and touching my hand, and then touching my thigh with a spot about as large as my little finger. . . . I determined to ascertain if it was intelligent. I asked a question aloud. While I was asking, the touching ceased; and when my question was put, my thigh was twice touched, with distinct intervals. I repeated the question mentally, with the same result, only the answer was given by three touches," etc.

Then this poor gentleman had "a stream of touchings," from his left big toe, running up and down his leg several times, and finally touchings near his loins on the left side, very gently and at intervals, until he fell asleep. Between twelve and one, a few nights afterwards, he had a renewal of the touchings. The time and character of these phenomena are perfectly characteristic of the class of hallucinations to which they belong. No "expert" (not tainted himself by necromancy) would fail to recognise the true nature of the case. It is not surprising, then, that in this state Judge Edmonds believed firmly in the most extraordinary assertions of spirit-mediums, clairvoyantes, and the like, and listened to Dr Dexter's mad Yankee travestie of Lord Bacon's "style" with all the satisfaction of a brother lunatic.

As a pathological revelation of mono-ideistic insanity, this big book is very curious; as a revelation of new truths, we hardly need say it is a tissue of absurdities. Perhaps some apologetic explanation is needed for this serious investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism, when obviously the easiest method would have been to treat the whole thing with ridicule and contempt. Already, however, this method has been followed to the fullest extent; and it seemed far more useful to the numerous victims of these delusions, as well as to society at large, to accept the challenge of these necromantic lunatics to examine the phenomena of spiritualism in a serious and scientific spirit. The honest conclusions from the facts we give; and we find that Dr Dexter and other so-called "mediums" write with a certain coherency, nothing more than their own incongruous aberrations.

Dr Dexter is, doubtless, convinced that he is in communication with Lord Chancellor Bacon and Swedenborg as their amanuensis; but then stern science compels us to doubt the accuracy of Dr Dexter's convictions. If convictions of that kind are to be adopted without further question, and made the starting-point of "scientific" inquiries, we should have as many "ultra-mundane" truths as there are "crazes." Our asylums (as we happen to know) offer multitudes of instances of men who have

as strong convictions upon particular topics much less improbable than those of Dr Dexter. But the stronger their convictions, unfortunately for them, the more prolonged their detention under treatment as lunatics.

It will, doubtless, be alleged that our diagnosis in these cases is erroneous, because Dr Dexter and the Judge can, and do, perform the usual duties of their vocations in a sensible, rational way. Upon this point there may be some doubt, and, so far at least as it regards the Judge, less than doubt; for, according to his own showing, his legal decisions have been publicly impugned and denounced, because founded on necromancy. But allowing the full force of the objection, it is no more than what is constantly seen in similar forms of insanity. So commonly is this the case, that it is sometimes difficult, in the most confirmed and unquestioned cases of monomania, to obtain such evidence from the conversation of the patient as is sufficient for diagnosis. And what applies to speech, equally applies to writing. We have known lunatics, with the most decided and absurd hallucinations, to be perfectly coherent in composition. Persons are occasionally observed to write letters, for example, in the midst of the most incoherent words and actions, without introducing anything that could indicate the then state of mind of the writer. Nay, in the commencement of certain forms of insanity, in individuals of naturally dull intellect, the morbid change is not indicated by any perversion of the intellect whatever, but only by an exaltation of the mental powers, with greatly increased activity.

Nevertheless, these mono-ideists are always to be considered unsafe persons, and should never be trusted with any responsible duties, inasmuch as whenever, in the exercise of these, they come across their "craze," there is no longer mental soundness, and the most absurd acts may be done. It is certain, too, that the same causes which have operated to develop the monomania, have a tendency to widen the sphere of morbid action and develop mania. We lately, when visiting a large public asylum, observed the bust of one who must have been of a high order of intellect. It was that of a gentleman who had died an inmate of the institution, and who had been rendered insane by mesmeric manipulations. And it is a fact, that many of the persons who constitute the circles of the spiritualists, and of similar sects of the mystics, are either insane or on the verge of insanity. Hence our practical conclusion, that this work, like all others of its class, should be a warning to ignorant minds and weak heads how they venture to deal with things beyond their powers.

| The work of Mr Owen is of another stamp. Although of feeble

judgment, yet, like all believers of his class, he is cunning enough to see that his book will be received by the thoughtful and cautious as an attempt to revive popular delusions which modern science has long since dispelled; and hence he labours hard to give his work a scientific, candid, and practical character. While he maintains the orthodox tendencies of his inquiries, he affirms that in this direction his book has already favourably influenced the sceptic. On the other hand, with much parade of learning and an overwhelming assumption of candour, he seems to admit the physiological explanations of the phenomena he examines, and goes even so far as to attempt to discuss dreams, hallucinations, and spectral illusions in a scientific and philosophical spirit. Nay, he undertakes to explain away some favourite stories by physicians; yet, while he admits candidly on the one hand, he doubts much more strongly on the other. The result of his method, in short, is to leave an impression on the reader's mind, that even ordinary dreams *may* have something in them ultra-mundane, while (in fact) he only ventures to affirm that exceptional dreams are of this class.

It is very obvious, however, that Mr Owen has no such knowledge as will enable him to distinguish ordinary from exceptional dreams,—hallucinations and delusions from visions and spirit-promptings,—or the metaphysical phenomena of spirit-rapping from the physical. Every page of his book proves to us that he is neither physicist nor metaphysician, physiologist nor neuro-pathologist. He is a man of a sophistical temper, with some knowledge of the world, who has got bewildered by the doings of modern necromancers and weak people, and who seeks to establish foregone conclusions in the mode best adapted to catch converts. A book so mischievous in its tendencies requires to be dealt with in a way most likely to counteract it. We therefore propose to examine some of the histories therein given.

But we have first to examine the important preliminary question of evidence and of belief in the testimony of the senses. It is always a matter of surprise to a man when he first encounters a mono-maniac, and finds all his arguments utterly powerless against a fixed idea, the absurdity of which must (he thinks) be apparent to a child. He fondly imagines a few plain facts will suffice to set the aberrant intellect right, and it is only experience which at last convinces him how utterly hopeless is the attempt. Now, this aberration from healthy mental action is essentially of the same kind as the healthy action itself; it is developed according to the same laws, and has its seat in the same tissues. It is only, in fact, a morbid species of the natural *genus* error. How, then, does erroneous belief arise?

A cursory examination of the leading facts of consciousness in

relation to the organization, suffices to establish the fundamental principle, that the belief of an individual is bound down to those conditions of the organism upon which consciousness itself depends. For example, in that mental state termed corporeal pain, it is not in the choice of the individual whether he shall feel pain or not, when the ordinary causes of pain are applied; so also, when the brain is duly active can he choose whether he shall think or not. Concurrently with the incessant successions of vital changes in the organism, there is dependent on them an equally incessant series of successive states of consciousness; so that, to modify the latter effectually, the former must be modified. Hence, practically, no better means are known for this purpose than the use of drugs which act directly on the brain, as alcoholic drinks, opium, haschisch, and the like. Chloroform will extinguish pain, but then it will also induce transient mania. This being the law, if the vital changes thus concurring with mental states correspond accurately to those induced by external things, the individual knows truly as to external things; but if not, then he labours under error regarding them.

Now, this exact correspondence of external things to internal sequences is a thing of such difficult attainment, that perhaps it is never attained. For, in addition to well-trained organs of sense, there must be a perfect organ of perception and comparison. And this is rare, for hardly any man addresses himself to the observation of things without some bias from a preconception or foregone conclusion; so that the result of his observations and comparisons is not a pure conception of things as they are, but a *tertium quid*, compounded partly of the perceptions, partly of the preconceptions or prejudices. The result is *error* in a man with a healthy brain; *hallucination* in one with diseased brain.

There has been so much vague discussion as to the true nature and origin of hallucinations, and so much imperfect knowledge elicited, that an illustration or two of their true character may be useful. A person in delirium, or even in the state between sleep and waking, if there be disorder of the brain, may fix his eye upon a visual object, say a shadow on the wall. This shadow, when looked at, does not, under the existing morbid condition of the brain, excite the ordinary changes in the organ of perception, so as to be recognised as a shadow; but other changes, such that it appears to the looker to be another object—as an animal, demon, man, instrument, or the like. Should the individual be able to determine the true character of the phantasm, by comparing his *present* experience with the past, or by experimental inquiry, as examination by the touch or otherwise, he has been the subject of a *spectral illusion*; but if he is not able, from the condition of his brain, to compare his past experience with the present,

and so determine the falsity of the spectral illusion, he believes in its reality, and labours under an *hallucination*. A real object is thus transformed into a delusive object by the operation of a morbidly active brain, put into activity, however, by the impression of the object itself. Now, this is the condition in a vast number of insane persons, and in a great variety of morbid states not insanity.

But the morbid changes may not be thus excited from without; on the contrary, they may arise independently of all external impressions. Such are the illusions and hallucinations excited in cases of poisoning by various drugs, in epilepsy, in delirium, but especially in sleep. In those instances, the illusions and hallucinations have often no reference to external things. There is no comparison of the knowledge obtained through the senses or by experience, with the illusions of morbid action; and, consequently, the latter are regarded with all the intensity of earnest conviction. It is thus that in sleep, when the senses are shut, and past ideas are confusedly presented as a present reality (*i.e.*, as an hallucination), that the wildest beliefs possess the man, so that he will even superintend his own interment, in the belief he is dead, without any perception of the incongruities of the notion with experience. Such hallucinations are very common in delirium, somnambulism, and other morbid states allied to dreaming. Perhaps the most typical of this class are the dreams of nightmares, etc., arising from indigestion, irregular circulation through the heart, lungs, etc., when the external senses are wholly shut.

Practically, however, no such sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between these various forms of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. Thus, when Dr Reid had a blister applied to his head, he dreamt he was being scalped by Indians: the dream-hallucination was manifestly excited by the pain of the scalp caused by the blister; and the senses being shut, no correction of the hallucination could be made. But if Dr Reid had been insane, and had had a blister so applied to the scalp, he might, when awake, have mistaken those about him for the very Indians of whom he dreamt, and struggled violently to escape from his imaginary tormentors. This would have been a maniacal hallucination or delusion. In either case, it is to be noted, the belief in the reality of the hallucination is equally strong, so long as that cerebral condition continues, upon which the hallucination and the defect in correcting power both alike depend.

Now, it is obvious, that it is by no means necessary these delusions should have regard to the absurd and impossible alone; that, it is true, is the manifestation most commonly observed, because it is the most striking, and because hallucinations as to

ordinary events would never be suspected to be such; they would only be looked upon as extraordinary errors in observation, or as contradictory evidence, unless, indeed, the subject of them manifested other symptoms of disordered intellect. This class are, however, of very serious import when the hallucinations are received as evidence in courts of law, and life and character depend upon the discovery of their true character. The criminal annals of this country, and, indeed, of all countries, abound with illustrations of the danger of receiving the evidence of hallucinated persons, whether regarding themselves or others, as to murders and other crimes. It is notorious, that hardly an undiscovered murder occurs in this country, of such a character as to excite the imagination, but that some unfortunate imbecile surrenders himself to justice as the perpetrator, giving all details of the crime he committed, as to time, place, and other circumstances, all which are wholly hallucinations. And in the days when the belief in witchcraft and intercourse with Satan was universal, it was rather the rule than the contrary, for the women who were accused, to confess to their intercourse with the devil, with all particulars detailed in accordance with the superstitious imaginings of the time. In fact, this was simply what might have been expected. These poor creatures, themselves highly credulous, and most orthodox believers in the current dogmas of demonology and witchcraft, were thrown into noisome prisons, tortured, prevented sleeping, and deprived of food and drink, until the brain gave way; and then all the imaginings which the credulity of the times developed and expanded became realized in their morbid organisms as hallucinations.

But, perhaps, the most painful consideration is, that the credulous wretches who believed themselves or their children to be the victims of witchcraft, became the subjects of hallucinations, as to the practices of wholly innocent men and women, and boldly swore as to things done by them which were simply impossible. Many thousands perished throughout Europe by the hands of the executioner, or died under miserable tortures, upon no better evidence than the hallucinations and delusions of credulous persons with an impressible nervous system; such, indeed, as happily now believe in the less dangerous but equally morbid phenomena of modern necromancy.

Our modern courts are not wholly exempt from the dangers of hallucinated evidence, although in a less striking form than when it was founded on mysticism and superstition. Early in the morning of the 30th April 1857, the body of Eliza Hopley was found in the canal at Bradley, Wiltshire. The body presented no marks of violence, and it was believed that she had fallen accidentally into the water. In about three weeks after, a neighbour, named

Samuel Wall, declared that she had been murdered by one Philip Clare, and that he had witnessed the murder. He gave all particulars as to the time, place, mode, his conversation with Clare, and the threats of violence which the latter uttered; all of which were proved, on the trial of Clare, to be wholly groundless. The celebrated Campden murder, in which the supposed murderer was executed on hallucinated evidence, is another illustration of this kind. Indeed, such examples might be multiplied to almost any extent.¹

A few facts as to this class of phenomena may be useful in the explanation of many of these ghost stories.

Delusions, hallucinations, and illusions, will vary in character according to the seat of the vital changes upon which they depend. Hence there are illusions and hallucinations of hearing as well as of vision, of smell, taste, touch. The feelings of floating, rising in the air, being reversed, and the like, so common in feverish sleep, constitute what may be termed corporeal illusions and hallucinations. They are very common in the nervous, and hysterical, and insane, and are evidently experienced by "mediums." Some of this class are very curious. We have known persons who felt as if their body was as large as the Pentlands; that their head was of enormous size; that their arms were indefinitely expanded; that they took enormous strides. Persons who have lost a limb are apt to have the illusion that it is still a part of their body, and even to suffer spasms and pain, referred to particular muscles and joints in the missing member.

Curious hallucinations as to personal identity are very common. In dreams, the arguments held with another person, are in reality the arguments of the individual himself. A man may thus defeat himself in debate, or in a combat of wit. A gentleman dreamt that a friend of his, looking at a piece of black cloth on the table, asserted it was of a *flesh colour*. This the dreamer disputed, and maintained it was black; and at last a bet was laid on the point, when the friend remarked, "Is not *black* the colour

¹ "The Campden murder," and other cases, may be found detailed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for July 1860, in an article entitled, "Judicial Puzzles," in which this kind of false evidence is ably illustrated. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that much innocent blood has been shed judicially, and much misery inflicted in consequence of undetected hallucinations being received either in evidence or as confessions of guilt, and that this department of the science of testimony merits the most careful inquiry, from a physiological as well as metaphysical point of view. And, in reference to our present subject, when so much stress is laid by the spiritualistic writers upon the testimony of the senses, and the dangers to society which may result from doubting it, it may be set forth at least as a sound principle, that all phenomena of an alleged supernatural or contradictory character, occurring under conditions of the nervous system which experience has proved to be morbid, are probably themselves morbid, and belong to the class of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. In such a category must be specially included all dreams, nocturnal visions, and inspirations of persons with manifest disorder of the organ of consciousness, however induced.

of half the human race?" whereupon the dreamer felt completely abashed, that he had not seen the point; yet the wit was his own.

This kind of mental condition, as to a duplex consciousness,—that is, of self as self, and self as another person,—is not an uncommon hallucination in the insane. It has also characterized the mental state of men of such highly developed powers as to trench on the line of morbidness. Tasso firmly believed that a familiar genius conversed with him. One day he proposed to convince his friend Manso, who maintained it was an illusion, of the reality of the thing, by showing it to him. On the following day, the friends being seated near the fire, Tasso turned his eyes towards a window, on which he fixed them so attentively, that he ceased replying to Manso's remarks, and probably did not hear them. At length he said, "There is my familiar spirit, who is so polite as to come and converse with me; look at him, and witness the truth of what I told you." Manso turned his eyes towards the spot indicated, but saw only the rays of the sun streaming into the room. Whilst he gazed all around, he perceived that Tasso was engaged in deep conversation, and his discourse was arranged as if two persons were conversing; he alternately interrogated and replied. During this state, Tasso's mental faculties were highly developed, for Manso reports that the conversation was so exalted, and the style so sublime and extraordinary, that he was astonished beyond measure. This kind of exaltation sometimes accompanies the hallucinations of the "mediums" of the spiritualists, and is, in fact, one of the chief characteristics of the morbid conditions known as ecstasy, clairvoyance, and coherent delirium, of which hallucinations are strongly marked elements. Thus Mr Edmonds observes:—

"I pass to another consideration which has much weight with me, and that is, the remarkable manner in which the distinctive characters of those professing to converse with us are delineated and preserved. Thus, through a female, gentle, simple, unsophisticated, of not much education, and with no ordinary powers of mind, I have received communications purporting to be from different persons, each bearing the distinctive characteristic of the person professing to speak, each different from the other, and none of them like the qualities of the mind of the medium. It was impossible for her to fabricate these manifestations," etc.

So thought Judge Edmonds, in his entire ignorance of cerebral pathology. What to the mono-ideistic spiritualist is a spirit, to another class of persons is a "genius," the devil, or voices. Thus, a lady one day observed to M. Brierre de Boismont, "Voices suggest expressions to me with which I am not familiar; they give me words much superior to those I have been in the habit of using, or which my education justifies. Their conversation often runs

on geography, politics, and domestic economy,—questions to which I am a stranger, but which I perfectly comprehend when the voices suggest them.” Mr Mayo mentions a clairvoyante who gave a learned discourse on some scientific subject: it was taken down, and found to be a page, *verbatim*, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This hallucination of another personality takes other forms of a singular character. For example, an individual will have the feeling of another person being attached to him, or that he is made up of two bodies; we knew a case of this kind, in which the two bodies were felt to fight with each other. Another corporeal hallucination is, that a person believes everything he suffers is really felt by another person; or that which really endangers him, endangers not him, but some one else. Thus, a woman we know is in terror when she goes down stairs, lest,—not that she—but some one else, should fall headlong. This kind of condition may be observed in delirium accompanying cases of injury to the body, when the patient attributes his own sufferings and groans to another person. M. Descuret mentioned a case to M. Brierre de Boismont of triple personality. The subject of it was a clergyman, who, in every position, saw himself thrice repeated; when he turned in bed, the two other persons turned with him, and placed themselves upon him. In this case it may be said that each half of the body had a distinct personality, as well as the two halves unitedly. To this group of hallucinations belong all those of spirit-possession.

The various illusions or hallucinations which may be more strictly denominated mental, are *delusions*. They either refer to things or the causes of events, or both. Whatever is in the memory, or is desired, or feared, or expected, or anticipated in thought, may be realized subjectively¹ as an illusion or hallucination. Thus, the traveller suffering from thirst in the arid desert dreams of verdant fields and gushing streams. Thus, also, the man who desires earnestly to see a departed friend, may at last evoke a hallucination of his personal appearance. An instance of this kind is related by Mr Owen. It is a curious story, as illustrative of the coincidences which impress the mystical so strongly. It is entitled

“THE FOURTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

“In the month of September 1857, Captain G—— W——, of the 6th Dragoons, went out to India to join his regiment. His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November 1857, towards morning, she dreamed

¹ That is, in consequence of changes in the *subject* of the mental state, independent, partly or wholly, of an external object.

that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill ; upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight, and looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bed-side. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the heart, the hair disheveled [*sic*], the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her ; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life ; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward, as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak ; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

"Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her ; she bent over the sleeping child, and listened to its breathing. The sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. Next morning she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W—— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of this apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations.

"It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W—— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November. So matters rested until, in the month of March 1858, the family of Captain W—— received from Captain G—— C——, then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the 18th December 1857. The letter informed them, that Captain W—— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the 15th of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's despatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C—— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the heart, and never spoke after he was hit."

It appears that the date of this officer's death was, in fact, wrongly stated by the authorities, and was subsequently corrected ; but there is nothing remarkable in the lady's tenacity of belief as to the proper day. She had accidentally a dream during the night of the day when her husband fell, out of which she awoke to have it continued as an hallucination. The coincidence is curious, but there is no cognisable relation of cause and effect between the event and the dream. No doubt the cause of the dream (which is wholly omitted from the history) was the anticipation of danger to her husband, which would be excited very naturally under the circumstances, and felt most at

that date ; for she would doubtless calculate the time of his arrival on the field of action, and thus her vague imaginings would take a more decided form just at the time when he was first incurring the dangers of his career. There is really nothing surprising in the coincidence, when the order of events is known. On the other hand, it must be remembered how many myriads of presentiment-dreams, and hallucinations are experienced without any such coincidences occurring. Such, for example, is the following. It is quoted by Brierre de Boismont from the *Mercure Galant* of January 1690 :—

“The best proof, my friend, that I can give you of the vanity of dreams, is that I live after the apparition which I had on the 22d of September 1679. On that morning I awoke at five o'clock, but slept again directly. I now dreamed that I was in my bed, and that the covering was withdrawn (an accidental circumstance, but true). I saw one of my relatives, who had been dead some years, enter my room ; she, who was formerly so lively, now looked very sad. She sat down on the foot of my bed, and looked compassionately on me. As in my dream I knew she was dead, I judged by her distressed look that she was about to announce to me some bad news, perhaps death. Indifferent to that event, I said, ‘Well, I must then die!’—‘It is true.’—‘When?’—‘To-day!’ I own that the time seemed short, but without any fear I questioned her anew : ‘How?’—She murmured some words that I could not catch, and I awoke.

“The importance of so peculiar a dream caused me to examine attentively my situation. I observed that I was lying on the right side, my body straight out, and my hands on my stomach. I arose to write down my dream, lest I should forget it ; and finding that it contained all the circumstances peculiar to divine and mysterious visions, I was no sooner dressed than I went to tell my mother-in-law, that if serious dreams were infallible warnings, in twenty-four hours she would cease to have a son-in-law. I then related to her what had happened ; I also repeated it to some of my friends, but without feeling the least alarm, or changing my habits, yielding myself to the will of Providence. Perhaps, had I been weak enough to believe in this vision, I should really have died ; and my fate would have resembled that of the man spoken of by the Greek historian Procopius : I should have lost my life as a punishment for my belief in dreams, a superstition forbidden by God.”

This kind of presentiment as to a future event, is not uncommon in ecstasy, clairvoyance, and somnambulism, as well as in dreams ; and it cannot be doubted, that if the individual yields to it, there is a great probability that it will work its own fulfilment. So also is it with fears as to the “evil eye,” as to witches, prophecies of evil, and the like. Thomas Britton, whose portrait

hung some years ago as No. 113 in the British Museum, was a musical genius of the last century, and being a coal merchant, was nicknamed "The Musical Small-coalman." His cause of death was a striking example of the power of suggestion over life itself. Being at a dinner party, a ventriloquist present, for the sake of a jest, predicted his death would occur that night, in such tones and such a manner as deeply to impress his imagination. He immediately left the table; and in spite of all the assurances of his friends, believed the voice he heard was ultramundane. He did die that same night. So true is the old saw, "Conceit [*i. e.*, imagination] can kill, and conceit can cure."

Mr Owen fortifies the deduction drawn from the hallucination of the officer's wife coinciding in time with the officer's death, by trying to establish another coincidence of the same kind between the hallucination of a "medium" and the fatal event. Mrs M—— had "all her life had perception of apparitions," and her husband "is what is called an impressible medium." The lady's solicitor (Mr Williamson) related the vision and the coincidence to these two persons as "a wonderful circumstance," and described the figure as it had appeared to her. The story had the immediate effect of a suggestion on their morbid organizations. "Mrs M——, turning to her husband, instantly said, 'That must be the very person I saw the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr Williamson has described his exact position and appearance: the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his head, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder.'" They got into conversation with the spectre; and the ghost, that was speechless to his wife, could tell these strangers he had been killed in India, adding, "That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet." The lady particularly remarked the expression! Mr Owen is perfectly triumphant about the *facts* of this case. He says, "Those who would explain the whole on the principle of chance coincidence have a treble event to take into account: the apparition to Mrs M——, that to Mrs W——, and the actual time of Captain W——'s death; each tallying exactly with the other." The looseness of assertion in which Mr Owen can indulge in face of his own statements, is, at the least, most reprehensible. The events, even as related by himself, show that the "time" with every regard to difference of longitude did not "tally exactly." Captain W—— was killed on the afternoon of the 14th November, before Lucknow; Mrs M—— had her alleged hallucination about nine o'clock in the evening of that day; but the wife had hers early in the morning of the 15th November. Exact dates are, however, nothing in necromancy.

The remarkable illusions and hallucinations which the linked sequences of vital and mental states will produce, and upon which depend what is termed association of ideas, have not been hitherto observed in a scientific way. Their connection with the states of the organism upon which memory depends, have in particular been greatly overlooked. In the aged, whose memory of events does not reach beyond the hour, the association of ideas is vigorous in relation to the events of childhood or youth, and their hallucinations correspond. Both phenomena equally depend upon the nutrition of the brain, which in old age is feeble, in youth vigorous. Something like this occurs not unfrequently in sleep, under special cerebral conditions. Thus persons born in India, and who in childhood had learnt something of the language of their Ayah, or native nurse, will dream of that language long after it has wholly passed from their waking memory. In certain forms of delirium, in which there is a cerebral state very analogous to, if not almost identical with, that of dreaming, similar long-forgotten reminiscences will occur. Of these there are various well-known examples in books.

Now this kind of hypnotic reminiscence may serve to recall important, but wholly forgotten facts to the memory. As an illustration of this class of dreams we may mention Mr Rutherford's dream, as told by Sir W. Scott in his notes to the "*Antiquary*." Mr Rutherford dreamed his father appeared to him, and revealed to him all particulars of a missing legal document, and which proved to be correct. This was, no doubt, an act of dream-memory, but in which (as is the law of dreaming) the reminiscences were presented to the consciousness as realities. Mr Owen makes much of this story, which is obviously of a purely physiological nature, and is only interesting as illustrative of the laws of phreno-vital action.

The following instance indicates the influence of the association of ideas in causing hallucinations, both in a state of febrile disturbance of the brain, and in that condition which coincides with a fixed hallucination. It was communicated in a letter addressed to ourselves by a man of education and superior intelligence. We may designate it, in the Owen style, as

THE SPECTRAL BROTHER.

Presuming on your kind manner to me when we met in ———, I have ventured to send you the following details of perhaps as extraordinary a case as you ever met with. . . .

The fact, then, is, that I am the victim of a most singular spectral illusion; but in order to make myself fully intelligible, I must premise the relation of a few circumstances.

When I set out on my wanderings nearly six years ago, I left

behind me a younger brother, to whom I was very much attached. He was the handsomest and cleverest boy I ever saw, and of a disposition so sweet as to endear him to all who knew him. He was my constant companion when at home. We went to school together, and were scarcely ever a day away from each other till I left England; and then the thought of being separated from him was far more painful to me than that of leaving all my other friends.

At Sourabaya, in the Island of Java, I was seized with fever, and removed to the military hospital there. One morning the doctor informed me that he considered my case to be a very serious one; and on the evening of the same day, I was lying in a state of semi-consciousness, with all sorts of strange phantoms passing before me, when I suddenly heard the voice of my brother speaking quickly. The words were as distinct as if the speaker had been standing at the foot of my bed, and were these:—‘Write to Harry. Tell him to come home; tell him to come quickly.’ After I had recovered from the shock produced by this event, I thought but little of it; as I had several times before, when in the same state, fancied that the two Dutch officers who occupied beds in the same room with me were talking English, though I knew very well, when I was fully conscious, that they could not speak a word of it.

Judge, then, of the feelings of surprise and awe I felt when, nearly two years afterwards, I received a letter in Australia informing me of the death of my brother, and that, very shortly before he died, he called for a pencil and some paper to write to me, but not being able to trace the letters, he addressed to my sister those very words which I heard in the hospital at Sourabaya, many thousands of miles away!

No arguments could persuade me that this part of the story can be accounted for by natural causes. Whether it be that spirits so nearly freed from the body can in some instances hold communion or not, I do not pretend to say; but I am perfectly convinced that those words actually sounded in my ears as they were spoken by my dying brother. What follows, however, I know to be a mental delusion of a most extraordinary nature.

Ever since the receipt of that letter, long-continued residence in any place has invariably subjected me to a most painful trial. Though the time varies slightly, yet, generally, if I live in the same house for about three months, at the end of that time I begin to be haunted by an image or shadow of my brother; and I solemnly assure you that at this very moment he seems to me to be sitting at the other side of the table, and looking upon me with that sweet smile I remember so well.

This imaginary presence gives me no alarm, or hardly interrupts my ordinary avocations, so accustomed have I become to it; but still it is an inexpressible relief to be free from it. And, strange to say, change of scene banishes it for a time, though the most active employment during the day is quite ineffectual to remove the illusion, if I return to the house at night. I see it without distinction of time or place. It landed with me in England, and then left me; but returned immediately on my arrival at home, where almost every blade of grass

reminded me of the dead. It looked upon me while engaged in my studies at —; and I sometimes walk along the streets of London with this figure so plainly visible to me at my side, that I have almost expected the passers-by to turn round and wonder at my strange companion. I never visit my home now, as, when I am there, the shadow is as inseparable from me as the living original *was*.

I have struggled against this singular delusion for nearly three years in vain; and I believe that I shall continue subject to it for the rest of my life, unless something equally strange with its cause happens to remove it.

I have narrated this singular history to you, because I thought that you would be interested in it, and because If you should consider it worthy of any attention, I can have no objection to your mentioning the particulars, but I must beg of you to keep the name a secret.

This touching narrative is so highly illustrative of the natural history of illusions and hallucinations, that we have ventured to avail ourselves of the writer's permission to utilize it. The whole can be readily referred to natural causes. The fever-poison had placed his brain in such a condition that illusions were readily excited. Thus the conversation of the officers in Dutch was metamorphosed into an illusion of his own tongue. The announcement of the serious nature of his illness had naturally led him to thoughts of home, and especially of his beloved brother; and the creative imagination having acted as it always acts in dreams, he anticipated the thoughts and language of his brother, which anticipations became subjectively realized as hallucinations. That he should have thus anticipated what his brother actually said, is nothing surprising; on the contrary, it is just what might have been expected, for this kind of mental process is one of the most common things to be noted in dreams. The excitement of the spectral illusion at home, where every blade of grass reminded the sufferer of the dead, was evidently also due to the association of ideas. That shadowy reminiscence of a deceased brother, or wife, or child, which remains internally as a fleeting act of the representative faculty, was in him projected externally as a spectre, because of the peculiar predisposition of his cerebral tissue to vigorous presentative function. The only point to be specially noticed, is the coincidence as to time of the sickness of the two brothers; but this is also a natural phenomenon not so difficult of explanation as might appear at first sight.

Mr Owen gives the history of a dream in which a murder was presented to the consciousness of a distant person as it occurred, and which is related by Dr Carlyon in his "Early Years and Late Reflections." Of this dream Mr Owen observes,—“The various coincidences taken together, as proof that chance is not

the true explanation, have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid." Let us see what this proof is.

"THE MURDER NEAR WADEBRIDGE.

"On the evening of the 8th February, 1840, Mr Nevell Norway, a Cornish gentleman, was cruelly murdered by two brothers of the name of Lightfoot, on his way from Bodmin to Wadebridge, the place of his residence. At that time, his brother, Mr Edmund Norway, was in the command of a merchant-vessel, the 'Orient,' on her voyage from Manilla to Cadiz; and the following is his own account of a dream which he had on the night when his brother was murdered:—'Ship Orient, from Manilla to Cadiz, February 8th, 1840. About 7.30 P.M. the island of St Helena N.N.W., distant about seven miles; shortened sail and rounded to, with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight set the watch and went below; wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock went to bed; fell asleep, and dreamt I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle, and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off his horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At four o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr Henry Wren, that I had had a dreadful dream—namely, that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from St Columb to Wadebridge; but that I felt sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road, so that it must have been somewhere else. . . . It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at four o'clock in the morning.'

The murderer's confession is as follows:—

" 'I went to Bodmin last Saturday week, the 8th inst. (February 8, 1840); and in returning, I met my brother James at the head of Dummeer Hill. It was dim like. We came on the turnpike road all the way, till we came to the house near the spot where the murder was committed. We did not go into the house, but hid ourselves in a field. My brother knocked Mr Norway down; he snapped a pistol at him twice, and it did not go off. He then knocked him down with the pistol. I was there along with him. Mr Norway was struck while on horseback. It was on the turnpike road, between Pencarrow Mill and the directing-post toward Wadebridge. I cannot say at what time of the night it was. [It was between ten and eleven o'clock.] We left the body in the water, on the left side of the road coming to Wadebridge. He took some money in a purse, but I did not know how much. My brother drew the body across the road to the watering.'

Doubtless in this case the coincidences were remarkable, yet they may be easily referred to natural causes. These, however,

we must speculate upon, as the history supplies few data in reference to the causes of the dream; nor, perhaps, would Mr Edmund Norway have been himself conscious of the trains of thought that passed through his mind previously to dreaming. They would probably be these:—Writing to his brother on a winter's night, in the solitude of his cabin, his thoughts revert to home. It is market day; his brother will have gone to Bodmin; he will have to return home late on a winter's night, on a lonely road, with money. What if he is attacked, robbed, and murdered? The imagination realizes in sleep this anticipation, as a thing done, with all particulars. And these are of the most common. Two men usually co-operate in these robberies; the bridle of the horse is seized at a suitable spot on the road; then a pistol presented—all this is matter of course. The pistol being fired, it is next used as a bludgeon; and the surprised traveller being knocked from his horse, is assaulted again on the ground to make assurance doubly sure, and his senseless, perhaps lifeless body, dragged to the roadside for the greater convenience of hiding and rifling it. The dreamer would know the road well, and select in imagination that spot as the scene of the deed, which, perhaps, he had already remarked long ago as a suitable locality for a murder and robbery. If the murderers had been known to him as bad characters, or suggested to him in any way by any antecedents, he might even have fixed upon the identical individuals. The only point to be noticed is, that the pistol was snapped twice; but this is just one of the most common of occurrences. The chances, it is well known, are at least equal, that a pistol so presented will miss fire, and be snapped again: probably Mr E. Norway knew this quite well. That he should *dream* of the murder of his brother on the very night on which it took place, is, in fact, no more remarkable than that he should *write* to his brother on the same night; it was the writing, no doubt, which led on to the dream.

There are two other points to be noticed: one, that the dreamer believed he had been dreaming all night, when it was far more probable the dream began only a few moments before he was called; the other, that he reversed the situation of the house. This reversal, however, is not uncommon in dreams, and is probably due to the crossed action of the encephalon. So much for this wonderful dream, the coincidences of which, Mr Owen thinks, "have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid" in favour of his ultra-mundane hypothesis.

It may be well to notice here, however, the important circumstance that these coincidences, remarkable as they are, are by no means so numerous as they might be expected to be, when we remember the mode of their occurrence. It is often nothing more than the anticipation in dream-thought of an event which may

probably occur. Possibly, if amongst the myriads of myriads of dreams that happen, every coincidence, however trivial, were noted, we should find them to occur much more frequently.

Amongst the causes of dreams of a distressing character, the most common are morbid states of the viscera, as the heart, lungs, liver. Now, there is a class of dream-coincidences and concurring hallucinations which may be explained through this fact. We have seen that the gentleman who suffered from an abiding spectral illusion of his brother was sick at the same time as his brother was; and thus, while he in his sickness thought of home and his brother, his brother in his sickness thought of him. The coincidence of sickness has been not unfrequently noticed in members of the same family, even although in widely distant localities. It has been most particularly observed, however, in the cases of twins. There are several histories on record, in which it is stated that twins (most commonly of the same sex) have gone through the successive infantile diseases at the same time, cut their several teeth at the same time, and had acute diseases at the same time, although inhabiting different and even distant localities. In such cases, it would be simply a matter of course that the nervous system should be similarly affected, and the mental states connected therewith be, if not alike, at least somewhat similar.

Nor is the explanation of these physiological and morbid coincidences difficult. From the moment of conception to old age, there occur in the individual a regular succession of vital changes, circumscribed within periods of time. For example, life in the egg and the uterus terminates at the end of a period varying in length in different orders and genera of animals, but the duration of which is fixed for each. Then, again, various structures, as teeth, hair, feathers, appear subsequently to birth at regular periods, perhaps not equally definite as that of uterine or egg life, but still so decidedly regular as to afford proofs of age. Now, if two persons commence life at the same hour, and under the same conditions, constitutional and otherwise (as is often the case with twins), their wheels of life will run on parallel lines, and they will undergo these periodic changes at the same time; and as the condition of the body under which they take place is one which predisposes to disease, they will also be liable to attacks of fever or inflammation at the same dates, or to diseases of the same constitutional character, or to be influenced by the same kind of atmospheric or seasonal changes. Such a law serves to explain the following dream, of which Dr Macnish was the subject, who relates it in his "Philosophy of Sleep":—

"I was in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relative of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died; and imme-

diately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened or would happen. . . . Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before,—that is, the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! I may state that my relative was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger.”

The fundamental coincidence here is, that the two relatives were indisposed in their nervous system at the same time: in the one, it resulted in a nightmare dream; in the other, probably, in a rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain;—we say probably, for this seems to have been the kind of apoplexy. Now, in a case of this kind, we should want to know whether the two relatives were alike in constitution, so far at least as to be equally predisposed to disease of the vascular system? whether there was not heart-disease in both? whether Dr Macnish, at the time of his dream, had not disturbance of the heart's action?—for to that his dream points;—whether there was not something in the weather, or the season, or the barometric conditions, such as would affect the circulation in the two relatives alike? whether it had not occurred to Dr Macnish, as a passing suspicion, that his relative had such a constitution as predisposed to sudden death at some time by apoplexy or palsy? This is the line of inquiry that a coincidence of this kind would indicate, and we venture to think that an explanation would thus be reached. It may be alleged that this is wholly hypothetical. Allowed; but it is hypothetical because the relators of these interesting coincidences afford no solid data for an explanation; or rather, men like Mr Owen prefer to wonder, and to suppress all facts which will help to elucidate the question in a simple and natural way. To do otherwise, would be to offend that love of the marvellous which is at the root of these ghost-stories and of strange coincidences.

Mr Owen has some wonderful histories of knockings and other disturbances of houses. These he evidently classes with the “ultra-mundane” phenomena known as spirit-rappings and table-tippings. Here we have the famous story of the “Drummer of Tedworth,” which has delighted so many young folk. We confess to an early liking for this rollicking drummer. Never

was trick more cleverly played. Mr Mompesson, a magistrate, had caused a vagrant drummer to be arrested; and the bailiff having taken away the fellow's drum, sent it to Mr Mompesson's house. Henceforth there was no peace there. Drumming was heard in the room where the drum was, knockings here, knockings there, knockings everywhere,—not constantly, but intermittingly, at intervals for the space of two years. For an hour together this drumming devil would impudently “beat ‘Roundheads and Cuckolds,’ the ‘Tat-too,’ and several other points of war, as well as any drummer.”—This story is one of Mr Owen's *pieces de resistance*. He evidently believes every word of it.

The “spirit manifestations” of knocking, making noises, moving furniture, and playing mischievous tricks, such as pinning people together, may be attributed to fraud and hallucinations, or to supernatural agency, according to the taste or bias of the inquirer. It is for us to determine which is the more probable, for at least the sounds and movements of things may be hallucinations. To this explanation Mr Owen objects, that we must believe the evidence of our senses, even although it contradicts our reason and the results of all our knowledge and experience.

“Suppose, for example (as occurred in my apartments at Naples), that sitting in one's own well-lighted apartment, where no concealed machinery or other trickery is possible, in company with three or four friends, all curious observers like oneself, around a large centre-table, weighing eighty or a hundred pounds, the hands of all present resting upon it, one should see and feel this table, the top maintaining its horizontal, rise suddenly and unexpectedly to the height of eight or ten inches from the floor, remain suspended in the air while one might count six or seven, then gently settle down again; and suppose that all the spectators concurred in their testimony as to this occurrence, with only slight variations of opinion as to the exact number of inches to which the table rose, and the precise number of seconds during which it remained suspended,—ought the witnesses of such a seeming temporary suspension of the law of gravitation to believe that their senses are playing them false?”

Mr Owen gives as the answer, “All they would be justified in saying is, that they placed their hands on the table, *and the table rose*.” No!—not that—it *seemed to rise*; for the natural conclusion one would draw from this statement of the facts would be, either that Mr Owen would doubt whether the table did rise at all, or else examine experimentally into the facts. He would measure the height of rise and length of time occupied, and seek for the source of the motive power. But this does not suit the object in view, which is to prove that the table did—not apparently, but actually—rise in virtue of a motive power which

is like nothing known to engineers or other terrestrial people. Hence neither measure nor chronometer was appealed to.

"I make no assertion [!] that the tables are raised by spiritual agency. But suppose Mr Faraday, by disproving every other hypothesis, should drive me to this, it would be much more philosophical to adopt it than to reject the clear and palpable evidence of sense. For, if we assume any other principle, all received rules of evidence must be set at naught; nay, our very lives would be made up of uncertainty and conjecture," etc., etc.

This, as the laws of hallucinations prove, is sheer nonsense. Mr Owen may speak for his imaginative self and his credulous friends in this strain with much truth; but does he imagine that the common sense of mankind would not come to the prompt conclusion on the question, if nothing was said of spiritual agency, either that their eyes deceived them, or by some one, or by mechanical means, to them unknown, the table was raised? Tables, as every footman and housemaid knows, never move without being lifted by ordinary terrestrial means. If no trick was played upon Mr Owen and his curious friends, then they undoubtedly laboured under an hallucination;—no wonderful thing, surely, when we remember how easily illusions take place.

Mr Owen acknowledges the *possibility* of this; but then he insists "that, according to the doctrine in the most accredited works on the subject, if two or more persons, using their senses independently, perceive, at the same time and place, the same appearance, it is not hallucination; that is to say, there is *some* actual foundation in fact." This is a poor foundation—this "doctrine in the most accredited works"—upon which to build an "ultra-mundane" theory. The "doctrine" is all wrong, however accredited. In truth, to excite the same hallucinations in a number of persons is an old practical joke. Two wits station themselves in a crowded street in London, and gaze intently into the sky. First one passer, his curiosity excited, stops to gaze, then another; and thus a crowd assembles, anxious to know what is to be seen in the sky. The answer at last is, A flock of wild-geese,—there being nothing but a fleecy cloud or two; yet half the victims of the trick at once profess to see the aerial travellers and their varying evolutions.

But the fact is not as Mr Owen states, in even accredited works. Briere de Boismont, in his elaborate work on Hallucinations, gives all particulars of an instance in which a whole battalion of soldiers, eight hundred strong, were affected with the same hallucination. It was that of the devil, in the form of a huge dog with long black hair, who rushed upon them while sleeping, and flew over their breasts (nightmare). Twice the soldiers were affected by this spectral illusion, and fled from their

sleeping-place, uttering the most alarming cries of terror. And it is hardly necessary to say, that if several persons be placed under precisely similar conditions as the one person who has an hallucination in consequence of being placed in those conditions, they will have the hallucination too. That the art of inducing them in multitudes has been practised from time immemorial, might indeed be established by the most conclusive evidence, if that were necessary. Mr Owen is evidently wholly ignorant of these things; but that is only another proof how little pains he and his co-believers take to ascertain the true causes of the phenomena they profess to investigate.

As to the physical manifestations of a character such that considerable force must have been used to cause them, so much has been printed already that the subject hardly needs further discussion. There is not the slightest proof that the force thus manifested is from an ultra-mundane source; its origin has simply escaped detection. And this is likely to continue the state of things; for the believers make no experimental researches whatever, while the unbelievers are excluded from instituting them simply in virtue of their unbelief. So soon as this is manifested, and preparations are made for an investigation which accepts no mere assertions and takes nothing on trust, the manifestations cease; for the "spirit" is offended, and the "medium" becomes powerless. Fraud has been repeatedly detected in some of the best authenticated examples of rapping and clairvoyance; indeed, the whole thing has become an avowed and practised juggle. Under these circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect a scientific man to spend his time and ingenuity in examining phenomena which are mere impositions on the senses; it is only as aberrant phenomena, the seat of which is in the nervous system, that a certain class do really merit the notice of the physiologist.

Further, if we examine the results of spiritualism in any form, nothing whatever is revealed of all that man desires to know. Should he inquire into the past, the results are mere figments of the imagination, or well-known facts done into pretentious language. Nor as to the present is anything of the least importance revealed. The clairvoyante, with exalted perceptive powers and practised eye, can often read in his countenance the thoughts of the credulous inquirer, or cunningly guess at particulars of his history; but this amounts to nothing more than a species of conjuring by means of a morbidly exalted nervous system. Such divination amongst ancient nations was part of the routine of everyday life, and was far more extensively practised and honoured than the modern practices of mesmerism and spiritualism,—being, in fact, a large portion of religious duty.

It is to this class of phenomena, indeed, to which the inquirer in mental science should exclusively direct his attention. In these exaltations of the faculties by various processes, whether mesmeric, electro-biological, or hypnotic, or by intense thought operating on supersensitive brains, we have a series of experiments of the highest value to mental science. To ignore the reality of them, and to class them with ordinary frauds, however fraudulent their uses may be, can lead to no good results. If, on the contrary, they be examined as manifestations of peculiar mental and vital states, the inquiry can only result in a far more deeply grounded knowledge of the human mind, and its relations to the laws of vital action, than has hitherto been attained. Nor is it easy to predict to what large results such knowledge may bring us. Hitherto, the entire class of physiological mental phenomena with which these credulous necromancers deal exclusively, have been wholly neglected by the metaphysician, and but lately inquired into by the physiologist. Mental science, in so far as it enables us to explain them, is almost as defective as was geology a century ago, when it dealt with fossil remains, and looked upon ammonites as petrified snakes, and the fossil bones of the mastodon as the bones of extinct giants; but let it be established on sound general principles, themselves the result of a true scientific method of research, and we may then reach depths of life and thought of which our forefathers have not even dreamt.

- ART. VI.—1. *An Outline of the Progress of Civil Engineering in Great Britain since the time of Smeaton to the present day.* By SIR JOHN RENNIE, F.R.S. 4to. London, 1846, pp. 109.
2. *Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge in Canada.* By JAMES HODGES, Engineer to Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts. London, 1860.
3. *A Manual of Applied Mechanics.* By WILLIAM JOHN MACQUORN RANKINE, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Glasgow. 2d Edit. London, 1861, pp. 648.
4. *A Manual of the Steam Engine.* By the SAME. 2 Edit. London, 1861, pp. 576.
5. *Useful Information for Engineers.* By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. First and Second Series. London, 1856 and 1859.
6. *Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.* Private Press, 1850–1860.
7. *Observations on the Niagara Railway Suspension Bridge.* By PETER W. BARLOW, C.E., F.R.S., F.G.S. London, 1860.
8. *On the Crumlin Viaduct, and Wrought Iron Beams and Girders.* By HENRY N. MAYNARD, C.E., Merthyr Tydvil. 1860.
9. *Report on Iron and Iron Bridges.* By M. ROEBLING. In the *Engineer*, September 21, 1860.
10. *Report on the Grand Trunk Canal for 1859.* By THOMAS E. BLACKWELL, Vice-President and Managing Director of the Company. London, 1860.
11. *Life of Thomas Telford, Civil Engineer; Written by Himself.* Edited by JOHN RICKMAN, Esq. 8vo. London, 1838.
12. *Reports of the Commissioners on the Caledonian Canal.* 39th–43d. 1844–1848.

IN contemplating the great architectural works of ancient times—works which have been ranked among the wonders of the world, our attention is mainly arrested by their fine proportions, or their gigantic size. They are associated with no human interests, and are not even footsteps in the march of civilisation. The heathen temple, however lofty its dome, or rich its pediment, or noble its statuary, reminds us but of the barbarous or bloody rites which have been perpetrated at its altar. Even the Christian fane, however splendid with the jewelry of misdirected wealth, or the gifts of misguided piety, arose amid moral and intellectual darkness, and contributed by its very grandeur to enslave and demoralize its worshippers. In the gigantic pyramid, too, we see but the tomb of some vain and cruel despot;

and in the noble aqueducts of Rome, which Time has spared, we deplore the enormous expense of their erection, and the scientific ignorance of the men who reared them.

With what different feelings do we survey the magnificent works of modern civilisation,—those noble monuments which Art and Science have consecrated to the use of man, in whatever clime he lives, and whatever be his rank in the social scale! Within the narrow sphere of our own fatherland, and the brief period of our own lives, what wonderful strides have been taken in the march of science, and of its applications! The wayfaring traveller to the southern metropolis must stand aghast before the locomotive race-horse, snorting along its iron path, or even the steam-ship, defying tide and tempest in its course. Nor will he marvel less when he rushes through the echoing tunnel, or flies across the giddy viaduct, or finds at his journey's end the electric messenger to carry home, beneath ocean or over continent, the intelligence of his safety, or the success of his adventure. No less surprised must be the seafaring man of olden times, when he approaches the dangerous shelves of his native isle, or seeks shelter in a friendly harbour, or is driven upon some inhospitable coast. He no longer gropes his way at noon in fog or in darkness, or stands aloof at midnight from impending danger. He is welcomed to every land by its ocean light-towers, the finger-posts of the sea, which guide him to his haven; and should storm or tempest arrest him in his course, the life-boat is ready to save him, and the mortar rope to carry him to the shore.

But even where the locomotive cannot run, nor the steam-ship ply, Art and Science have to a great extent supplied their place. Roads, and bridges of stone and iron, suspension and tubular, carry the traveller over rapid rivers and arms of the sea, and connect with the living world, or the busy marts of trade and commerce, sequestered glens where no roof-tree has been raised, and distant woodlands which no ploughshare has disturbed; and we have no doubt, that before a century has elapsed, we shall have in every valley a railway of wood or of iron, a steam-coach in every village, and a tram-road to every farm.

But it is not merely to man, in his social phase, that the arts and sciences have been subservient. As a mechanical agent, expending the sweat of his brow, and the strength of his loins, he is now liberated from the functions of the ox and the dray-horse; and the thews and sinews of his noble frame are reserved for higher and less exhausting labours. Even the animal creation, groaning under the bondage of its master, partakes in the blessed change. The noble steed no longer paces his giddy round, or mounts the steep incline, or paws the revolving wheel,

or struggles in the clayey furrow. Fire and water now perform the exhausting and almost cruel tasks which man has so long exacted from the living and suffering agent.

If such blessings have been conferred upon our race—the noblest gifts of genius and of industry, how deep are the obligations which we owe to the men who have conferred them; and how interesting must it be to study the great engineering works of the last century, to mark the difficulties which have been encountered and overcome, and to learn something of the personal history of the men by whom they were executed!

In the sketch which we are about to lay before our readers, we must omit entirely the works of the architect, as belonging to a different category from those of the engineer. In the erection of buildings, however large and lofty, upon earth, or rock, or piles, no special risks are incurred; and when the foundations are laid broad and deep, the superstructure is exposed to no other force than the quiet action of its own weight. Friable stones may be splintered or crushed, whether in wall, arch, or buttress; but there is no adequate force to displace them, even in our ordinary edifices. In our temperate climate, the tempest is powerless to shake or overturn them; and though the lightning may revel amid the fretwork of our cathedrals and ornamental structures, it has never succeeded in mutilating or destroying them. There are, however, elements of danger from which even buildings of adamant can have no protection. The earthquake and the missiles of war are the irresistible enemies of all human constructions. It is therefore but to the æsthetical character of his works, and to their interior arrangements, that the architect has to apply his genius.

The works of the engineer have not the same immunity from their atmospherical enemies as those of the architect. Local inundations and inroads of the sea burst the locks and banks of his canals. The elements, too, in fire, water, or tempest, assail the more aerial and fragile of his structures; and floods and river icebergs threaten with destruction the most massive of his works. While the engineer, therefore, like the architect, must be guided by the principles of taste in the form and outline of his works, his genius is severely taxed, and all his sagacity and practical knowledge called into play, to provide against forces ever varying in their character and intensity, and beyond the reach of scientific analysis.

The earliest productions of the engineer which we are called upon to notice and admire, are the canals, to which England owes so much of its commercial and manufacturing prosperity. Canals have existed in China from time immemorial; and they were long in use in Italy, Holland, and France, before their

value was recognised in England. The productions of our soil, our minerals, and our merchandise, were carried on horseback or in waggons till the middle of the eighteenth century, when three individuals contributed their wealth, their genius, and their energies to relieve man and beast from this intolerable burden. These men were the Duke of Bridgewater, James Brindley, and John Gilbert,—names which will never be forgotten in the annals of England, even if their personal history had not been marked with those incidents of romance which embalm the memory of less distinguished men. It may be said, indeed, of all the three, as has been said of one of them, “that their history is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country which they helped to civilize and enrich.”

Francis Egerton, the third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born on the 21st May 1736, and, though the youngest of five male children, he succeeded to the dukedom. His early years gave no promise of his future character and aspirations. Ill educated, and ill treated by his mother, he was regarded as deficient in intellect; and so little did he profit by foreign travel, that on his return to England, he not only bought race-horses, but rode them, and indulged in all the gaieties of London and the sports of Newmarket. Love, which usually takes away other men’s senses, was the means of restoring his; and a disappointment, as peculiar in its character as in its results, drove him from the dissipations of the turf to the solitude of his manor-house at Worsley. Two distinguished beauties at that time divided the admiration of the aristocratic world,—the two Miss Gunnings,—one of whom was Lady Coventry, and the other the widow of the Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Bridgewater, then in his 22d year, was taken captive by the lovely widow, and his offer of marriage accepted. When preparations were making for the marriage, the Duke heard and gave credit to certain rumours which affected the character of Lady Coventry; and under the influence of feelings which the world did not appreciate, he insisted upon his intended bride discontinuing her intimacy with her sister. The Duchess of Hamilton repudiated the unnatural condition. The Duke of Bridgewater broke off the marriage, and renounced the society of women; while the Duchess was rewarded for her sisterly affection by another ducal coronet, when she married Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

This untoward event in the life of the Duke of Bridgewater, while it withdrew him from the gaieties of fashionable life, led him to the quiet and useful occupation of improving his extensive but encumbered estates. Possessing coal-mines of great

value and extent, he conceived the idea of sending their produce to Manchester by means of a canal ; and with the assistance of James Brindley, a millwright, and John Gilbert, a land agent, he succeeded in accomplishing this noble enterprise, and adding to his name the higher than ducal title of *The Father of British Inland Navigation*.

James Brindley, the engineer employed by the Duke, was born in 1716, at Thorsett, near Chapel-le-Frith, in Derbyshire. He had been an agricultural labourer till his 17th year, when he was apprenticed to a millwright, who soon perceived and encouraged his inventive powers. At the termination of his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account, constructing machinery for draining coal-pits, erecting steam engines, improving the silk machinery and the methods of grinding flints for the potteries, and devoting himself to civil engineering as a profession. His education had been as much neglected as that of the Duke of Bridgewater. He could with difficulty sign his name ; but his powers of memory and abstraction were so great, that he frequently executed his plans without committing them to paper ; and whenever he was occupied with any intricate and perplexing undertaking, he retired to bed, and remained in it two or three days, till he had thoroughly mastered its difficulties. His mind, indeed, was so singularly constituted, that a night at the theatre, which he occasionally allowed himself in London, disturbed to such a degree his mental equilibrium, that he could not, for a considerable time, resume his professional pursuits. This nervous susceptibility was strikingly shown on the occasion of opening the Barton aqueduct, which he had erected, as we shall see, over the Irwell. When the moment arrived for admitting the water, and thus testing the soundness of his design, " his nerve was so unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself at Stratford," leaving his friend Gilbert to superintend the operation.

The merits of John Gilbert, as a coadjutor of the Duke, are not less conspicuous than those of his engineer. Having been engaged in mining speculations, he became acquainted with Brindley, and recommended him to the Duke ; and while his Grace furnished the funds, and Brindley the science which was required for their great undertaking, Gilbert had duties to perform which were not anticipated at its commencement. The resolution to complete the canal without locks occasioned great additional expenditure on earthworks and masonry, and rendered it necessary to erect the costly aqueduct over the Irwell at Barton. Embarrassed with pecuniary difficulties, the Duke was obliged to reduce his establishment at Worsley to a groom and two horses, and to limit his personal expenses to L.400 per annum. The

wiseacres of the day not only ridiculed his enterprise, but predicted its failure. A respectable banker in Liverpool refused to discount a bill of the Duke's for L.500 ; and when he was told the size of the aqueduct for which the money was wanted, he declared, "that he had often heard of castles in the air, but till now he had never been shown where any of them were to be erected." In this emergency Gilbert's services were invaluable. He rode round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire to borrow from farmers such small sums as they could afford. "On one of these occasions," says Lord Ellesmere, "he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation, the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle-bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman, who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious."

Such were the three "hard-headed men, of simple manners and attire," who assembled "round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn," to discuss a project which in other countries had been the work of sovereigns ; and which had been pronounced a chimera by some of the most sagacious of their countrymen. Brindley's services were at first secured at the price of two and sixpence a-day, and he afterwards offered to give them exclusively to the Duke for a guinea a-week. When the designs were completed, an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1759, and the works were finished in 1761. Between 1761 and 1766, Brindley executed for the Duke an extension of his canal 29 miles in length, branching in one direction to Runcorn and in another to Leigh, and terminating by a junction with the estuary of the Mersey ; the six miles from Worsley to Leigh having been constructed after the death of Brindley in 1772. In addition to these open canals, a series of subterranean navigable canals were constructed, for bringing out, in boats, to the open canal, the main produce of the Worsley coal-pits. These remarkable canals or tunnels, commenced in 1750, were gradually constructed as new coal-workings were made ; and in 1845 they extended to 42 miles in all. These

tunnelled canals are at four different levels. Their vertical distances, beginning with the main line at Worsley, are 56, 83, and 36 yards. "The collective science of England," says Lord Ellesmere, "was shut up in this nether world for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843." Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels; among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia, and the Duke of Bordeaux."

Between 1796 and 1799 the Duke tried to drag his coal-boats by means of a steam-tug before Bell or Fulton had applied steam to navigation; but the use of it was discontinued in consequence of the injury which it inflicted upon the bottom and banks of the canal.

Such is a brief history of the first British canal, and of the distinguished individuals by whom it was executed. Though at first nearly ruined by the expenses which he incurred, the Duke of Bridgewater lived to enjoy the pecuniary advantages of his adventure; and he who could not get his L.500 bill discounted at Liverpool, was afterwards able to subscribe L.100,000 to the Loyalty Loan, to give in his income at L.110,000 a-year, and to leave L.10,000 for the composition of a work "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation."

Encouraged by the Duke's success, other capitalists and engineers entered the field; and in less than a century the country has been covered with a network of upwards of 110 lines of canal, amounting to above 2500 miles, and joining Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with the metropolis.

The Duke of Bridgewater seems to have entertained serious apprehensions that his own canals might, at some distant day, be rivalled, if not ruined, by the locomotive and the railway. The success even of a tram-road so disturbed his peace, that when Lord Kenyon was congratulating him on the success of his perseverance and sacrifices, he replied, "that he would do well enough if he could keep clear of these accursed tram-roads." The tram-road, however, thus distinctly foreseen, had occupied a different place in the imagination of others; and Lord Ellesmere informs us, "that one effect of the Duke's peculiar disposition of his canal property after his death, was to accelerate the introduction of those very tram-roads, in which his sagacity taught him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway." In 1801, two years before the Duke's death, an Act of Parliament was obtained for the first public railway in England; and in 1824 the royal assent was given to the *Grand British Experimental Railway*, as it has been called, between Liverpool and Man-

chester,—“the first-born of the great family of railways,” as Mr Scrivener calls it,—“the pilot, the pioneer, the model after which all others were to shape their course, and fashion their appearance.” How this large family increased, how they were educated, and how its various members succeeded or failed in their after life, we have already fully described in our article on the Railway System.¹

Contemporary with Brindley, and eight years younger, was John Smeaton, the first person who took the title of “civil engineer.” He was born in 1724, and at the age of eighteen he went to London, where he seems to have been for some years an attorney’s clerk. In 1750 he was a philosophical instrument maker in Holborn; and in a few years after this, in 1752–3, we find him engaged in experiments “concerning the natural powers of water and wind to turn mills and other machines depending on circular motion.” The essay in which these experiments were published, was honoured in 1759 with the Copley Medal, the only prize which the Royal Society had it in their power to bestow. In the same year he completed the Eddystone Lighthouse, a work of peculiar difficulty, which we have already had occasion to describe.² Between 1765 and 1771 he executed the fine bridge at Perth over the Tay, with nine circular arches of 75 feet span; and also the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream, of five circular arches, and 61 feet span. He was the first to study the laws which relate to the formation and maintenance of harbours, which is so difficult on an alluvial coast under the influence of tides and currents; and he applied them in the improvement of many harbours in the United Kingdom, particularly to that of Ramsgate, where he founded the outer and inner walls of the outer piers by the aid of caissons or wooden boxes, and employed the diving-bell in carrying on the operations. Having visited Holland in 1754, his attention was directed to the important subject of drainage; and he made great improvements in the draining of marsh lands at Holderness, the North Level, and other places. He also rendered the River Calder navigable, and was the engineer on the Great Forth and Clyde Canal.

While Smeaton was thus laying the foundation of civil engineering as an experimental and practical science, other eminent individuals were labouring in the same cause. Smeaton had greatly improved the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, but it was James Watt’s destiny to bring the steam engine to perfection. Its history and his have been amply detailed in this Journal; and we shall now only state the wonderful fact, as estimated by Mr Fairbairn, that the steam power now at work in England,

¹ Volume xi., p. 569.

² See this Journal, vol. xxxii., p. 516.

and in our royal and commercial navy, is equal to *eleven million of horses working ten hours a-day*. In the mechanical department of the profession, Hargreaves, and Arkwright, and Crompton were adding by their inventions to the wealth of their country. By the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, invented in 1767; the spinning machinery of Arkwright, patented in 1769; and Crompton's mule, introduced in 1780, and combining the properties of Hargreave's and Arkwright's frame,—the cotton trade of England rose from *two millions* of money in value when carried on by the hand, to *sixty millions*, which it has now reached.

But though the railway has now to a great extent supplanted the canal, there are still localities where its value is recognised, and where it even competes successfully with its rival. The Birmingham Canal Company possess 157 miles of canal, the ramifications of which extend to every colliery and iron-work in the district; and though these canals are surrounded with railways, the traffic upon them has been gradually increasing. In 1832, 1,492,000 tons of coal were conveyed along the canal, while in 1854 they amounted to 3,100,000. Owing to this increase of traffic, the Dudley Tunnel, which was the only communication between the Birmingham and Dudley Canal, became insufficient for the traffic. Being only 8 feet wide and 6 feet high, it had no towing paths, and the boats were propelled through it by the process called *legging*, in which men, lying on their backs, pushed with their feet against the sides and roof of the tunnel. The time thus occupied was usually three hours and a half; and the delay in pushing through it so many as 39,000 boats annually became so great, that a new canal and tunnel, 2½ miles long, became necessary. The execution of this work was entrusted to our distinguished countryman Mr. James Walker, whom we shall presently find engaged in still more important undertakings. This interesting work, begun in 1855, was finished in 1858 at an expense of L.200,000,—the tunnel alone costing about L.40 per lineal yard.

The great success of canal navigation, for the conveyance of merchandise and mineral produce, led to the construction of works of more general utility, and of a more gigantic character. To cut through isthmuses, and unite distant oceans by means of canals wide enough to admit sea-going vessels, had in all ages been a favourite scheme of sovereigns and of governments. To join the Mediterranean with the Bay of Biscay—the Red Sea with the Mediterranean—the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific—the Baltic with the German Ocean—and the German Ocean with the Atlantic in our own country, by means of canals, were long objects of national and even European interest. The first and

last of these objects have been already attained. The second is the subject of a grave controversy; and had the Isthmus of Panama mingled the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific Ocean, we might now have been receiving our Chinese dispatches by a quicker and a shorter route.

The Caledonian Canal, by which the German Ocean communicates with the Atlantic, has been *justly* characterized by Lord Ellesmere "as the most splendid of our undertakings in conception and execution," but *unjustly* when he pronounces it to be a failure, in which "neither the sea-risk of the shipowner nor the toil of the mariner has been materially diminished." This great work was first surveyed by James Watt in 1773, and afterwards by Messrs Telford and Jessop in 1801. The object of it was to connect the German Ocean with the Atlantic by a water communication between the Moray Firth and Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea on the west coast of Scotland. The valley which connects these inlets of the sea, called *The Great Glen of Scotland*, contains three fresh-water lakes,—Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lochy,—which are connected with each other by a series of navigable cuts, and with the upper termination of the Moray Firth and Loch Linnhe. The canal thus formed is $60\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, passing through $38\frac{1}{2}$ miles of lakes, and 22 of canal cuttings. The summit level is in Loch Oich, 100 feet above the high-water mark at Inverness; and the descent to the sea is made by 28 locks, 170 feet long and 40 broad, with an average rise or lift of 8 feet. The canal is crossed by 8 swing bridges of cast-iron, and from Loch Lochy to Bannavie by several mountain streams, some of which are conducted under it by large tunnels, while others empty themselves into the canal.

After many formidable difficulties had been surmounted, the canal gradually advanced towards completion; but owing to the increased price of materials and of labour, the expense greatly exceeded the original estimate. The public loudly expressed their dissatisfaction with the promoters of the canal, as well as with the engineer. The annual grants, opposed in Parliament, or reluctantly granted, were at length discontinued. The utility, and even the practicability of the undertaking, were called in question; and in order to quiet the public mind, the canal was opened in October 1822, before the works were properly completed, and with a limited depth of water, obtained by a few temporary and doubtful expedients. By means of steamboats, a regular communication was established between Inverness, Glasgow, and the west coast; but as only an inferior class of vessels could be admitted, and as the revenue was inadequate to defray the ordinary expenses of its maintenance, the

unfinished works were allowed to fall into decay,—dangerous casualties occurred not only to the canal itself, but to the adjoining districts, and it became a public and anxious question whether the works should be wholly abandoned, or a vigorous effort made by the Government to complete them as originally proposed.

Under these circumstances, Mr James Walker, then at the head of his profession, was employed by Government to make a careful examination of the state of the works, and to report his views respecting the present condition and future prospects of the canal. Thus instructed, Mr Walker surveyed the whole line in 1838. He found that the breaking-up of the canal would be as expensive as its complete repair; and he reported that a sum of L.143,837 would be sufficient for completing the work, and fitting it for the reception of vessels of 38 feet beam, and 17 feet draught of water. A committee of the House of Commons approved of this Report, and printed it in July 1838. So great, however, were the financial embarrassments of the day, that the Government declined to make so large a grant till it was ascertained that the shipowners and merchants in the ports of Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, Newcastle, and Hull would make use of the canal when the works were completed. Sir Edward Parry, having been appointed to make the necessary inquiries, came to the conclusion, that if the canal were made efficient, it would be used by almost all the coasting vessels trading by a northern route between the eastern and western coasts of the island,—by nearly all the British and foreign vessels coming from the Baltic, and the western coast or the Irish ports,—not unfrequently by vessels trading between our north-eastern ports and North America or the West Indies; and that it would almost wholly supersede the dangerous navigation by the Pentland Firth.

The hesitation of the Government, and the opposition of the public, having been thus removed or diminished, Mr Walker, with the aid of his partners, Mr Burgess and Mr Cowper, and the resident engineer, Mr George May, prepared the necessary plans, specifications, and estimates. A contract was entered into in 1843, and the canal was opened in 1847. The expense attending these repairs, together with the price of the necessary steam-tug vessels, amounted to L.228,000; and the gross disbursement for the canal, from October 20th, 1822, to May 1st, 1848, amounted to the enormous sum of L.1,306,032, 3s. 5d. Since 1847 the traffic on the canal has been gradually increasing. Ships of 500 and 600 tons, to the amount of 100,000 tons annually, pass through it; and we have no doubt, as Mr May has stated, “that as its facilities and advantages become more fully known and

appreciated, they will yet exercise an important influence on the maritime interests of the northern part of the kingdom."

When Lord Ellesmere, in 1845, pronounced this great undertaking to be a failure, the works were in an unfinished state, and he might not have anticipated their successful completion; but with his knowledge of the rapid extension of the railway system, we think he might have associated that extension with the completion of the canal, and taken the same views of its merits as the writer of this article had done six years before, namely, in 1839, when its navigation was almost in abeyance, and its unfinished works threatened with destruction.

"Another object of the Caledonian Canal," we said, "not less important, *though perhaps more remote in its accomplishment*, is the union of the great lines of railway communication which are rapidly extending themselves to Edinburgh on the east, and to Glasgow on the west coast of Scotland. Glasgow will, no doubt, be the terminus of the great western line; but there is every reason to believe that the eastern line will extend itself to a much higher latitude. When low-water piers at Newhaven and Burntisland shall be erected, a railway through Fife will be the next step in the progress of improvement; and in the county of Forfar nearly 60 miles of railway are actually completed—one of the lines stretching along the coast from Dundee to Arbroath. That these works will speedily reach Montrose, will scarcely be doubted; and though the eastern coast to the north of this port presents some embarrassing acclivities, yet we scruple not to predict that a *quarter of a century* will scarcely elapse before the great eastern line shall reach Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. When this grand object is gained, the value of the Caledonian Canal will be recognised by the blindest and dullest of its detractors. It will stand forth the connecting link between the great lines of traffic which embroider the skirts of our otherwise deserted shores—the grand aortal trunk into which the arteries of the South will pour their exuberant wealth. The remotest Highlands will then become a suburb of the imperial metropolis. The fruits of the South will be gathered in climates where they could not grow; and while the luxuries of the East are sweetening the coarse fare of the mountaineers, the more intellectual imports of civilisation and knowledge will gradually dispel the ignorance and feudal barbarism which still linger among their fastnesses."¹

Even in 1850, when portions of these lines were completed, Mr May, the accomplished resident engineer on the canal, in quoting the above passage, could not "venture to indulge such sanguine speculations;" and yet before the *quarter of a century* has run,

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1839, vol. lxx., p. 23.

the western railway of Scotland has extended beyond Glasgow to Greenock on one side of the Clyde, and Helensburgh on the other, while the eastern line has reached Inverness, and is now extending itself to the north. With such advantages, the wealth of England has been investing itself in Highland property. Travellers and sportsmen, transported in a day from the southern metropolis, repair in crowds to the glens and mountains of the north, while churches and schools, in noble rivalry, are inviting into the Christian fold their uneducated and neglected population.

But so rapid is the progress of improvement, that we anticipate still greater benefits from the Caledonian Canal. The railroad forming through the eastern part of Ross-shire will doubtless be extended, by Bonar Bridge, Lairg, and Tongue, to Thurso, where the mail crosses to Orkney,—an event which will be expedited when the North Atlantic Telegraph is carried into effect. The short line from Dunkeld to Inverness will form an essential part of this great plan; and a line from Kingussie, by Loch Laggan to Fortwilliam, will connect with the south the most central portion of the Highlands. But even these lines will not satisfy the wants of the Highlands. A line is contemplated from Dingwall along the track of the present road to Lochcarron, which is the chief line of mail communication to the Hebrides; and we have no doubt that Mr Matheson of Ardross, who has done so much for Highland railways, will exert himself in promoting so important a work. A large portion of the traffic of the Hebrides would radiate to this terminus, while the proposed line of railway from Oban would take up the traffic of the more western portion of the Hebrides and adjoining districts of the mainland, which finds its most adjacent direction to the great mart of Glasgow. As a line of railway from Inverness to Fortwilliam is impracticable on account of its expense, and a line from Oban to Fortwilliam equally so from the intervention of several ferries, the Caledonian Canal will thus become a necessary portion of the great network of Highland railways.

Thomas Telford, the engineer who planned and superintended the execution of this great work till it was opened in 1822, was born in Eskdale, a district in the county of Dumfries, in the year 1757. His father was a shepherd, and he himself was a shepherd boy till he was old enough to become a mason's apprentice. From Edinburgh, which he visited in 1780, he went to London, where he followed the profession of an architect till 1787, when he was invited into Shropshire, where he executed, as an engineer, some large works, to which we shall have occasion more particularly to refer. The stone bridge over the Severn at Mountford, near Shrewsbury, the iron bridge over the Severn at Buildwas, the Pontcysylte and the Chirk Aque-

ducts, were the most important of these, and added greatly to his reputation. Previous to the commencement of these works, Mr Telford had devoted his leisure hours to the functions of a poet ; but he was now obliged to give up his dalliance with the Muses, to explore other fountains than those of Helicon, and mount steeper ascents than those of Parnassus. Amid the green pastures and picturesque scenery of Eskdale he had been inspired with that love of song, which in our border counties is native in the shepherd's breast. The thrill of Armstrong's harp had scarcely ceased in the vale of the Liddel, and the echo of Meikle's sweeter strains was dying away among the rocks and woodlands of the Esk, when the inspiration was caught by our young enthusiast, who had just exchanged the crook for the plumb-line. Nor was it merely to chide the dull hours of winter, or propitiate his mistress, that our shepherd-minstrel strung his rustic harp. He was a regular contributor to *Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine*, under the signature of *Eskdale Tam*, and contributed a descriptive poem, entitled "Eskdale," which he afterwards republished at Shrewsbury.

While the Caledonian Canal was advancing to completion, Mr Telford was employed by the King of Sweden to survey the great line of canal for uniting the Baltic with the German Ocean, extending from Soderkoping to Gottenburg, and consisting of 55 miles of canal, joining with the sea the two freshwater lakes of Wener and Wetter, 133 miles long. This remarkable work was opened in 1822, the same year as the Caledonian Canal.

Mr Telford executed many other important works both for the Government and public companies—canals, bridges, harbours, and drainage operations. The more remarkable of these are—the Pontcysylte Aqueduct, which crosses the Ellesmere Canal over the Dee at the height of 127 feet above its channel, and consisting of twenty stone piers carrying a cast-iron trough, supported by cast-iron arches ;¹ the Chirk Aqueduct, composed of ten equal arches seventy feet above the bed of the river ; the Bridge of Cartland Crag, near Lanark, rising 122 feet above the Mouse ; the bridges of Tewkesbury and Gloucester ; the magnificent suspension bridge over the Menai ; the harbours of Aberdeen and Dundee ; the St Katherine Docks in London ; and the operations for draining the great Fen District, in which he was associated with the late Mr Rennie, and his son, the present Sir John Rennie. Mr Telford died in London on the 2d September 1835, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

¹ A description of this fine structure will be found in this Journal, vol. xi., p. 604.

As the engineer who completed the Caledonian Canal, and made it a work really useful to the nation, Mr James Walker, whom we have already introduced to our readers as the engineer of the Great Netherton Canal Tunnel, is entitled to the gratitude of the public. Mr Walker was born at Falkirk, and, after being educated at the parish school, studied for five sessions in the University of Glasgow, where he gained, by the votes of the students, the four first general prizes, and afterwards was honoured with the degree of LL.D.¹ In 1800 he came to London, and assisted in the construction of the West India Docks, under Mr Jessop as consulting, and his uncle, Mr Ralph Walker, as resident engineer. In 1803, after the opening of the West India Import Dock, he went with his uncle to the formation of the East India Docks, where he remained till their completion.

The first work of his own was the Commercial Arcade from London to the West and East India Docks; and for more than half a century he has been engaged in numerous public works of the highest importance. The chief of these are—the Harbour of Refuge at Dover; the harbours of Belfast, Cardiff, Harwich, Alderney, and Jersey; the Commercial Dock in London; the Hull Junction Dock; the bridges at Vauxhall and Bow; Granton Pier; the sewers and embankments of the Thames; and the river foundation-walls of the new Houses of Parliament.

In the drainage of the middle level of the Bedford Level, Mr Walker has been singularly successful. This level contains 140,000 acres, lying below the level of high water in the River Ouse. The floods of 1841 had occasioned a loss of L.100,000. Mr Walker was consulted in that year; and by the novel plan of a broad level drain, thirty miles long, fifty feet wide at its lower and ten at its upper end, he accomplished the difficult task at an expense of L.400,000. This drain passes under existing rivers and navigable drains by means of aqueducts, so as to separate entirely navigation from drainage.

As the engineer to the Trinity House, Mr Walker has constructed, or repaired, all the lighthouses of England and Wales during the last thirty-five years.² One of the finest of these is the Bishop Rock Lighthouse, built upon the Bishop Rock, one of a cluster to the west of the Scilly Isles. It is 119 feet high, and of Cornish granite, with a lantern of gun-metal, and a catadioptric light of the first order. It was begun in 1852, and finished in 1857, at the cost of L.45,000. Mr Walker is now occupied with another lighthouse, which the Trinity Board and

¹ Mr Walker has founded two prizes in the University of Glasgow, to be competed for by the students of civil engineering and mechanics.

² On the subject of Lighthouses, the reader is referred to our articles in this Journal, Nov. 1859, and May 1860.

the Board of Trade have resolved to erect upon the Wolf Rock, near the Land's End. In these and other works, Mr Walker has been assisted by his able partners, Mr Burgess and Mr Cowper.

On the death of Mr Telford, Mr Walker succeeded him as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, an office which he filled for ten years. He was elected also for the eleventh time; but having resigned, the office has since that time been held only for two years, and has been filled by the most eminent members of the profession. Mr Walker is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Member of the Senate of the University of London.

The most distinguished of Mr Telford's contemporaries was doubtless Mr John Rennie, whose various works exhibit a soundness of judgment, and a knowledge of practical science possessed by no other engineer of his day. He was born at Phantassie, in East Lothian, on the 7th June 1761, and received an excellent mathematical education under Mr Gibson, schoolmaster at Dunbar; where his acquirements both in mathematics and natural philosophy were so remarkable as to excite the admiration of his examiners.¹ After working for some time under Andrew Meikle, a celebrated millwright at Linton, and erecting a mill on his own account at Dunbar, he went to Edinburgh, and attended the lectures of Professor Robison and Dr Black on mechanical philosophy and chemistry. In 1781 he repaired to London to follow the profession of a civil engineer; and, with a letter of introduction from Professor Robison, he visited James Watt at Soho, where he spent several months acquiring that knowledge of the steam engine of which he afterwards made so important an application. In 1784, when he was established in London, he constructed the Albion Mills, near Blackfriars Bridge—the first that were driven by a steam engine; and afterwards the flour mills at Wandsworth, and the rolling and triturating mills at the Mint. His mills, and particularly his water-wheels, were regarded as models of perfection; and in all hydraulic works he was the worthy successor of Smeaton. Iron was employed in every part of the machinery of the Albion Mills, except for the teeth of some of the wheels, which were

¹ "On his examination," says Mr Loch, "he discovered such amazing powers of genius, that one would have imagined him a second Newton; no problem being too hard for him to demonstrate. With a clear head, a decent address, and a distinct delivery, his master could not propose a question either in natural or experimental philosophy, to which he gave not a clear and ready solution, and also the reasons of the connection between causes and effects, the power of gravitation, etc., in a masterly and convincing manner, so that every person present admired such an uncommon stock of knowledge amassed at his time of life. If this young man is spared, and continues to prosecute his studies, he will do great honour to his country."—Loch's *Essays on the Trade and Commerce, Manufactures and Fisheries of Scotland*. 1779, 3 vols.

made of hardwood, for working into the iron teeth of other wheels. Among the numerous works of Mr Rennie, his bridges of stone and iron occupy an important place. The noblest of these structures is the Waterloo Bridge over the Thames, which was begun in 1809, and finished in 1817. It is built of Aberdeen granite, and consists of *nine* equal semi-elliptical arches, 120 feet span, with a level roadway which adds greatly to its beauty. The new London Bridge which he designed, but did not live to execute, was finished by his sons, Sir John and Mr George Rennie. It is built of the finest blue and white granite from Scotland and Devonshire, and consists of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 130, two of 140, and the centre one of 152½ feet span, perhaps the largest elliptical arch ever attempted. The beautiful stone bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, and those at Musselburgh and New Galloway, were also designed by Mr Rennie. The iron bridges which he executed are, the one at Boston over the Witham, with a span of 100 feet; and the noble bridge at Southwark over the Thames, begun in 1813, and opened in 1819. It consists of three circular arches of equal curvature, the centre one having a span of 240, and the other two of 210 feet.

The improvement of harbours and the construction of docks occupied much of Mr Rennie's attention, and in these operations his diving-bell apparatus was of peculiar value. It was first employed in 1813 in building the East Pierhead at Ramsgate, which was founded 17 feet below low water at spring tides. It was afterwards used in founding the pierheads and outer walls of the harbours at Holyhead, Howth, and Sheerness, and other works under his direction. Among the numerous wet docks, introduced at Liverpool in 1716, and since constructed at almost all the principal seaports in the kingdom, Mr Rennie executed the London Docks, and those at Leith and Dublin, and also the East and West India Docks along with Jessop and Ralph Walker. Among the artificial harbours, the largest attempted in this country, that at Kingston, was constructed by Rennie. Its depth was 26 feet at the low water of spring tides, and an enclosed area of 250 acres at low water. The breakwater at Plymouth for protecting the Sound from the swell of the sea, was also designed by him and Whitby, and was the first and largest example of a detached breakwater in this country. One of the most useful works executed by Mr Rennie was the drainage of the great Fen District, comprehending the low lands on each side of the Wash, and extending 60 miles in length by 25 in breadth. This great work, by which many hundreds of square miles were rendered productive, and the salubrity of the district improved, was executed by the joint labours of Mr Rennie, Mr

Telford, and Sir John Rennie. Several magnificent works of great public utility were proposed by Mr Rennie; but owing either to the parsimony of the Government, or the illiberality of individuals, they have never been executed. The most remarkable of these is his design for a great Naval Arsenal on the Thames at Northfleet, intended as a substitute for the imperfect naval establishments on the river. It was to consist of six capacious basins, with an area of 600 acres within the walls, and to comprehend machinery for every operation connected with the naval service. Though this noble plan might have cost £11,000,000, it would have been a measure of economy when compared with the vast sums which have since been expended on the old establishments upon the Thames and the Medway. Until a few years of his death Mr Rennie enjoyed even robust health; but he was cut off in 1821, in the 61st year of his age, leaving the execution of several important works¹ to his two accomplished sons, Mr George and Sir John Rennie. His remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of St Paul's.

The Messrs Rennie surveyed and laid down several of the existing lines of railway. They gave the plan of the Manchester and Liverpool line for which the Act of Parliament was obtained, though they were not employed to execute it. Along with Messrs Watt and Bolton they made the coining machinery for the Mints of Calcutta, Bombay, Lisbon, Mexico, and Peru; the great Armoury at Constantinople; the biscuit, chocolate, and great flour mills at Deptford, Gosport, and Plymouth, each with 20 pair of millstones; the ten pair of great dock-gates at Sebastopol; the steam factories at Cronstadt and Astracan; the dredging machinery for Odessa and other ports; the second cast-iron shield of the Thames Tunnel, executed by the first planing machine ever made; beside various other works on the Continent and in our Colonies,—such as locomotive and marine engines, iron caissons for floating ships of war and large vessels, both of wood and iron. In 1845, when Sir John retired from the firm, Mr George Rennie carried on the business alone, and was subsequently joined by his two sons. Between 1846 and 1849 Mr George Rennie constructed the Namur and Liege, and the Mons and Manage railways, and executed on the first of these lines the beautiful bridge at Val St Lambert over the Meuse. This eminent engineer has distinguished himself by many valuable experimental researches on the strength of materials,—the friction of solids and fluids,—the resistance opposed by water to screws at different depths,—the heat given out by cold water when

¹ These works were docks, harbours, and canals in various parts of the kingdom, the Plymouth Breakwater, and several bridges to be afterwards described.

agitated, and on the employment of rubble, béton, or concrete in works of engineering and architecture, an account of which will be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in the Reports of the British Association, and in the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Mr George Rennie, Mr Rennie's eldest son, was born in Surrey on the 3d January 1791. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and had the privilege of being boarded with Professor Playfair. While he was assisting his father in the great works in which he was then engaged, he was appointed Clerk of the Irons, or Keeper of the Money Dies, and Superintendent of Machinery in the Royal Mint, an office which he filled for several years, and which he resigned when he joined his brother Sir John as a civil engineer and manufacturer of machinery.

Sir John Rennie was knighted on the occasion of the opening of London Bridge, and since the dissolution of his partnership with his brother, in 1846, has been engaged on many important works. His great scheme for uniting the whole of the mouths or outfalls of the Rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, has been completed in the Ouse, where an additional fall of 7 feet has been gained, so as to improve the port of Lyme, and permit 4 or 500,000 acres of fen land to be completely drained. An Act, it is expected, will be obtained this year to complete in a similar manner the outfalls of the other rivers, one effect of which will be to rescue 150,000 acres from the sea, a space nearly double the size of the county of Rutland, and capable of supporting a million of inhabitants. About three years ago Sir John completed, at Cardiff, a series of new docks for the Marquis of Bute, consisting of an entrance lock 55 feet wide and 220 feet long, connected with two basins, one 380 feet by 240, another 1000 feet by 300. He is now engaged in the curious operation, which we believe to be a new one, of underpinning the inner walls of Ramsgate Harbour. The work extends nearly 4 feet below the bottom of the caissons employed by Smeaton in founding the walls. Nearly 1000 lineal feet have been already underpinned with solid masonry, so as to allow the harbour to be deepened 2 or 3 feet. Sir John is at present occupied in converting Dagenham Lake, where the famous breach took place in the Thames last century, into spacious wet docks; and in embanking 30,000 acres of marsh land from the sea on the coast of Essex, in a similar manner to that proposed on the coast of the Great Wash. In foreign countries he is carrying on very important works. In Sweden he is laying down a line of railway from Stockholm to Gottenburg, about 50 miles of which have been completed between Lake Malareu and Orebro. In Portugal he has been engaged in laying down 400 or 500 miles of railway; and the portion between Lisbon, Coimbro, and Oporto

is now being carried into effect. He has also given designs for a great harbour of refuge at Oporto, and for improving the entrance to the rivers Douro, Vianna, Aveiro, Figuera, and St Ubes.

Among the works of the engineer, bridges, as a class, occupy a high place, whether we view them in their relation to our social wants, or to the genius required in their construction. The architect of such works must be a man of taste as well as of science; and with these qualifications he must combine that practical knowledge which can be derived only from experience and tradition. Since the introduction of canals and railways, bridges of great beauty and grandeur have been constructed, and a variety of new and remarkable forms have thus become necessary.

The following is a list of the most important :—

1. Bridges of stone or brick, with circular or elliptical arches.
2. Bridges of timber.
3. Bridges with cast-iron arched ribs.
4. Tubular girder bridges.
5. Hollow girder bridges.
6. Bowstring girder bridges.
7. Suspension bridges.

1. The stone bridge has been long known, and among the finest examples of it in Britain, are the Waterloo Bridge, and the London Bridge, by Rennie, which we have already referred to. Another noble specimen is the bridge over the Dee at Chester, consisting of a single circular arch, 200 feet span, which is said to be the largest stone arch upon record. This fine work is due to the combined labours of Mr Harrison, Mr George Rennie, who equilibrated the arch, designed the centre, and gave the dimensions of the various abutments, and Messrs Hartley and Trubshaw, who worked out the details and executed the work. The finest bridge of bricks is the one constructed over the Thames at Maidenhead, by the younger Brunel, consisting of two semi-elliptical arches, each 130 feet span, with a rise of 24 feet. Bricks had been previously used by Rennie for canal draw-bridges, and for railway bridges by various engineers.

2. To the common wooden bridges formed of rows of piles, and connected by straight girders forming the roadway, succeeded the straight-trussed frame of girders, so much used in America, and employed by Rennie as service-bridges during the erection of his bridges over the Thames. A bridge of this description is said to have been built over the large river Terrebonne, near Montreal, with a span of 600 feet; but it was unfortunately carried away by the floods when in the act of being repaired. The trussed system has been successfully applied in several bridges across

the Tyne for the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The system of Wiebiking, who combined small curved pieces of timber into the form of an arch, was first introduced in 1826 on the Ancholme, in Lincolnshire, where a bridge 100 feet span was successfully erected. It has been adopted also for viaducts on the Newcastle and North Shields Railway.

3. The finest example of bridges with cast-iron arched ribs is to be found in Mr Rennie's Southwark Bridge, already described.

4. The tubular girder bridge is entirely a modern invention, and many examples are to be found in Britain. The most remarkable of these is the great Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits, the history and construction of which we have given at great length in a former article.¹ The late Mr R. Stephenson proposed to cross the Menai and the Conway with bridges consisting of circular or elliptical tubes; and Mr William Fairbairn was appointed (by the Directors of the Holyhead Railway) "to superintend the construction and erection of these bridges, in conjunction with Mr Stephenson." He accordingly made experiments upon tubes of all forms. He found that circular and elliptical tubes would not answer the purpose; but that rectangular tubes, with a cellular structure on their upper and under sides—the one to oppose compression, and the other expansion—would resist the heavy transverse strains to which they would be exposed. The bridge was accordingly constructed upon Mr Fairbairn's principles, and has been regarded throughout the New as well as the Old World as one of the grandest specimens of civil engineering. It was begun in 1846, and completed in 1850, at the expense of L.600,000. As there was a double line of rails, four long tubes, each 472 feet in length, were required to span the distance from shore to shore, leaving six feet for resting upon the piers, so that the real span of each of the tubes is 460 feet between the two piers. Other four tubes, 230 feet clear in the span, were required to join the piers to the abutments.

Although this bridge was nominally the joint production of Mr Stephenson and Mr Fairbairn, yet it was, in reality, the work of Mr Fairbairn alone. Notwithstanding this, Mr Stephenson would not permit Mr Fairbairn's name to appear along with his as the first engineer of the bridge; and this proceeding was defeated, on the ground that Mr Stephenson was the sole engineer on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, of which the bridge formed a part, and that his name alone should be inscribed on the bridge.

Having been the sole inventor of the tubular girders, Mr Fairbairn secured his right by patent; and he has constructed no fewer than 130 of these bridges, some with cells, and others

¹ Vol. xiii. p. 394.

without them, according to the extent of the span. The largest work of this kind which he has executed was sent to Australia. It is an open bridge of 250 feet span, with tubes on each side forming the balustrade, and supporting the roadway upon cross beams of iron. The next in size is the railway bridge over the Spey, of 230 feet span, and 70 feet above the river. Upon the same principle, Mr Fairbairn has executed three viaducts: one in 1858 over the Findhorn, 150 feet span, and 25 high; other two in 1860, one with three spans of 165, 235, and 135 feet, and 130 feet above the bottom of the ravine Etherow at Mottrum; and another with five spans of 125 feet, and 130 feet high, across the Dinting Valley. In the two last of these, the road rests upon the top of the tubes, which stretch across from pier to pier.

The principle of the tubular girder has been applied with singular success in the Great Victoria Bridge recently erected over the St Lawrence. This magnificent work is a part of the Grand Trunk Railway which connects the different dependencies of Great Britain in North America, and passes through the richest parts of Upper and Lower Canada for a distance of 1200 miles. In the year 1844 there were only 16 miles of railway in Canada, but at present there are 1750 miles in complete operation. Of these the main line is the Grand Trunk Railway, by which the trade of the great lakes of Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, are brought from Detroit, on Lake Erie, to the Atlantic at Portland, and to the ocean navigation of the St Lawrence at Montreal, Quebec, and Riviere-du-Loup. This gigantic scheme, which was commenced in 1852, is, with some trifling exceptions, completed, and so substantially as regards way and works, as to have no parallel in the history of transatlantic railways. The total expense of the line has been nearly *thirteen and a-half millions sterling*; but as the Government of Canada assumed the payment of interest on L.3,111,500 of bonds lent to the company till the dividend was 6 per cent., the actual cost to the company may be assumed at L.11,000,000, including L.1,300,000—the cost of the Victoria Bridge.¹

As this magnificent line, the longest in the world, extending along the north side of the St Lawrence, had no direct communication with the south side of the river, a bridge was necessary to place it in connection with the eastern States of Canada and the United States. But “the rapid river ran deep and wide,” and it was the opinion of many that such a structure was impracticable. Steamers and timber rafts could hardly pass beneath the roadway of a bridge, especially when the water had

¹ Mr Charles Liddell states that this bridge could have been constructed for L.337,000, by employing Warren's Equilateral Triangle Trussed Girders.—*Letter to the Shareholders.* Lond. 1856. p. xi.

risen 20 feet above its summer level. The state of the river at the breaking up of the ice was a more formidable obstacle. This event, though the harbinger of spring, is always a source of alarm in Canada. The ice, extremely thick in the middle part, melts at its edges, leaving on each side a line of blue water; and, when wrenched upwards by the flood, it is torn into fragments, which carry along everything which opposes them. The city of Montreal has suffered much from these ice-floods. It "has burst into that city, and been found sliding down its streets. It has broken into the second floor windows of dwelling-houses, after blocking up the front doors for weeks. It has forced down river terraces, and spoilt public and private gardens. Large warehouses, erected without due protection on the banks of the river, have been pushed over by the great moving sheet of river ice, as if they were mere houses of cards. At sudden bends of the river, where the ice meets with obstruction, it piles itself sometimes into huge icebergs, from *fifty to eighty* feet in height. At length, when the river rises, these icebergs get again into its current, and go rolling and sweeping down the St Lawrence, carrying danger and destruction all before them."

Notwithstanding these difficulties, various surveys and reports respecting the practicability of a bridge had been obtained from different engineers; and with the help of these, and information obtained on the spot, Mr A. M. Ross of Dornoch, "on his return to England," as Mr Hodges informs us, "designed the structure on the principle upon which it is carried out, and upon which the provisional contract was taken. As engineer in chief of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr Ross afterwards resided in Canada till the works were completed." Before proceeding, however, with the work, the Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway wished to have the opinion of Mr Robert Stephenson on the practicability of the undertaking, and on the plans of Mr Ross. These plans were accordingly submitted to him by Mr Ross; and having visited the site in 1853, he (Mr Stephenson) approved of them, and, conjointly with him, decided upon the structure as it now stands.

The Victoria Bridge was begun in 1853, and finished in 1860. It is erected at the west end of Montreal harbour, where the river is *a mile and three quarters* broad. The bridge consists of 25 rectangular tubes, each 16 feet wide, and varying in height from $18\frac{1}{2}$ to 22 feet, the height of the central one; the whole span between the two abutments is 6540 feet, and the total length of the bridge, from end to end of the approaches, is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles; the span of the central tube is 330 feet, and that of the others 242, whereas the central spans of the Britannia Bridge are 460 feet. The tubes of the Victoria Bridge have no cellular

structures for resisting compression and expansion, on the ground, we presume, of Mr Fairbairn having a patent for this beautiful arrangement. This want is supplied by a greater thickness in the plates, by a transverse framework at small intervals, and by numerous longitudinal τ irons, \perp irons, and strips.

The whole of the iron work for the tubes was prepared at the Canada Works, Birkenhead, by Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts, the contractors for the Grand Trunk Railway. A plan of each tube was made, exhibiting the very place of the 4926 pieces of which it was composed; so that when these pieces arrived in Canada, the workmen arranged them into the tubes with unerring certainty. In the Britannia and Conway bridges, the tubes, completed on the banks of the river, were floated and hoisted into their place by a Bramah's press; but in the present case, they were built plate by plate, in their final position, upon a rigid timber stage, supported upon massive pieces of wood. When the tube was completed, this mass of timber was cleared away, and the tube rested on the two stone piers, upon rollers, in order to allow it to expand and contract with changes of temperature. Each of the 242 feet tubes expands one-tenth of an inch with 8° of heat, but it is remarkable that the central tube, weighing 600 tons, is lifted up $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches by 80° Fahr. of the sun's heat.

In December 1859, the tubes were tested by Mr George Bruce and Mr Stockman, who went from England for that purpose. They found that all the works had been executed in the most admirable manner, under Mr Ross the engineer, and Mr Hodges, who acted for the contractors, and superintended the execution of the bridge. With a load of $1\frac{1}{4}$ tons per foot, the tubes of 242 feet span were deflected 1 inch; and the central tube, of 330 feet span, was deflected $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches with a load of one ton per foot.

5. The next variety of bridge is the open-braced, or lattice girder, introduced, we believe, in America. The finest example of this light, elegant, and economical structure is the Crumlin Viaduct, which carries a branch of the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Railway over the Crumlin Valley. It was designed by Messrs Liddell and Gordon, and Mr T. W. Kennard was the contractor. This valley is 1000 feet in width, and 200 below the level of the railway; and adjoining it is another valley, 500 feet wide and 100 deep, and separated from the former by a rock rising up to the railway line, and therefore forming one of the pieces of the viaduct. The double valley, which is 1500 wide, is divided into ten spans of 150 feet, with eight piers, exclusive of the rock. These piers are open, cross-braced iron pillars, and the beams or girders, for bearing the floor of the bridge, consist

of a top and bottom flange, connected by bracings or lattices, instead of a solid web.

This viaduct, which excites the wonder of the traveller, is reckoned one of the finest engineering works of the present day. Its total height above the water is 200 feet, and its length 1500 feet, only 13 feet less than that of the great tubular bridge over the Menai, and yet it contains only one-tenth of the metal, the latter having 11,366 tons in its superstructure, and the former only 1023 tons. The quantity of cast iron in it is 1388 tons, and of wrought iron 1290 tons. This bridge was begun in 1853, and opened on the 1st of June 1857. Owing to the piers as well as the girders being skeleton frames of iron, the cost of the viaduct was comparatively small, being only 3s. 6d. per cubic yard of the space covered.

6. The next species of bridge which we require to notice has been called *The Bowstring Girder*. An excellent modification of it was introduced by the younger Brunel a few years before his death, at the stupendous viaduct which carries the Cornwall Railway over the River Tamar, at Saltash, near Plymouth. The viaduct, including the land openings, is about 2200 feet long. It consists of *nineteen* spans of 455 feet each, the other *seventeen* varying from 70 to 93 feet in span. These last openings are crossed by simple wrought-iron girders; but the two principal openings, of 445 feet span, are crossed by bowstring girders, the bow being a wrought-iron elliptical tube, having its horizontal axis 16 feet 9 inches long, and its vertical axis 12 feet. It is stiffened at intervals by transverse diaphragms. The string of the bow is a chain, hanging like that of a suspension bridge; and its curvature is so adjusted, that, whether loaded or unloaded, the horizontal thrust of the bow and the horizontal tension of the string are equal to each other. Each tube, with its chains and suspended roadway, weighs about 1080 tons. The first tube was floated on the 1st of September 1857, and having been conveyed upon pontoons to its site, was placed by hydraulic presses upon the piers in about two hours. The bridge was finished in 1859. Before this bridge was opened for traffic, Colonel Yolland found that the ratio of the strength to the strain by the weight of the bridge was as 5.0 to 1, whereas in the Britannia and Conway bridges it was as 3.4 to 1 in the first, and 3.8 to 1 in the second. We consider this result as greatly superior to anything of the kind that has been attained elsewhere, and accomplished with less expenditure of money and material.

7. The last variety of bridge which we shall notice is the suspension bridge, of which that of the Menai is the finest example. Iron suspension bridges were first constructed in Scotland, by Capt. Sir Samuel Brown. His Union Bridge

across the Tweed, near Berwick, was erected in 1819, with a span of 450 feet; and he afterwards erected another at Montrose, and landing-piers at Brighton and Newhaven, upon the same principle. In these bridges the roadway is supported by chains passing over lofty stone piers, and they are firmly secured in strong masses of masonry, or in the solid rock. In the Menai Bridge, begun in 1819 and opened in 1826, the roadway is supported by 16 main chains, each 1770 feet long, and composed of 935 bars of wrought iron. The length is 580 feet, breadth 25, and height 130, and it is connected with the shore by three stone arches on one side, and four on the other, 52½ feet span. The total expense of the structure, which is 1710 feet long, was L.120,000. Similar bridges have been constructed across the Thames—one at Hammersmith, by Mr T. Clark, and another at Hungerford Market, in 1845, by Brunel. Mr T. Clark has also erected one, 700 feet span, across the Danube. It was begun in 1839, and finished in 1849, at an expense of L.622,042. The great suspension bridge at Freyberg, in Switzerland, was erected between 1831 and 1836, by M. Choley of Lyons, at an expense of only L.25,000, though its length was 905 feet, its width 28, and its height 174 feet.

These bridges, however, as originally constructed, though economical, have not resisted strong gales of wind. In 1836, a wave or undulation of the platform of the Menai Bridge was observed by the keeper; and in 1839, one still greater was the cause of much damage. These defects were corrected in the Montrose Bridge by Mr Rendel, and in the Menai by Mr Provis, by an increase in the longitudinal stiffness of the platform.

The suspension principle has been applied with great success and singular economy by Mr Roebling in 1854, in the grand suspension bridge over the Niagara, across a gorge 240 feet deep, about 1½ miles below the falls. Its span is 821 feet, exceeding by 361 feet the longest girder yet constructed; and it is the only communication for road and railway traffic between Upper Canada and the United States. It consists of four wire cables, stiffened by timber trussing, and contains between the towers, 600 tons of wood and 400 of iron; whereas in each of the two main tubes of the Britannia, only 460 feet in span, there are no less than 3000 tons of iron. Each cable contains 60·40 square inches, the two upper ones deflecting 54 feet, and the two lower ones 64 feet. The ratio of its strength to the ordinary strain, according to Mr Barlow, was 6·5 to 1, nearly double that of the Britannia; and this eminent engineer, who has examined the structure carefully, is of opinion, that though its failure has been rashly predicted, "it is the safest and most durable railway

bridge of large span which has been yet constructed ;” and that “it will last for hundreds of years,” and “as long as the masonry of which the towers are built.”

Mr Roebling has, for the first time, applied the suspension principle to an aqueduct bridge for carrying a canal over the Alleghany river at Pittsburgh. This aqueduct has *seven* spans of 160 feet each. The two suspending cables are of iron wire; and from these, by iron rods, hang timber cross beams, which support the wooden trunk that forms the water channel, 16 feet wide and 8 deep, together with the framework and planking of the towing path. The uniform distribution of the load on an aqueduct is peculiarly favourable for a suspension bridge.

The American engineer is engaged in carrying the principle still further. The suspension bridge over the Kentucky river, on the Lexington and Danville Railway, will, when completed, form a single span, 1224 feet from centre to centre of the towers, over a chasm 300 feet deep !

This new system of stiffening suspension bridges holds out a reasonable prospect of our being able to cross firths or arms of the sea far beyond the span of tubular and other bridges. Mr Barlow, who has studied the subject, has proposed to erect a suspension bridge between Liverpool and Birkenhead, with a span of 3000 feet, and towers 450 feet high, at an expense of L.1,000,000; and if this should succeed, a bridge across the Forth at Queensferry might be regarded as no idle speculation.

The problem of stiffening suspension bridges is now occupying the attention of mathematicians, who alone can solve it. Professor Rankine has endeavoured to determine the strength required in an auxiliary girder, as stiff as a tubular or a lattice one of the same span; and the most important result is, that in order to make a suspension bridge as stiff as a tubular or lattice girder, under a travelling load, it is sufficient to use an auxiliary girder having rather less than one-seventh of the strength.

Among the greatest engineers of the nineteenth century, we must rank the two Brunels, the father and the son. Sir Mark Isambard Brunel was born at Hocqueville, in Normandy, in 1769. When at school, at Rouen, he was struck with the sight of a huge cast-iron cylinder newly imported from England. He walked into it, took off his cap, and was unable to touch with it the roof of this huge casting. This produced such an impression upon his mind, that, from that moment, as he stated to the writer of this article, he resolved to visit the country that produced it. This passion for mechanics, however, was so great, and engrossed so much of his attention, that he was sent into the navy to prevent him from indulging it; but finding, on his return home in 1792, that France was not a safe residence for

royalists like himself, he went to the United States, where he practised as an engineer and architect till 1800, when he came to the land of huge cylinders, and entered upon a career honourable to himself and valuable to the country of his adoption. In 1804 he began, with the aid of Henry Maudslay, to construct the wonderful machinery which he had invented for making ship blocks, and which was completed at Portsmouth in 1806. For this labour he received L.16,000, two-thirds of the annual saving effected by his invention. Among his numerous inventions we may mention his circular saws for cutting veneers, his circular knife for cutting them without any loss of material, and his pretty little machine for winding cotton-balls. His own furniture at Putney was made with veneers cut by the circular knife; but as the veneers were rolled up and cracked throughout their substance, the cabinet-makers in London refused to use them, and he was consequently driven to the adoption of the circular saws. The knife veneers, however, were greatly superior, as he himself assured us, to those cut by the saw, because the glue got into the cracks and made the veneer one mass with the subjacent wood. The cotton-ball machine he considered such a trifle, that he gave it to a friend, who realized L.20,000 by the gift. These, and other facts in his life, he mentioned to Professor Pictet of Geneva and the writer of this article on a fine summer evening in 1818, when we were sailing down the Thames from his house at Putney to visit his tunnel. His double-acting marine steam engine, his machine for making nails and shoes, and his copying machine, were works of peculiar ingenuity. His tunnel beneath the Thames, begun in 1825 and finished in 1843, is the work by which he is best known. He told us that he took the idea from the *teredo*, which made its circular path with its teeth, and carried off the fragments through its body. The shield pushed forward by steam power, with the workmen busy in its different compartments, represented the head of the *teredo*. This grand work, in visiting which he was our cicerone, consists of two arched tunnels, 1200 feet long, 14 wide, and 16½ high, separated by a massive wall four feet thick, with 64 arched openings in it. Its entrance and exit is a perpendicular shaft, 38 feet wide and 22 high, with a circular staircase. The crown of the tunnel is 16 feet beneath the bottom of the river. The whole structure, with its surrounding walls, is built of brick. He was knighted in 1841, and died at the age of eighty in December 1849.

J. Kingdom Brunel inherited the genius of his father, and has distinguished himself by the boldness and grandeur of his works. The Great Western Railway, with its broad gauge, and its colossal constructions of every kind—the Great Western steamer—the Great Britain—the Great Eastern, six times the

bulk of any existing vessel—and his stupendous bridge over the Tamar at Saltash, already described, are all striking monuments of the boldness of his conceptions, and of his genius as an engineer. He died on the 15th September 1859, at an early age, before the Great Eastern had performed its remarkable voyage across the Atlantic.

The history of this extraordinary effort of engineering skill, and of the labours and anxieties of Mr Brunel, and of Mr Scott Russel, its builder, will yet form one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of modern enterprise. The first conception of iron ships we owe to Aaron Manby, who in 1821-22 constructed a wrought-iron boat 120 feet long and 18 feet beam, which was navigated across the Channel by Sir Charles Napier, and plied between Paris and Havre for several years. In 1830 Mr Fairbairn constructed the iron twinboat steamer Lord Dundas, 68 feet long and $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam; and in 1831 he made a voyage in her from Liverpool to Glasgow. In 1832 Maudslay and Field built four iron vessels for the East India Company, 120 feet long and 24 feet beam, for navigating the Ganges. Between 1830 and 1834 Mr Fairbairn built ten iron vessels at Manchester, some of them 150 tons, which were taken to pieces and reconstructed at the ports,—two of which packets were for the Humber, and three for the Swiss lakes. About 1832 the Messrs Laird, of Liverpool, began to build iron ships, and constructed a number of them. Between 1834 and 1848, when Mr Fairbairn left the works at Millwall to be occupied by Mr Scott Russel, he had built about an hundred vessels, including a yacht for the Emperor of Russia, and another for the King of Denmark, in all of which he introduced many improvements, the results of numerous and long-continued experiments.

The Australian Shipbuilding Company having engaged to supply the Government with steam-ships for that colony, Mr Brunel, their engineer, stated to Mr Scott Russel his conviction that a ship could be made large enough to carry, at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, her coal the whole distance of 1200 miles, and 1200 back again, without touching at any port. He computed that a ship of 24,000 tons, eight times larger than the largest existing steam-ship, would be necessary. Trusting, however, to finding in the colony a portion of the coals for the return voyage, the size of the ship was fixed at 22,500 tons; and she was to carry from 10,000 to 12,000 tons of coal, affording 220 tons a-day, steaming at the rate of 336 miles a-day, or 14 miles per hour, and reaching Australia in 60 days. In order to perform this work, it was found that, though in small ships a one horse-power would drag three tons in ten or

twelve hours, a 2400 horse-power would be required for the new ship, or one horse for nine tons of ship.

Mr Brunel resolved to divide this propelling power between the paddle-wheel and the screw, in the ratio of 1000 to 1500. The screw engines were made at Soho, and the paddle-wheel ones by Mr Scott Russel. The paddle-wheels are 60 feet in diameter, their iron shaft 6 feet in circumference, and the weight of the propelling machinery 3000 tons.

The lines, or form of this ship, which received the name of *The Great Eastern*, were in accordance with the wave principle discovered by Mr Scott Russel, in which the stern should be to the bow as 2 to 3; and consequently the stern is 220 feet, and the bow 330 feet; the parallel body, or middle portion, is 120 feet, to which, if we add the space for the screw, we obtain 680 feet for the length of the ship in the water, while on the deck she is exactly 700 feet. Her depth is 60 feet, 40 of these being above the water when she is empty, and only 28 when she is full. Her breadth is 83 feet; and her interior consists of eleven large spaces, 60 feet long, 60 high, and on the average 60 feet wide. When launched empty in 15 feet of water, she was perfectly stable; and when loaded down to 28 feet, and steaming at from 16 to 17 miles an hour, her oscillations were gentle, without any wave of resistance, exhibiting a fine example of the success of the wave principle.

In the mechanical structure of the ship there is much to admire. Mr Scott Russel's longitudinal system, in opposition to the transverse system, has been followed; that is, the iron ribs run along the ship, and not across it. A consequence of this is, that three enormous iron walls run along the whole length of the ship, dividing her into three longitudinal compartments, adding to its safety as well as to its strength. These compartments are divided into 30 or 40 separate chambers, so constructed that neither fire nor water can go from the one to the other. The ship too is constructed like the tubular bridge, having its upper deck and bottom with the cellular structures patented by Mr Fairbairn for resisting compression and expansion, and so that the ship could not break its back, or be hogged, even if poised upon a single wave.

The general economy of the *Great Eastern* is above all praise. It has a promenade of 700 feet; a saloon 60 feet long, 36 wide, and 15 high; suites of well-ventilated bed-rooms, which can be made to accommodate 2500 first-class passengers, or 10,000 troops, if used for that purpose.

The performance of the *Great Eastern* has justified neither the exaggerated anticipations of the sanguine, nor the silly alarms of the timid. She has navigated rivers and oceans, and entered the harbours of Portland, Holyhead, and New York; and she

is now lying in the magnificent harbour of Milford Haven, ready, with a few repairs now going on, to perform the great work for which she was built. She, or ships of her make and size, will reduce the voyage to Australia from its present length of 60 to 80 days, to 36 or 40. To India, and our distant colonies, she may therefore prove of inestimable value.

In associating Brunel's name with the Great Eastern, we must do justice to the great merits of its builder. The application of Mr Scott Russel's invention of the wave principle, and of his longitudinal system of construction, were necessary to the success of the grand experiment; and we must admire, what we often forget, that practical skill which embodies in stone and iron the ideas of the engineer. Mr Scott Russel is a scientific ship-builder, furnished with all the aids which theory can give to practice. He was born in the Vale of the Clyde in 1808, and graduated at Glasgow, after studying at Edinburgh and St Andrews. He taught the Natural Philosophy class in the University of Edinburgh in 1833; and after being at the head of a shipbuilding establishment at Greenock, and constructing a steam coach for common roads, which we learn has been successfully done by the Earl of Caithness, he went to London in 1844. He had previously applied his wave principle to *The Wave* in 1835, to the *Scott Russell* in 1836, and to the *Flambeau* in 1839; and he has since that time built at Millwall more than 100 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 100,000 tons.

Having spoken of Mr Fairbairn's fine invention of the cellular structure, and its application to ships, we must not overlook another valuable application of it by himself to cranes. Among a great number of these tubular cranes executed by the inventor, there are some that lift 60 tons to a height of 60 feet above the quay walls, and swing this weight round in a circle of from 100 to 120 feet. All her Majesty's dockyards have been supplied with this invaluable piece of machinery, and great numbers have been sent to Russia and other parts of the Continent. Mr William Fairbairn, to whom we owe these and many other admirable works, was born in Kelso in 1789, and was educated partly at Mullochy in Ross-shire, and partly at Galashiels in 1803. After serving as an apprentice to an engine-wright near North Shields, and working as a journeyman mechanic in various parts of the Empire, he settled at Manchester in 1817. He was among the first to construct iron ships, and his improvements upon them have contributed greatly to their strength and safety. He has distinguished himself also by numerous admirable inventions and improvements in the construction of water-wheels and other machines, which our space will not allow us to describe. In his two interesting volumes, entitled, "*Useful Information to Engi-*

neers," will be found a condensed view of the most important of them. Mr Fairbairn is a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Doctor of Laws in the University of Edinburgh, a corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France, and President Elect of the British Association, which is to meet this year at Manchester.

Sir Peter Fairbairn, whose death is just announced, was the younger brother of Mr William Fairbairn. He was born at Kelso in 1799, and distinguished himself as an engineer by valuable improvements in the machinery for preparing flax and hemp. He was extensively employed in the construction of engineering tools of all kinds, but especially machines, at Woolwich and Enfield, for the manufacture of fire-arms and other implements of war.

Among the more important works of the civil engineer, are waterworks for the supply of large and populous cities. The most interesting structures of ancient Rome were the great aqueducts in the Campagna, and the magnificent Pont de Gard for conveying water to the town of Nismes. In modern times, we may rank among the finest and most costly, the Croton aqueduct for the supply of New York, the aqueduct of the Durance for supplying Marseilles, and the aqueducts in our own country for the supply of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.

In the Croton Aqueduct, the Croton river, dammed up by a weir 38 feet high, is thrown back six miles into a reservoir of 400 acres. The contents of this reservoir, furnishing 50,000,000 gallons of water per day are carried over 40 miles, to New York, in a close channel of masonry, interrupted only by the River Haerlem, a quarter of a mile wide, and the valley of Manhattan in the island itself. The river is crossed by pipes, laid along a bridge 1377 feet long; and the valley of Manhattan is crossed in the same way. The expense of this magnificent work was L.1,875,000.

The aqueduct canal of the Durance is 51 miles long, consisting of open cutting and tunnelling through three chains of limestone mountains, and a gigantic bridge across the ravine of the River Arc near Aix, 1230 feet long, and 262 feet high. The water is brought near Marseilles at a height of 400 feet above the sea. This bridge, which, with the other works, cost L.450,000, is said to surpass the Pont de Gard both in altitude and size.

The Manchester and Glasgow Waterworks, executed by Mr Bateman, are the largest in the kingdom,—the Rivington works, for supplying Liverpool, constructed by Mr Hawksley, being the next to them in importance. The aqueduct which conveys the water to Manchester is 20 miles long, and passes through a high ridge of hills by a tunnel 3000 yards in length. The principal stone reservoirs are five in number, the three largest being one below the other, formed by embankments 80, 90, and 100 feet high,

and filling a romantic valley with an almost continuous sheet of water nearly 5 miles long. The water is collected from a drainage area of about 18,000 acres, and supplies with the purest water 500,000 persons. By a peculiar and beautiful arrangement, the pure water of each stream is separated from what is occasionally turbid—the pure being carried to Manchester, and the turbid stored for other purposes. The reservoirs contain nearly 600,000,000 cubic feet of water. Owing to the great difficulties with which Mr Bateman had to contend in the construction of these works, the total expense incurred by the company has been £1,500,000.

The Glasgow Waterworks, recently completed by the same distinguished engineer, are on a still grander scale. The scheme of bringing the water of Loch Katrine to Glasgow was broached in 1845 by Mr Laurence Hill and Professor Gordon. It was revived in 1852 by Professor Rankine and Mr John Thomson; and the Town Council submitted the various schemes to Mr Bateman, who reported in favour of the Loch Katrine plan, and was employed to carry it into effect. An Act of Parliament having been obtained in 1853, the works were begun in the following year. Loch Katrine, 9 miles long, Loch Venachar, 4 miles long, and Loch Drunkie, with an area of 150 acres, containing about 1,600,000,000 cubic feet of water, are the sources from which Glasgow is supplied. Loch Katrine is situated 360 feet above the tide at Glasgow, an elevation which secures a fall of about 80 feet above the highest part of the city. The aqueduct from this loch is about 34 miles long, 10 or 11 of which consist of ridges of gneiss, mica slate, and whinstone, perforated with tunnels 8 feet in diameter. The water is conveyed through three wide and deep valleys by cast-iron pipes 4 feet in diameter; and at Mugdock Castle, about 26 miles from the lake, there is a reservoir of 70 acres, containing 500,000,000 gallons of water. From this reservoir the water is taken to the city by two lines of cast-iron pipes 3 feet in diameter, one 7, and the other 8 miles long. Of the 26 miles from the loch to the reservoir, 13 miles are tunnelling, $3\frac{3}{4}$ iron piping, and the remaining $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles is an arched aqueduct 8 feet in diameter. In the whole of this great and difficult work there are 70 separate tunnels, upon which 44 vertical shafts have been sunk to expedite the work. The first tunnel, which is in gneiss and mica slate, begins at Loch Katrine. It is 2325 yards long, and 600 feet below the top of the hill. It has been worked by 12 shafts, some of which are nearly 500 feet deep. The last tunnel, close to the reservoir, is 2650 yards long, and is cut entirely through whinstone, at a depth of 250 feet below the top of the hill. The intermediate tunnels are 1400, 1100, 800, and 700 feet long. The rocks were so obdurate, that for several miles near Loch Chon it required a

, working day and night, to cut three lineal yards. Be-
smaller constructions, there are 25 iron and masonry aque-
over rivers and ravines, some 60 and 80 feet high, with
of 30, 50, and 90 feet span. About 3000 persons were
red, exclusive of iron-founders and mechanics. It is a re-
ple circumstance that the tunnels were driven with such
cy that their junctions could be distinguished only by the
at directions of the drill holes. The works were completed
a more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, and the total engineering cost for
orks was L.700,000; the whole expense to the corporation,
ng everything, was about L.1,500,000. The works were
by her Majesty at Loch Katrine on the 14th October
and in order to evince their high appreciation of Mr Bate-
services and talents, the corporation entertained him at a
banquet on the 23d October 1860.

John Frederick Bateman, the engineer on these magnifi-
orks, was born in 1810 near Halifax. He was a pupil of
ann of Oldham, a well-employed mineral surveyor and
ngineer, and commenced business at Manchester in 1833.
important subject of water engineering occupied his par-
attention, and in a short time he was employed in many
ant hydraulic operations. In 1835 he laid out, and subse-
y executed, the Bann reservoirs in Ireland, and likewise
addleworth and Glossop reservoirs. He has been the
er to various inland canals,—to the Mersey and Irwell
tion, the Duke of Bridgewater Canal, and the Forth and
Canal. In 1841 Mr Bateman commenced his earliest
for supplying cities and towns with water; and since that
e has constructed, or remodelled and extended, waterworks
ous parts of the kingdom. Mr Bateman is a Fellow of the
and Geological Societies, and the author of various papers
Manchester Transactions, the Proceedings of the Institu-
Civil Engineers, and the Reports of the British Association.
regret that our narrow limits will not permit us to give
count of the works of several other eminent engineers—
s Mr Locke, celebrated as a railway engineer; Mr Bidder,
ineer on the Victoria (London) and Grand Surrey Docks;
ndel, the engineer on the harbour at Holyhead and the
rater at Portland Island; Mr Nasmyth, the accomplished
or of the steam hammer; Mr Whitworth, whose machines
ns have excited so much interest; Mr Simpson, and others;
we cannot dispense with a brief notice of Sir William Cubitt,
her of the profession, and well known to the public by
ig and meritorious services. Sir William was born in
k in 1785. Having shown an early taste for mechanics,
her apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker; and when his

term of service was over, he wrought as a journeyman to a millwright near North Walsham, where he soon rose to be foreman of the establishment. About this time he invented the self-regulating windmill sail, for which he took a patent in 1807. Soon after this he settled as a millwright at Horning in Norfolk, and obtained such distinction in the construction of wind and water mills of every kind, that he was invited, in 1812, to join the celebrated firm of Ransome and Sons, the great iron-founders and implement makers at Ipswich. His engagements as a civil engineer, however, became so numerous, that he removed to London in 1826, where he has been occupied in every department of civil engineering. In 1836 he was appointed engineer to the South-Eastern Railway, from London to Dover; and in this capacity he had the courage to blow into the sea the Round Down or Shakspeare Cliff, nearly a million tons of solid chalk, which was effected by eighteen thousand pounds of gunpowder. He was appointed consulting engineer and one of the commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1851; and in recognition of his high services on that occasion, her Majesty conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Sir William's latest work is the great landing stage at Liverpool. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1850.

Among the more remarkable works of modern engineers, we must rank those of a military and naval character which the necessities of war have called into existence. When the weapons of offensive warfare become doubly destructive, we must increase in the same proportion the means of resisting them. When the 100-pounders of Armstrong and Whitworth, with their rifled interiors, deal death and destruction at the distance of three miles, the enemy must have more than hearts of oak to resist them. So long ago as 1834, General Paixhans, of the French Artillery, proposed to cover the exterior of vessels of war with a defensive armour of plates of iron several inches thick. In 1821 the United States had tried, experimentally, the resistance of iron plates $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch thick, fixed to a solid block of wood; and in 1834 and 1849 similar experiments were made in this country and in France; but the results which were obtained led to the condemnation of iron ships. Notwithstanding these failures, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, at the commencement of the Crimean war, suggested to our Government the construction of floating batteries armed with iron plates for attacking the Russian fortresses of Bomarsund, Helsingfors, Sweaborg, and Cronstadt; and in compliance with this advice, vessels of great burden and strength were covered with massive wrought-iron plates, 4 or 5 inches thick.

The application of this defensive armour to ships of war was not at that time considered safe, but the French Emperor had the sagacity to see its importance; and in 1855 or 1856 the “La Gloire” and four other vessels were covered, from stem to stern, with plates $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, of a peculiar soft homogeneous iron, well fitted for the resistance of shot. Various and opposite opinions have been entertained respecting the success of this experiment in reference to the sea-going qualities of the ship; but we are assured by an able writer,¹ who has visited all the French dockyards, and seen the “La Gloire” at sea, that she was severely tested in her trip to Algiers, when she cut through the giant billows of the Mediterranean with a steadiness little less than that of the Great Eastern, and that he himself saw her “stride, colossus-like,” over the Mediterranean waves with almost perfect ease. Four other ships of this class—*frigates blindées*, as they are called—are now constructing in the French dockyards—the “Intrepide,” the “Solferino,” the “Magenta,” and the “Conronne”—and ten more are to be laid down without delay.

These formidable preparations seem to have excited no alarm on this side of the Channel; but towards the close of 1858 the slumbering Admiralty were induced to take the subject of iron-coated vessels into consideration. “The problem,” says Mr Bidder,² “was one of great difficulty. An enormous weight of armour had to be added to the weights hitherto carried. At the same time, greater speed was demanded, and that involved increased weight of engines, and a larger supply of fuel. Then, again, the weight was top weight and wing weight, which had to be carried on fine lines for speed. To reconcile these conditions with the practical points in a war vessel, and to give such a ship good seafaring qualities, to make her a good cruiser, and also well suited for a voyage, and for the probable conditions that would attach to a European war, was a problem which might well employ the professional skill of naval architects, and of every member of the Institution.”

These were indeed difficulties to be overcome; but there is no difficulty which science cannot master or abate, and were the world, like the British Admiralty, to be startled as they have ever been by the weak points of the inventions submitted to them, we should now have been navigating the ocean with a passport from Eolus, and trundling in stage coaches over the length and breadth of the land. The Emperor of the French saw only the grandeur and security of a bulwark of oak, with its epidermis

¹ *Scotsman*, December 15, 1860.

² Address to the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the 18th December 1860, p. 8.

of iron, and he overcame the difficulties with which others had been embarrassed.

The deliberations of the Admiralty resulted in a resolution to build two iron-cased vessels, "The Warrior" at the yard of the Thames Shipbuilding Company, and "The Black Prince" at the Lancefield Works, Glasgow, by Messrs Robert Napier and Son, who had previously distinguished themselves as the builders of gigantic steamers. "The Warrior" was launched on the 31st December 1860, and we doubt not will surpass the "La Gloire" both in strength and swiftness, and spur on our timid officials to the completion of a fleet of iron-cased vessels, equal in number to those of our imperial foe. This noble ship is one of 6177 tons burthen. Her extreme length is 420 feet, her breadth 58, and her depth 41. Her defensive armour extends only over 213 feet of her sides, and 5 feet below the water-line, and consists of slabs of the finest wrought iron, 5 inches thick, and backed with planks of teak 20 inches thick. Her nose or beak, in imitation of the swan's breast, is one slab of iron, 30 feet long and 10 inches thick, weighing no less than 20 tons. Her engine, made by Penn and Sons, is one of 1250 horse-power, and weighs 950 tons. She can stow 950 tons of coal, or a six days' supply. She is to carry 48 guns,—36 68-pounders, 10 of Armstrong's 70-pounders, and 2 of his 100-pounders. The weight of the whole armament, masts, and store, will be from 12,000 to 15,000 tons. In order to compensate for the want of armour in other parts of the ship, these parts are protected by plates of iron $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, backed by teak 24 inches thick. Beneath all this comes the "skin" of the vessel, which covers the ribs, and which varies in thickness from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 inch of wrought iron. The speed of the "Warrior" is expected to be 14 knots an hour, which exceeds that of "La Gloire." The vessel is divided into 20 water-tight compartments. In the "Warrior" the port-holes are $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the water, while in "La Gloire" they are only $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet above it. In order to prevent rolling, two ridges of iron, composed of plates 2 feet deep, are placed along nearly the whole of her bottom.

The "Black Prince," now nearly completed by the eminent Scottish shipbuilders, Messrs Robert Napier and Son, Glasgow, is of the same dimensions, and built from an almost similar specification as the "Warrior." Her extreme length is 419 feet; tonnage, 6057; extreme length on load water-line, 389; breadth, 58 feet; depth, 41 feet; nominal horse-power, 1250. About 213 feet of each side of the vessel is rendered invulnerable by shot or shell, by armour plates of wrought iron, from 15 to 16 feet long, 3 to 4 broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, each averaging upwards of 4 tons. Their edges are planed, and they are fitted together with tenon and groove joints. In order to deaden the

effect of shot, 18 inches of teak wood are interposed between the armour and the "skin," or really water-tight iron shell of the vessel. The teak is of two thicknesses, of 10 and 8 inches,—the former being laid with the length-way of the plank, running fore and aft, and the other layer of 8 inches being placed vertically. This armour of iron and wood extends from a little above the gunwale to about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the water line.

The armour-sheathed space is pierced on the main or gun deck with 13 port-holes on each side for 26 guns. These ports are contracted to about 2 feet, in consequence of the carriage being so constructed that the gun pivots round a point near the outer edge of the port; and it is expected that these port-holes may be reduced to the size of the muzzle of the guns.

The armament consists of—

34 68-pounders on the main or gun deck.

2 68-pounders, pivot guns.

4 40-pounders, Armstrong guns.

In order to keep the vessel afloat if seriously damaged, the central armour-clad space and the bottom of the ship are divided into water-tight compartments, so that any damage to the exterior plating, and the flooding arising from it, will be merely local. The "Black Prince" is to be fitted up with the masts and rigging of an 80 gun ship, from the Royal dockyards. The engines, by Messrs John Penn and Sons of Greenwich, will be taken on board at Greenock; and though the nominal horse-power is 1250, yet they may work up to about 4000 or 5000 indicated horses, so that a very high speed may be expected.

Previous to 1855, the same eminent shipbuilding company had built no fewer than *twelve* noble vessels in wood, for the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, namely—

In 1840.	Length of Keel in Feet.	Breadth of Beam.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse- Power.
The Acadia, Britannia, } Caledonia, Columbia, }	207	34.2	24.3	1150	403
In 1843-5.					
Hibernia, Cambria, } 1848.	219.7	35.3	26.5	1353	472
America, Niagara, } Europa, Canada, }	251	38	27.6	1757	630 and 648
1850.					
Asia, Africa, } 1855.	266.5	40	30.2	2129	768
Plata, Arabia, }	285	40.7	30.8	2273	873

For the same company, Messrs Robert Napier and Son built, in 1855, the noble iron paddle-wheel steamer the "Persia;" and they are now finishing the still larger one, the "Scotia," which is the next largest steamer to the "Great Eastern."

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
Persia, .	360	45	32	3587	850
Scotia, .	366	47·7	33·5	4050	883

In addition to these two magnificent steamers, Messrs Robert Napier and Son have built the following iron steamers, and many others of inferior tonnage:—

WITH PADDLE WHEEL.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
Shannon, .	330	44	34	3092	783
Emperor, .	243	33	20	1256	396
Santiago, .	244	29	16	1023	376

WITH SCREW PROPELLER.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
China, .	322	40	28	2536	480
Colombo, .	276	37	27	1848	450
Marathon, .	264	36	26	1674	350
Hecla, .	264	36	26	1674	350
Emu, .	258	36	27	1673	350
Black Swan, .	252	36	27	1631	350

If, in the brief and imperfect sketch which we have given of the principal works of modern engineering, we have conveyed to our readers any adequate idea of the grandeur, the utility, and the national importance of such works, it will not be difficult to persuade them that it is pre-eminently the duty of the Government to provide the means of instructing the young engineer in the various branches of his profession. If we require, in our universities, a high education for the members of the three learned professions, it is surely necessary to give the highest to a class of students who are entrusted with the expenditure of millions of the public money, whether it is that of the Government or of private individuals, embarked in enterprises of national importance. A skilful engineer will erect a public work for half-a-million, on which another will expend a million; and we have too often to deplore the frail and perishable nature of magnificent constructions, on which more money than science has been expended.

Twenty-five years ago, there was not a chair of engineering in any of our Scottish Universities, and no attempt was made to give such a practical character to academical study as to accommodate it in any degree to the requirements of the engineer. About twenty years ago a feeble attempt was made to supply this defect. The professors of mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, in the United College, St Andrews, resolved to introduce into their respective courses that kind of practical knowledge which would be useful to the engineer; and, in the same spirit, the professor of political economy agreed to adapt several of his lectures for the instruction of young men who

meant to follow a mercantile profession. These arrangements were duly advertised, but we regret to say that no advantage seemed to be taken of them, owing, doubtless, to the small number of students that attended the United College.

About the same time, in 1840, the Government was induced to found and endow a chair of civil engineering in the University of Glasgow. This chair was ably filled for fifteen years by Mr Lewis Gordon, who carried on, at the same time, the profession of an engineer; and it has been occupied since 1855 by Professor Macquorn Rankine, whose high mathematical attainments, and power of applying them to practical objects, place him at the head of our scientific engineers. The same reasons which justified the establishment of this chair, render it equally necessary in our metropolitan university, with its 1500 students.

Next in importance, if not equally important, are those institutions which our civil engineers have founded for the advancement of their profession. The earliest and the most successful of these is the INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, established in 1818, and incorporated and founded in 1828 by Royal Charter. The society was instituted, as stated in the charter, "for the general advancement of mechanical science," and more particularly "for promoting the acquisition of that species of knowledge which constitutes the profession of a civil engineer; being the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man, as the means of production and of traffic in states, both for external and internal trade, as applied in the construction of roads, bridges, aqueducts, canals, river navigation, and docks, for internal intercourse and exchange; and in the construction of ports, harbours, moles, breakwaters, and lighthouses, and in the art of navigation by artificial power, for the purposes of commerce, and in the construction and adaptation of machinery, and in the drainage of cities and towns."

The Institution is composed of 355 ordinary members, 537 associates, 14 graduates, and 24 honorary members, and 930 of all classes. Mr Telford was its first President, and filled that office till his death. He was succeeded by Mr James Walker, who held it for ten years; and since his resignation of it, it has been filled by Sir John Rennie, Mr Field, Sir William Cubitt, Mr R. Stephenson, Mr Rendell, Mr Locke, Mr James Simpson, and Mr G. P. Bidder, its present distinguished president.

This flourishing Institution, under the admirable management of Mr Manby and Mr Forrest, its honorary and acting secretaries, meets weekly during seven months of the year; and the papers read at these meetings are fully and freely discussed, so as to subject every public work and proposal to the criticism of the most eminent members of the profession. These discussions are given in

full in the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution, of which eighteen volumes have been published.¹

An Institute of Engineers was founded in Scotland in 1857, under the presidency of Professor Rankine, and now under that of Mr Walter Neilson. There are similar institutions in Dublin, Paris, the Hague, and Hanover. An Institution of Foremen Engineers has been established, and holds regular meetings in London; and the "South Wales Institute of Engineers" meets regularly at Merthyr Tydvil, and publishes an account of its proceedings.

Next in importance to academical instruction, and the transactions of public institutions, is the composition and publication of text-books or elementary works on the various branches of theoretical and practical science, which are necessary in the education of engineers. From causes to which it is unnecessary to refer, works of this kind have been few in number; and it is only in recent times that the high qualifications of the mathematician and the experimental philosopher have been combined with those of the engineer. In some of the works placed at the head of this article, this union of accomplishments has been admirably displayed. In Professor Rankine's "Manual of Applied Mechanics" we have a treatise of great value, sufficiently elementary as a text-book, and sufficiently ample as a guide to the working engineer. It treats in a compact form those parts of the science of mechanics which are practically applicable to structures and machines; and in the arrangement of the work the author has endeavoured to adhere, as much as possible, to a methodical classification of its subjects. After an interesting preliminary dissertation on the Harmony of Theory and Practice, Professor Rankine treats, in six parts, of the Principles of Statics—the Theory of Structures—the Comparison of Motions—the Theory of Mechanism—the Principles of Dynamics—and the Theory of Machines; and he has given in the Appendix tables of the strength of materials, and their specific gravities.

In Mr Fairbairn's two volumes, containing "Useful Information for Engineers," we have treatises of a more practical and experimental character, and intended "to impart to working engineers, in intelligible and simple terms, all that he himself knew of the varied branches of practical science which their calling embraces." After a preliminary lecture "on the necessity of incorporating with the practice of the mechanical and industrial arts a knowledge of practical science," Mr Fairbairn treats, in nine lectures, on the Construction of Boilers—Boiler Explosions—

¹ The Transactions of the Institution were first published in 3 vols. 4to, but have been discontinued. The valued property of the Institution amounts to L.13,094, contributed chiefly by Messrs Telford, Manby, R. Stephenson, and Miller.

Steam and Steam Boilers—the Consumption and Economy of Fuel—and Metallic Constructions; under the last of which heads the subject of iron ships is treated with great ability. In an Appendix, occupying about 140 pages, Mr Fairbairn has given an account of his valuable experiments on the strength of materials, and their application to the boilers of locomotive engines.

In his *second series*, he has reprinted several important articles published in the Transactions of the Royal Society and the British Association, and added some original lectures of very great interest. The more important of these are the lecture on the machinery employed in agriculture, the lecture on the construction of iron vessels exceeding three hundred feet in length, and the lecture on wrought-iron tubular cranes. The lecture “on the progress of civil and mechanical engineering during the present century” will be read with much interest. In the admirable essay by Sir John Rennie, which we have placed at the head of our list of books, and which gives the history of civil engineering from the time of Smeaton till the year 1846, the reader will find fuller details regarding many public works than Mr Fairbairn was able to give within the limits of a single lecture.

Among the books in our list, the most remarkable is the account of the Victoria Bridge, by Mr Hodges, the engineer to the contractors, Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts. This gigantic and magnificent volume, in imperial folio, is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and does great credit to its author. It is embellished with eighteen coloured engravings, forty illustrative engineering plates, and numerous woodcuts. The splendid copy now before us, which cost twelve guineas, is 24 inches long, 18 broad, nearly 3 inches thick, and is sufficiently heavy to tax the strength of an engineer in appealing to its contents.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of engineering and engineers without alluding to the gratifying fact, that no country whatever has produced such a number of eminent engineers as our own, and that no engineering works are to be found which can equal, in expense and magnificence, those which have been executed in Great Britain and her colonies. The genius and sagacity of our engineers have been summoned to every quarter of the globe, and machinery constructed in our island is everywhere at work, administering to social wants, aiding individual enterprise, and adding to the wealth and resources of the people who employ it.

- ART. VII.—1. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. EUGENE FORCADE.
 2. *Le Journal des Débats*. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN.
 3. *The Times*.
 4. *Die Allgemeine (Augsburger) Zeitung*. HERMANN ORGES.

NOTHING is that remains unuttered. Utterance is a sign of life. Whatever lives, will in the end express itself. Books are the expression of individual life. The *public* life expresses itself in the press. It is, we think, from an insufficient apprehension of this truth, that so many errors are committed in appreciating that tremendous power, the natural product of modern thought. One-half of the world reviles the press, and indulges in silly speculation upon the good that would result, and the safety that would be ensured, "if only the press did not exist." The other half entertains the hope of bending the press to its own ends. Both equally misunderstand its real nature; and, in the one case, the dread, as, in the other, the hope, is absurd. The press is, in fact, a manifestation of our collective self,—therefore not to be feared; but the press is also the manifestation of the entire external public,—therefore not to be absorbed by any unit, whether party or individual. We do not speak now of this or that representative of the press, (of these by-and-by); we are speaking in the abstract of that prodigious force newly sprung from the necessities of the age,—so newly as to be yet to a great degree self-ignorant, but from which not one gain which the age is reaping can be altogether separated.

Public life is no novelty in Britain: from the earliest times it has been familiar to us; but public life and *the public* are not synonymous. Public life is the activity of the individual in the affairs of his country, by which activity the individual achieves renown; the public is that inglorious crowd that lives, acts, determines events, and never "achieves greatness." It is power without fame. The press is its voice. It is already a sort of universal conscience, and will one day be the universal judge.

We are somewhat inclined to believe that, of this anonymous expression of the universal thought, this impersonal press, we in Britain can alone furnish an example. The continental press is more or less individual in its character, and its foremost organs can almost always be identified with an individual or policy, a party or an opinion. In France, a newspaper derives force from the *clique* that supports it; in Germany, from the ideas it is supposed to advocate; whereas with us, the paper carrying most weight would be that which should most immediately express the thoughts and feelings latent in the public

mind. Abroad, people like to know what this or that man, or this or that *school*, is thinking. *We* are busy with what we ourselves think. For us, the *public* is that portion of the universal life of which each of our own selves forms an element ; but it is also that great stream of external vitality, by throwing one's self into which, almost entirely, each one of us gets additional strength. Unless in exceptional cases, we care little for the particular opinion,—we care only for the collective impression ; our object is not to be influenced or led, it is to discover our own true thought. And, after all, we are but doing, as a vast complex body, what a great master of other days advised those individuals to do who wished to find the adequate expression of their thoughts in words. Saint Augustine's precept is, "*Find yourself*," and for that purpose seek yourself in solitude." In an age of silence and contemplation this was sound advice ; but ours knows nothing of the one or the other, and our duties towards it and towards ourselves are far different. Contemplation implies solitude ; but solitude is not so valuable a source of inspiration in an epoch when evidently the *best* efforts of any man are those he makes *in common* with other men. Silence, too, can scarcely be the virtue of a time when distance no longer hinders the immediate transmission of words, and the very air around us beats with the pulse of speech. In this respect, the human race is living its life differently ; it has other modes of ascertaining and expressing its thoughts ; but the same intensity of thought and life are there, and we may "seek ourselves" now as when St Augustine taught, and "find" our collective "self" in the midst of the newly awakened struggling collective life, as well as in the hush of that earlier time when the *thinker* was a watcher, and mankind were all asleep.

Truth *is*, therefore, to be found. Now we maintain that, at present, we alone—we, the public of Great Britain,—are sincerely desirous of discovering the truth about ourselves ; and that in so far as we are really interested in this discovery, are we in advance of other countries ; so far as we are really "seeking our own selves,"—seeking to know what *we truly are*, and are anxious to see the public thought faithfully expressed by the public voice,—by so much are we nearer than any other European community to the realization of what that vast modern institution, the *press*, ought to be.

The most impersonal newspapers in the European world are, without any doubt, the British ; the most personal are the French ; the Germans hold a position between the two. This is to be explained by the proneness to speculation of the Teutonic mind, and by the ready subserviency of the Frenchman to any one who will take the trouble to lead him. "Submission,

Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word,"—said Shakspeare three hundred years ago; and the "word" is true still, and as "French" as ever. The natural consequence, however, is, that in France that exponent of the general thought called a newspaper is individualized, and partakes of the character of a book. There is hardly a French daily or weekly journal that might not be written by one man. There is a sameness in all that it produces, a strong unity in its various articles, a cohesion so perfect between its component parts, that any distinctive variety they may have originally possessed is lost in the effect of the whole. Nay, more; it is in this unity that the strength of any organ of the public press in France lies, and the more any such organ is individualized, the more potent it becomes. It bears the mark of some one particular man or of some one particular set of men; and according as it faithfully represents them, or absorbs them in itself, it achieves preponderance. There is perhaps another reason for this in the circumstance that the French press is exclusively political. This requires explanation.

The physical law which forbids to any organization the simultaneous expenditure of equal forces in two opposite directions, prevents races, as it prevents men, from expending words most largely upon whatever they are doing most actively. We, with whose national life politics are for ever mixed up,—we, whose business it is to govern ourselves, who are more or less at all times, and in all classes, acting politically,—we, in Britain, are the people least occupied in "talking politics" theoretically, in building up political dogmas, or laying down abstract political principles. The French, who of all nations perform the fewest political acts, care the least for the exercise of any right of government, and possess the smallest amount of governing capacity, indulge most of all in political talk. Let any one take up the first ten English papers he can find, and the first ten French ones, he will find that, in the former, the proportion of space allotted to politics alone ranges from about a fourth to a sixth; whilst, in the latter, politics, when not occupying the journal exclusively, fill up at least three quarters of its space. Political theories are apparently to Frenchmen what the Arabian tales are to children and the poor: something to be dreamt about, not realized. Be it remarked, we are speaking of France as she now is,—as her strange adventurous history since the Revolution of 1789 has made her. France is in the position of a beauty whose youth has been spent in foreign courts, and whose "*great effects*" were achieved away from home. She likes to hear recalled the times and places where she trod a measure with this king or that, or went out hunting with such and such

an Emperor. Like other faded coquettes in the hour of their isolation, she reverts eagerly to the period of her conquests. Of home life she is ignorant; but the sound of names that are synonymous with her past glories is pleasant to her ear, and the "talk" she most loves, the talk she cannot live without, is the talk of *foreign policy*.

"I am only distinguished from my countryman, or superior to them in one thing," used to be said by Paul Louis Courier: "I am the *only* Frenchman who does not think himself the *only* man who could govern France!" There was truth in that particular form of the national thought thirty-five or forty years ago, when Frenchmen were free to think any political thoughts they chose, and when, from the cabinet or the counter, it was allowable to aspire to any office in the State; (the fancy which most haunted French poets and dramatists was that of the headsman's son becoming a Prime Minister!) But now the political fancy of France necessarily assumes a different shape; her imagination, as we have said, leads her abroad; she gossips of foreign policy, as Falstaff "babbled o' green fields." But no one who had not forced himself to study the French press in its various representatives, metropolitan and provincial, would believe to what a degree this rage for politics is carried. When the bootmaker of the Rue St Denis, or the innkeeper of Brittany or Provence, takes up *his* paper (in which alone he has any faith), he expects to be informed why the Emperor of Russia has met the King of Saxony at Carlsbad, or the King of Holland has paid a visit to Berlin; and it is lucky if all the time he does not conceive Carlsbad to be situate somewhere on the Spanish coast, and Berlin to be some rocky island in the Mediterranean, which the English have resolved to transform into a kind of Sebastopol. Foreign potentates and their territories are jumbled together in the heads of Frenchmen (unless the most educated), much as they are in the *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare's plays, and "Kings of Sicily" or "Bohemia" find themselves in localities they certainly were far from dreaming of. But this is no matter: leading articles, *correspondences*, telegrams, all have told of the affairs of other countries, and of their plots against France. Journal and journalist have done their duty; they have "babbled o' green fields," and the *abonné* is content.

Naturally, one of the first effects of this rapid individualization of any public organ, is the superiority of the journalist to the journal. The reverse is the case in Great Britain. The highest notion one can form of the importance of a French newspaper is, that it should speak to France; the acmé of distinction would be attained by a paper with *us*, of which it should be said that England spoke *through* it. But in the latter case the individual

is lost sight of. The journalist is absorbed in the journal, and the journal derives its weight from the fidelity with which it expresses the public thought. And when we use the word "thought," instead of "opinion," we do so advisedly. Our press, whether daily or periodical, is, we repeat it, *not* exclusively taken up with political discussion; it deals largely with whatever occupies the national mind, and will generally be found most earnestly engaged upon questions bearing directly or indirectly on the moral, physical, or social development of the country. The variety of the subjects treated, and the practical philosophy required in the treatment of them, serves materially to take from our newspapers the character of individuality; whilst that very character is, in some degree, imposed upon French newspapers by the narrow range of the subjects they are called upon to treat.

The peculiar characteristics of French journalism being granted, the part played by journalists in France within the last half-century is more easily explicable. *All* Frenchmen of any note in the political world have been journalists. This is a fact to ponder over. Yet, as we said above, France is the *one* country in which the *least* amount of governing capacity is to be found, and in which the elements of self-government are most wanting. Almost all Britons are, or may be, labourers in the grand work of government; if not at the present hour playing a leading part in the game of active politics, they are thinking of the time when they shall do so, and fitting themselves more or less to meet its exigencies. But perhaps the one mode of preparation for a political life to which they *least* recur, is that of writing upon politics. *All* Englishmen of note in the political world are *not*, have *not been*, journalists. They have been so, on the contrary, only in a very few exceptional cases. This may serve to elucidate many obscure points with regard to the press in the two countries.

It is common enough on this side of the Channel to hear people loud in praise of the superiority of French newspaper writers over our own. They are sometimes even surprised at what are considered in France very inferior productions. But the reason is, the ready *aptitude* of Frenchmen for discoursing of what they imperfectly know, their facility for talking of no matter what—be it politics or "high art," theology or the navigation of balloons. The demands of the public for political prose being large and constant, the supply is proportionably extensive, and the traders in foreign-policy articles for the Parisian and provincial press form a considerable portion of the educated population. It is needless to say that the great majority of these productions are not only of the feeblest possible description, but are full of the worst and most mischievous tendencies; encourag-

ing ignorance, promoting prejudice, fostering vanity at home, and envy and hatred abroad. We should say that, broadly stated, the craving of the French public for political *talk*, and, above all, for talk upon foreign policy, is one of the chief reasons of the inferiority of the French press¹ as an *institution*, when compared to our own; for it occasions one of the grandest themes for the speculations of civilised man to fall into the hands least fitted to touch it. But, on the other side, when the elevation of the subject is met by a corresponding superiority in the man who treats it, then it is easy to comprehend the excellence of the result. Whilst ninety-nine hundredths of the journalists of France are necessarily out of their places, because the wants of the public force them to discourse of what they cannot be otherwise than ignorant, the hundredth one is a man who has really attained eminence, for he brings the highest faculties to bear upon the highest subjects. It may even then be a query whether he too be not out of his place; for is not the proper sphere of all true political capacity, *action*, and ought not he who can not only penetrate but initiate statesmanlike combinations, to be employed in working them out rather than in describing them? This is a problem on the solution of which many others hang incidentally; certain it is, however, that in the midst of the foolish, noisy herd of French journalists, who talk nonsense about foreign policy, because their *trade* is to be for ever treating of it, there have been men, and there still are here and there, whose political capacity and brilliant eloquence have raised them far higher than political journalism in England (unless in the most exceptional instances) has ever attained.

We set out by stating that, in our opinion, the French press was the most personal of any, and the British the most *impersonal*; that, consequently, as the form assumed by one of the greatest forces of the modern world, the French press was inferior to our own; but that, from the very fact of the intense individualism of that press, the journalist was *always* in France superior to the journal, and, when of first-rate merit of his kind, was far superior to any English journalist. As examples of the highest class of newspapers in France, we can, after mature examination, find but two,—the *Journal des Débats*, up to a recent period, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and upon this choice there is a great deal to say.

In the first place, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is not a daily paper, and in the next, if we were called on to say whether either

¹ We wish it to be well understood, that when we speak of the French press, we refer to what it was, and may be again. At the present moment it is in a state of transition, and, as a whole, enslaved, therefore only to be alluded to exceptionally.

or both of these represented what *we* call "public opinion," we should certainly be obliged to reply that they did not. But, then, nothing else does. What *we* call "public opinion" does not exist in France, for the obvious reason that the collective, complex body which originates it, has no existence there. In France there is no *public*. France is a moral and intellectual confederation; it wants that *mental oneness* from which come public spirit, public virtue, public thought. This being the case, the only resource is, to discover what organs of the press suit the largest number of well-educated, *liberal* readers of various kinds. The two we have selected are the only two we can find. A narrow-minded, violent ultra-Royalist, a bitter exclusive Republican, a fierce Ultramontanist Catholic, or a blind, obstinate Atheist, will none of them read either of the two publications we have named. But a Royalist fusionist, a moderate Republican, a sincere Catholic, or an honest sceptic, will *ALL* read them, and can find little else to read. Whatever a Frenchman's particular opinion, creed, or aspiration, if with it he associate genuine *liberalism*, he will be obliged to read the two organs in question, because in *all* others he will only find the narrowest, most violent expression of party feeling.¹ The *ultras*, each according to his belief, read the *Siècle*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Monde* (replacing the *Univers*), or the *Presse*; but in these nothing is found but the reflection of a particular opinion current in a portion of the public. With *public opinion* none of them have anything to do. We repeat, then, that in France the only journals compatible with the existence of all opinions, political and religious, so long as these opinions are *liberally held*, are the two we have named.

Now, as to the fact of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* being a bi-monthly instead of a daily organ, it may be said that its influence is similar to that of a weekly paper,—like the *Saturday Review*, for instance. Its weight at the present time is derived from its political excellence. It is important, from the soundness of its international views, from its courage, its honesty, and the extraordinary cleverness with which it carries on the most damaging opposition to the Empire, without ever laying itself open to punishment. The *Revue* is not now read for its literary merits, but for its political worth. The heavy articles, of different kinds, which swell its now far too numerous pages, lie for the most part (or, at all events, *very often*) uncut; but no man who belongs to

¹ We do not advert to such papers as the *Constitutionnel*, because in reading them their *abonnés* are not actuated by party feeling. There is no *Bonapartist* party in France even now. The official journals are only read in order to know what the Government is about. They do not represent any current of public opinion, but only a necessity to which the entire community submits.

the reflecting part of the community allows the 1st or the 15th of the month to pass without studying the sixteen or seventeen pages of the world-renowned "*Chronique Politique*." It is this that makes the *Revue* of first-rate importance in Europe, that gives it weight, and a foremost position in the ranks of the press-militant. Here again we have to recur to our previous remark upon the superiority in France of the journalist to the journal. From M. de Châteaubriand down to M. de Saint Marc Girardin, the importance of the *Journal des Débats* has depended exclusively upon the men who wrote in it, and upon the fact of their being known to write in it; and the political importance of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the present hour is represented by one man: its influence on those enlightened portions of society who, divided by opinion but united by *real liberalism* of thought, form the only approach to a public which France has to boast of,—that influence is incarnate in Eugène Forcade.

In Saint Marc Girardin the *Journal des Débats* has recently lost its most perfect representative. With his retirement a career of great distinction ends. What the journal was, at its very best, he represented in the fullest measure. The *Journal des Débats* passes over now to an official crowd of obligatory subscribers; it enters on the parade-ground where the *Constitutionnel*, *Patrie*, and other imperial advertisement-mongers manoeuvre under the watchful eyes of Messrs La Guéronnière and Mocquard. Its independence is gone—it is no longer. *Fuit!* But though in its present state it can have no attraction for us, its past is replete with interest; and it would be impossible to attempt giving the British reader any notion of the contemporary French press, without awarding its due share of importance to the *Journal des Débats*, between the commencement of the Restoration in 1815, and the break-up of the monarchy in France in 1830. To the *Journal des Débats* is mainly attributable the Revolution of July.

"M. de Villèle's Ministry" (1827), says Saint Marc Girardin himself,¹ "was perhaps the best attempt made by the Government to liberalize the Monarchy of 1814² without the help of the liberals. It is this that the *liberal party* and its chiefs were unable to forgive."

We will paraphrase that speech, and say that the policy of the

¹ *Souvenirs d'un Journaliste*. By Saint Marc Girardin. Paris, 1859.

² This juxtaposition of the dates 1827 and 1814 demands explanation. The really liberal and just, the sincerely constitutional government of Louis XVIII. (1815–1825) stands midway between two deplorably absolutist epochs. The so-called "First Restoration" (1814) was one mistake from beginning to end; but all trace of its retrograde tendencies vanishes in 1815. In 1827, however, all these tendencies reappear, and the germ of them is visible from the hour of the advent of Charles X. to the throne.

Journal des Débats in 1829–30 was the best attempt to establish constitutional practices without constitutional institutions, to separate parliamentary from representative government, and to make *Liberalism* a sect, and *Liberals* the members of a close caste whose war-cry should be, “*nul n’aura de l’esprit hors nous et nos amis !*” That the *Journal des Débats*, since it ceased to be the organ of official power, has been one of the two journals which in France represent the enlightened and really *Liberal* portion of the community, is undeniable. For the twelve years extending from 1848 to 1860, the action of the *Journal des Débats* has been an eminently useful one; but these years have been *forcedly* identified with true Liberalism, because employed in the work of opposition to a despotic rule. Up to 1848 the influence of this always ably-written paper tended essentially to narrow the public thought; and now, that it has abdicated all free agency, it only remains for it to be as subservient as the other members of the “inspired” Press. The *Journal des Débats*, however, is a most important subject of study to every one who wishes to procure an accurate account of what the Press in France can, and cannot be. For the twelve years which are but expiring now, the *Journal des Débats* has a right to all our sympathy; for the twenty years preceding those, it has a claim to our utmost and most inquisitive interest. The *Journal des Débats* is the irrefutable record of the political narrow-mindedness of Frenchmen, of their inborn incurable illiberalism, and of their incapacity for appreciating the true, and therefore grand principles, which animate the representative system of Great Britain. We have said, and we repeat, that journalists in France adequately represent the journals in which they write, that the journals are embodied in them, and acquire importance in the eyes of the country for the reason that such or such men write in them. No man more thoroughly or better represents the *Journal des Débats* than M. St Marc Girardin. He represents it most honourably during its most honourable period, withdrawing from it now that its career ceases to be an independent one; but he represents it also during the time of its shortcomings, and of its self-glorification as the prime supporter of Liberal doctrines. We would not have said this (for we have much respect for M. St Marc Girardin, and for what he honestly believes himself to be), had he not himself furnished us with the glaring proof of all we have stated. In the volume he published some eighteen months ago, we find a collection of contributions to the *Journal des Débats*, all of which are significant in the highest degree. The *spirit of the Journal* breathes in every line, and we listen to the very words which, some thirty years ago, acted so strongly on the portion of the French community then readiest for enterprise, and lightly encouraged it to so many

irretrievable mistakes. Yes! *lightly* did so: we purposely recur to the word, for there lies the worst sign, and there the distinguishing mark between the personal French Press and the impersonal Press of these kingdoms. Where a vital imperial interest should be at stake, and immediately so, it is not saying too much to say that the British Press, as an aggregate body, would treat it gravely: it might commit errors without end, advocate mistaken lines of conduct; but its utmost earnestness would be brought to bear upon the work, because it is really the interpreter of the public thought, and so grand a substantive as our public compels those who talk *with* it of its own affairs to do so seriously. The French Press, talking to the community out of doors, and more or less leading it, is never *compelled* to assume this tone or that by a pressure it cannot resist; it goes its own way, wilfully, and has but small remorse for any mischief it may occasion. It is of comparatively slight moment that, a quarter of a century after the commission of the sin, the sinner should exclaim, *meâ culpâ!*—his faults, and the recognition of them, are matters for his own conscience; the circumstance that it concerns us to recognise is, that such public sins could be so easily committed. "I was wrong—I should not do now what I did then," cries M. de St Marc Girardin, alluding to the levity of his attacks against M. de Villèle. But the thing to be noted is, that he *could* do at *any* time the wrong he *would* not do now. It is the fact of the *easy* perpetration of a crime against the country that is to be taken into consideration; the fact that a leading organ of publicity *could trifle* with the dearest interests of the nation!

"If I were to judge M. de Villèle now," says St Marc Girardin, "I should assuredly not confine myself to saying, as it was *our habit* to do then, that he was a 'good steward' (*un bon intendant*); I should say that he was *the one* man who, under a monarchy which unhappily tried to retain all its old-fashioned ways, sought the most to imbue it with the spirit of new social conquests. M. de Villèle was a *modern* minister, rather than a liberal one. He cordially liked that representative system that had enabled him to achieve power; and he tried to make his party like it too, though in this, his success was not great. *All* the men of any distinction in the Royalist camp were attached to representative institutions—Chateaubriand, Martignac, M. de Richelieu, M. de Fitzjames—in short, *all* the *superiorities*,—but the bulk of the party did not like them; and the King (Charles X.) only accepted them with those reservations of conscience which led him later to the coup d'état of July 1830. The difficulties of M. de Villèle lay then above and below him. He had to combat his own party, who secretly mistrusted him, and the 'Liberals,' who feared his antecedents. Such as M. de Villèle seems to me *now*, I believe he might

have been the very minister of that Liberal Chamber that had newly sprung from the late elections. He would have felt more at ease with an assembly moved by the spirit of modern times, than with one animated solely by regrets for the past. But *no one at that period*, nor Chamber nor King, would understand the part that M. de Villèle might have played. . . . The difficulty of finding a cabinet that should mediate between the Crown and the Parliament prolonged M. de Villèle's ministry; and, meanwhile, the Press, charmed with the freedom so recently awarded it, became excessive in its uses of that freedom, and took for its ceaseless occupation that of attacking M. de Villèle's whole policy."

How much is there in this quotation! What a light does it throw upon the self-wrought misfortunes, and not yet self-acknowledged incapacity of France for political life! Mark the several confessions of this very honest and sincere-minded journalist: The minister whom he did his utmost to overthrow was—his later experience tells him—the "one man" who, from his "modern" tendencies, could have reconciled the country and the Court, had he but had fair play; he was a "lover of representative institutions," and tried to make those around him become so too; he would probably—had he met with fair play out of doors—not have been left to fight for his "modern" ideas alone, for "all the superiorities" of the Restoration were sincere constitutionalists, and would have ended by supporting him; he was formed to be "the very minister" who was then needed by France—he had *in himself* more qualifications for success in his difficult task, at so difficult a time, than perhaps any other man; yet M. St Marc Girardin—in the year 1827 a very brilliant writer in the *Journal des Débats*—had (he and "his party" too) a certain trick of always attacking M. de Villèle. It was a sort of "*habît*" with them. No one admits the wrong and the absurdity of the whole thing more frankly than does now St Marc Girardin himself. But we go further: we do not blame him for what he did in 1827. There was nothing extraordinary in his doing it. He was tempted by his talent, as many another at his age and with his facility might be. There are fewer men than people think, who, were they unchecked by public opinion, would be worthy to be trusted with that mighty weapon, *a pen*,—fewer minds than we suppose awakened to the glorious power but grave responsibilities of written words. In 1827, in the mischievous work of attacking M. de Villèle, M. St Marc Girardin did, we maintain, what many another young man would have done. We do not blame *him* for his want of political sense, for his shortness of political vision, nor even for the fact that his violent partisanship was *unimpassioned*—no! for nothing of all this do we blame *him*; but we look with terror and amaze

at the condition of a Press and of a country in which it was possible for all the harm he did *to be done*. Let any impartial man reflect upon the position, and say whether a similar disaster is conceivable with *us*. Let any one try to imagine to himself the existence of a great *internal* danger, during which (moderation and patience alone being required) the impatient levity, the political insanity of a most *personal* Press, incarnate in some few talented individuals, should plunge the nation into revolution leading to ruin. *The thing could not be*. Suppose any amount of talent in the journalist—suppose a very Shakspeare of journalism;—still it will not do; he would be powerless to shake the columns of the *Times*. No genius he might possess, no fame he might have won, would enable any mere individual *lightly* to imperil the common weal, or, *at a great crisis*, to seduce the public voice into a betrayal of the public belief. No one has felt this more deeply than M. Forcade; and, as far as our knowledge of contemporary France leads us, he is *the only* French journalist who has done so, and who has ever regretted that absence of public opinion which acts as a check on any caprice of journalism. We have no hesitation in affirming M. Forcade to be one of the foremost political philosophers of our day. There is in him—what is so rarely to be found in France—sufficient devotion to a *cause* to make it indifferent to him whether or not *he be known to have furthered it*. He has that "unselfish passion" of things, without which it ought not to be permitted to any man to call himself a politician. From among fifty or sixty of those famous "*Chroniques Politiques*" of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which the *least* that can be said is, that they are *State papers* of the rarest excellence, we will extract the following, because it goes straight to the very point of our own argument, and comes in support of our own theories upon the causes of the superiority of the British Press as an institution. The date is March 1859, three months after the Emperor's warlike speech to the Austrian minister, and six weeks before the outbreak of the Italian war.

"At the point of ripeness now reached by the European crisis,"—says M. Forcade—"we can no longer disguise our anxiety. Is it the *fear of war* that makes us anxious? No! Were the war proved to be a *just* one, we should not fear it; neither have we any systematic desire that a great nation should always elude the glorious but heavy responsibilities of war. Let the question of peace and war be discussed by Europe, however we may lament, we will not *fear* it. But what causes our deep anxiety, our deep emotion, *is the state of public opinion in France*, the state of the public mind at home, whilst abroad there is being discussed, in the country's name—and for her interest it is said—so complex, so vast a question; a question so bound

up with all her past and all her future, and the settlement of which may modify the whole aspect assumed by European civilisation during the last forty years. What causes our anxiety is the ignorance and indifference of France, the little information and little care she has about the motives which are to plunge her suddenly into the solution of the terrific problem. *Why to-day rather than yesterday?* What knows she of that? Alas! within the last two months, how often have we indulged in a bitter smile at the hesitation and the inconsistencies of opinion out of doors! and now, how sincerely we repent having done so! It was no subject for irony; it was the very depths of our truest patriotism that should have been touched by such a sight. In our mind, the state of public opinion, as shown in France on the question of peace or war, should excite the utmost attention of all political men. What is termed 'opinion' out of doors allows it to be supposed that it has vague tendencies in favour of peace, simply because it is uninformed upon the real causes of war. Opinion with us is resolved, or determined, on nothing; for on nothing has it come to a definite conclusion. And how is such a conclusion to be reached, where no serious discussion is tolerated? Public opinion has recently been called the 'sixth great power in Europe.' A mighty honour truly! But how does it stand with us? and what is a great power deprived of knowledge and initiatory will, and which, instead of taking high resolves, and holding to them, is reduced to let the whole world see the ever varying impression made upon it, not even by *real facts*, but by those puerile, ridiculous, dangerous imitations of truth, which haunt the national imagination under the shape of rumours and reports! If, indeed, this famous 'sixth power' exists, it is elsewhere, and is not personified by public opinion here. . . . We believe this absence of general interest in what concerns the general weal to be a source of embarrassment even to the Government; and we find our belief confirmed by the language of the State itself, when on various occasions it warns the public mind against the over-credulous adoption of fables, invented to lead it astray. The evil must be great that makes a Government allude to it thus. But what is *its cause*? We believe this moral infirmity under which we are suffering, under which all high-toned spirits must suffer, to be an effect, a consequence:—the consequence of the extinction of the mental activity of the nation, the effect of the prostration of the national will. But by whatever cause generated, what has been produced is a Press that prefers retailing second-hand news to discussing lofty systems,—a public opinion without knowledge, courage, or coherence—a sort of general moral paralysis."

Of course, the particular application made by M. Forcade of his theories is, that were freedom of the Tribune and of the Press restored to France, public spirit would start to life, and a genuine public opinion find its adequate expression in the Press. We will not dispute this with him, although we have proved, as we think, how, when France was in the enjoyment of every freedom, both the public and the Press failed in their duties to

themselves and to each other. What we have chiefly sought in the above-quoted passage, is the confirmation by a French writer of great weight, of our own statement touching the absence of any intimate union between the Press and the public in France, and the inevitable inferiority entailed thereby upon the Press as an institution. Recurring to our assertion of the superiority, in the continental Press, of the journalist to the journal, we find, in the lines we have just translated, a mark of the incontestible superiority of M. Forcade over other French journalists. He, alone of them all (and we purposely remind our readers that we are treating of French journalism *when it was free*), admits the necessity of the great checking power; invokes the aid of the public to control the Press, *to compel it to be true*; and shows a really patriotic, a really philosophical sense of the vanity of the journalist's mission as a dictator to the public thought, and of his immense importance as a faithful exponent of it.

We should widely exceed our limits if we were to seek in M. Forcade's pages for examples of his merit as a political writer. We might refer the reader to every one of his "*Chroniques Politiques*." But it is not for this that he appears to us so remarkable among his own countrymen: it is for having so perfectly just a conception of what a journalist's sphere of activity *is*, and of what are the proper relations between the public and the Press. In our opinion, M. Forcade stands far higher as a political polemic than M. Saint Marc Girardin; but that is a matter of opinion, and others may differ from us—we should not the least mind if they did so: we attach no importance to the fact of M. Forcade's bi-monthly pamphlets (for such they are) being models of style and of high thought upon the highest matters; but what we *do* attach importance to is, that he *sees* things as few Frenchmen see them; that his perceptions are straight where theirs are crooked; and that, if only a dozen men in France had held firmly the opinions he holds, journalism could not have worked the evil it has worked there, nor could the French be the "sons of newspapers" (to use *Eöthen's* famous words) which they are. It is a question of principle on which he stands, not of practice. In mere practice, he might, for instance, have committed the faults committed in 1827 by St Marc Girardin, and have lightly written on the gravest subjects; but his principle is so to raise the condition of the Press, so to modify its juxtaposition to the public, that such faults should become of impossible commission. His tendency is to call into life the great checking power—to create, to educate public opinion, to force it into self-development: the co-existence with it of a Press that is its interpreter is an immediate and inevitable consequence; as is also, naturally, the subordination of

the journalist to the journal. It is *for perceiving these truths*, and vindicating them untiringly, that M. Forcade, in our mind, stands alone in France. He is catholic-minded in a country where, under let what will be the existent form of government, everything is animated by the narrowest spirit of exclusivism—he is that rarest of all political nature's products, *a true Liberal*.

As an organ of publicity, we will at once say that we place the *Revue des Deux Mondes* higher than any other in France,—far higher even than the *Journal des Débats* at its best and freest period. We do so, because we look upon the influence of the *Revue* as so very much more elevating than that of the *Débats*,—so very much better calculated to enlarge the public thought, and guide it towards the study of the one master-problem of self-government. Still, even the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, if considered as the representative of a vast institution, falls far short of what we can point to in these kingdoms,—the *Times*, for instance. Nor has the difference of the form of publication by any means as much to do with this inferiority as might be supposed: modify very slightly the composition of one or two of its habitual articles, and spread them all out over the eight pages, the forty-eight daily columns of the *Times*, and there will not be found any very great obstacle to the process being repeated every day; and, on the other hand, file the “Leviathan” for a fortnight (when Parliament is *not* sitting), and it will be seen that, with the exception of certain special articles, nearly every paper of any importance will bear reading as well as at the moment of its original publication. There is then no fundamental reason that should prevent our drawing a comparison between the two; for the influence they exercise is of the same species, whatever may be the difference of the form under which it works.

We are disposed to think that people in Great Britain very commonly underrate the usefulness of such a newspaper as the *Times*. We choose it as our example for more than one reason: first, on account of its enormous circulation; next because of its perfect independence of parties; and lastly, because it is even here, in our own nation, quite *sui-generis*, and has its like nowhere.

For want of the great, self-recognised, substantive public we have already spoken of, the *Times* never could exist abroad. It is thoroughly and exclusively British; for it is really and truly the expression of the public thought, whether temporary or permanent. Perhaps the very defects of the *Times* prove even more than its merits, its indissoluble oneness with the public. How perpetually, here at home, do we hear the *Times* abused for its

vacillating policy, for its shiftings and changings, for its miserable uncertainty of purpose, and for its shamelessly sudden conversions! And as for the abhorrence in which it is held in the continental world, the violence of it would make us smile. But upon what does all this blame—amply merited for the most part—bear? Why, chiefly on the foreign policy of the *Times*. Now we are not by any means certain that, if the average of all tolerably well-educated Britons were taken, and if they were told to talk authoritatively upon foreign politics once in every twenty-four hours, they would not make just as many mistakes and talk just as much nonsense as does the *Times*. We firmly believe they *would*. It is the *one* point on which the British people knows the least, and on which the peoples of the Continent know the most; therefore they are not fairly matched. The superiority of the *Times* lies in the fidelity with which it utters British thoughts,—in the *immediateness* with which the nation speaks through it, as with its own voice. But when it comes to treat of questions upon which *it is in the very essence of the British nature to be ignorant or deceived*, then it ceases, as it were, to speak for, or even to *be*, itself, and is led away by a sentiment, or dictated to by a party; and, as an inevitable consequence, becomes silly, unreliable, and often mischievously wrong. But what, we would ask, must be the intrinsic worth of a paper whose importance resists such repeated proofs of inferiority on one point? Any *one* of the mistakes committed daily by the *Times* would cost a political journal its reputation on the Continent; yet if the *Times* were to commit still worse blunders, its influence would not be diminished thereby, for the simple reason that its influence does not rest upon the ground on which its inferiority is shown. Take the *Times* where *it is itself*, and see what its genuine value is there.

We have said that it would be perfectly possible to read once a fortnight the back numbers of the *Times*; which, be it remarked, is the greatest praise that can be given to a daily print: we will add, that it would be perfectly impossible to subject *any* other daily paper in the whole world to the same ordeal. Why is this? Because, in the treatment of all *home* questions, the *Times* takes a high moral tone; chooses for the bases of its arguments broad, solid, permanent truths, that are proof against the action of time or fashion; expresses the *latent* thought of the whole public (which is always a generous one); and appeals from the nation to its better, nobler, but *more hidden* self,—fulfilling thus, as we said in our opening pages, the real office of the Press: that, namely, of being the nation's conscience. We would almost go the length of challenging any one to show, that for many years past, the *Times* has been unfaithful to these high duties.

We again and again invite attention to the wide difference between the treatment of foreign subjects by this monster organ of publicity, and its treatment of home questions. We condemn it altogether as regards the former, looking upon it as inferior to even second-rate journals on the Continent,—as ignorant, one-sided, unreliable, unsafe; but we affirm, that whenever the great *social and moral* interests of the British people are involved, whenever their internal development and their intrinsic worth are at stake, the *Times* makes no mistakes; and at any distance of time those who re-read what it has said, will be the better for it. This comes not only from the fact of the oneness of the journal with the public, but from the constantly elevated idea of itself with which the public inspires the journal. The *Times* acts upon a very proper avoidance of two great, and generally adopted errors: belief in the materialism of the age, and of the degeneracy of the race. It virtually admits (for it acts on the admission), that the materialistic signs of the present wondrous age are mere appearances, the chief wonder of all the age's wonders lying in the *immateriality* of their causes. This a material age!—when, granted a breath of vapour, a flash of fire, an electric touch, and a new world *is*! Why, it is so directly the reverse of material, that it is *the* age that has gifted matter with a soul. And the two things go together: in *such* an age, the race that truly appreciates its gains cannot be degenerate. Most men are, in reality, nobler than they think; and it will be found that the invincible cause of the superiority of the organ we are speaking of—the cause, in honour of which all its other shortcomings are forgiven—is its indestructible belief in the utmost amount of nobility in the British race. Let any one take the trouble to study the line adopted by the *Times* when a question of public morality is at stake: we will take any of the questions that have arisen within the last two or three years,—the release of the prisoners from Winchester gaol—the case of Dr Smethurst—the “*exclusive*” fête at Cremorne—Admiral Hope in the Peiho—the Field Lane Refuges—Sarah Dyer—the Catholics in Canada—the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States—the Road child murder—the *Premier's* visit to the ragged schools,—these, and a hundred others of a similar nature;—and we unhesitatingly affirm, that the line followed by the *Times* has been bold, and eminently *unconventional*—far more than *strictly* moral, *loftily* so; and that any one studying it will be the better for so doing. On any and all of these occasions, the *Times*, thoroughly *one* with the public, has appealed to that public's higher sense, to its *superior self*, and has only helped to achieve such vast results because of its unshakeable faith in the greatness of the British race.

No more convincing proof of what we here advance can be found than in the Volunteer Movement. The superficial aspect of public opinion would have induced a belief in the degeneracy of the British race; Manchester, by its "school," had preached itself into the notion that the so-called *positivism* of the age was to crush all more chivalrous aspirations; that men were to live only to trade, and that no amount of injustice or of wrong was henceforth to arouse generous indignation, or imperil the gross, sensual enjoyments of the "peace-at-all-price" system. Superficially, the public connived at all this,—there is no denying it,—and great is the credit due to the *Times* for having felt that at bottom the public knew better, and for having been the awakener of the national conscience. The reasoning process was simply the following: "The men who advocate all this 'base abandonment' are *not* British; their one distinguishing characteristic is their total want of a spark of British feeling; therefore, if Britain still *be* Britain, she will arise and throw off these traitors to her fame." The thing was tried, did NOT at first succeed, but succeeded in the end; because they were right who refused to believe in Britain's degeneracy, who *trusted* her in spite of all outward seeming, and who, resolutely appealing to her own true self, called up that self in all its grandeur from beneath the mass of sordidness and falsehood under which an attempt had been made to stifle it. There is no denying the extent of the service done, nor the manner of its doing, nor to whom the deed is mainly attributable. That such a thing would be impossible abroad, is to be ascribed much less to the importance of the *Times* than to the inferiority of the Press in continental countries; to the circumstance of its *not* deriving its power from its *oneness* with the public, or from its being the medium through which the public thought is expressed.

Another mark of the superiority of the *Times* is to be found in its own prompt assumption of the weighty responsibilities laid upon it. When a power—vested whether in a man or an institution—makes a declaration of readiness to answer for stupendous results, it either really *is* answerable for them, or its vain assertions are blown to the winds by the explosion of universal ridicule. Lord Palmerston, lately, at Romsey,¹ celebrated the Press as "one of the wonders of civilisation," and as "an institution to which the progress of all civilisation and the interests of our own country are boundlessly indebted." The *Times* proudly asserted its right of returning thanks in the name of the "enormous power;"² and, two days afterwards, said, that "having some claim to *represent this element* in human

¹ Speech at Romsey, November 6, 1859.

² Leading article of 22d November 1859.

affairs," it congratulated its "countrymen on the frank admission of its importance." Now, let any impartial reader say whether a similar piece of self-assertion would be tolerated, or could be attempted by any other organ of publicity in the United Kingdom. None other would attempt it; but did any other do so, we all know what would be its fate. Yet this can be done by what those who hate it most join in denominating the "Leading Journal;" and that it can be so, is the fact we wish our readers to see in its true light. "Those who hate it most!" are the words we have just used: why, there are actually but few people who do not "hate" the *Times*; yet who does not see that this in no way diminishes, but only proclaims, its power?

Standing so widely apart as it does from the continental Press, there is, however, one organ of publicity in Germany which, in this one particular respect, may be said to resemble the *Times*; and it is for that reason we have chosen it as the fittest representative of German journalism. We allude to the *Allgemeine Augsburger Zeitung*, known to us under the name of the *Augsburg Gazette*. The distinguishing feature of this very remarkable paper seems to us to be, that in common with the *Times*, but with no other that we know of, it is read by its enemies. Other newspapers, all over the world, are chiefly read and mainly supported by those with whose opinions they agree. The *Times* and the *Augsburg Gazette* alone are read by those whose opinions are *not* the same as theirs. Germany is morally split up into as many theories as she is geographically into States. Not only does a Prussian read the Prussian papers specially, a Bavarian those of Munich or Nuremberg, and an Austrian those of Vienna, Prague, or Pesth, but a Radical from the south reads the *Gazette de Cologne*, as a high Tory from Baden or Stuttgart rejoices over the Berlin *Gazette de la Croix*; each finding therein the echo of his own individual opinion, the confirmation of his own particular creed. But, just as the Conservative country gentleman with us takes in the *Morning Herald* or *Press* for his own comfort, but *must* take in the *Times* in order to "know what is going on;" and as the "Advanced Liberal" reads the *Daily News* for his pleasure, grumblingly recurring to *The Thunderer* for his information,—just so, the Prussian Pietist, the Leipsicker Freethinker, the Rhineland Socialist, the Hungarian Historic-policy partisan, or the Viennese Constitutionalist (or Absolutist as the case may be), after they have, each of them severally, revelled in the persual of the narrow-minded exclusive prints, in which their own individual form of narrowness is reflected, just so, we say, do they turn to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* "to see what is going on." They don't read it because they *like* it, but because the reading of it is a necessity, and the non-reading of it would entail inferiority.

This is the one point on which the *Augsburg Gazette* resembles the *Times*. For the rest, it shares with all its continental brethren the condition which separates them from the British Press. It is the work of a man, not the result of a demand for adequate utterance by the public thought.

This difference between the British nation and the other nations of Europe will be found everywhere. Abroad, a sovereign *grants* a constitution, framed by his ministers, to subjects who are to adapt themselves to its provisions as well as they can. In these Islands *all* institutions are the mere product of the growth of the people, who, *outgrowing* certain governmental forms, cast them aside, or let them drop. With us the capacity of the governed is on a par with that of the governors; and so, with the Press: the public who is to be *spoken to*, is in every sense the equal of the speakers to whom it is to listen. The public calls certain journalistic forces into life. It wants them, and they are never slow to come forth. But it is the consumer who is in advance of the supplier.

“The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread,”

as Tennyson truly remarks; but the “diffusive thought” is pre-existent to the expression of it, and it has both “worked and spread” before it has compelled itself into any definite form.

This is to be noted only in Great Britain. Most luckily for the German public, a man of vast intellectual superiority, of indomitable energy, of largely liberal views, and of a singularly varied education, determined to try if it were not possible so to modify the spirit and tendencies of an organ of German publicity, as to give it somewhat of the breadth and catholic-mindedness of a journal like the *Times*; to disengage it from the trammels of localism and party, and force it to become, at all events up to a certain point, the expression of the public thought, where the public thought was independently exercised. The journal was the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; the man was Hermann Orgès, famous enough in Germany, north and south, but comparatively little known, we suppose, to British readers. When M. Orgès came to have a share in the direction of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (some eight or ten years ago, if we are not mistaken), nothing distinguished that paper from its other German contemporaries, unless it might be its *venerability* as one of the stiffest representatives of the old Treaty-of-Vienna school, and every now and then, the insertion in its columns of a clever literary article. As to politics, it was “*pigtail*” all over, and therefore incapable of expressing what was latent in the mind of the rising generation

anywhere. But Hermann Orgès was of the "rising generation;" and when he came to have a voice in the guidance of its destinies, the *Augsburg Gazette* underwent a thorough transformation, cast its pigtail, and began to live the life of our nineteenth century.

What has made the change radical and enduring is less even the talent and eloquence of Orgès, than his character as a man—a character formed by out-of-doors experience, and moulded by *action* into something very different from what the usual German character is. By birth a Prussian, and a Protestant, Hermann Orgès began life, as do most Prussians, in the army. After having served as an artillery officer with distinction, he retired, and entered the navy. His existence as a sailor carried him round the world, from east to west, and north to south.¹ Hence the wide range of subjects he is competent to treat; his familiarity with all commercial problems; his profound knowledge of certain special questions, such as that of the condition of the Ottoman Empire, for instance, or the French dominion in Africa, or the Suez Canal; and hence, too, the strongly practical, business-like mode of dealing with political combinations, no matter of what species, which distinguish the writings of Orgès from those of any German publicist that we know of.

Old Blaise de Montluc, the sturdiest soldier of France under the Valois race, had a notion of the kind of man whom we want to make better known to the British public; and he was bitterly opposed to any one chronicling events if he had not been largely mixed up with them. Those, he said, who had "fought and lived" could best write; but of all who wrote of men and things from a distance, as it were, he had a strong suspicion, which he expressed by saying, "*cela sent toujours son clerc!*" Here is the universal defect of German political journalists—" *cela sent toujours son clerc;*" nor is it that alone—it is not the mere scribe you are sure to stumble against, it is the pedant; not the man of words merely, but the man of formulas; the *Herr Professor*, whose very inmost soul wears spectacles, and whose perceptions are "*bemossed*," as the bewildered student of the "Second Faust" expresses it. These would-be deep

¹ Hermann Orgès entered the Prussian army in 1838, having been educated at the *Artillery College* of Berlin. He left it in 1848, with the grade of first lieutenant of artillery. The formation of a German fleet had been decreed by the Parliament of Frankfort, and Orgès repaired to Hamburg, entered the school of navigation there, and after a few months' preparatory study, in 1849 started on a voyage round the world, which lasted upwards of eighteen months. In the spring of 1851, the German fleet was disbanded, and the ships sold. From 1851 to 1853, Orgès employed his time in travelling over Europe, and in visiting the East. In 1853 he entered on his present position at *Augsburg*.

thinkers, who mistake darkness for depth, and fancy whatever is unreal must be grand; these insane theorists, who, like Goethe's hero, have studied

. . . "Philosophie
Juristerei und Medicin,"

only, unlike him, have *not* found out that it all left them "as wise as heretofore;"—these are the men who have driven to despair the few genuine *statesmen* in whom Germany has rejoiced, and who have well-nigh made it seem impossible that active, healthy, political journalism should ever exist in Germany. Against this school of hair-splitters and cobweb-weavers—for whom, assuredly, old Montluc would, with his primitive habits, have provided nothing less than the stake—Hermann Orgès stands out in sharp relief. There is in him nothing that "savours of the scribe," and in every line of his rapid, concise, short-sentenced prose, you feel the steady, sincere impulse of a man who would rather be doing what he is talking of, if he could, than talking of it; as if, after all, at this time, high, earnest, vigorous *talk* were not the best, nay, the *only* means of rousing Germany to action. The glorious uprising of 1813 was "*sung in*" by Arndt, Körner, and a few others. What these "*Lieder*" were to the more lyrical-minded patriots of that time, the prose-appeals of Orgès in the *Allgemeine* may well lay claim to be, to his more sober-minded countrymen at this day. He has been warring on resolutely now for six or seven years, to force the Germans into something like public life, to drive them into being, in a political sense, a *public*. No one out of Britain acknowledges as he does the vast advantages of so thoroughly *impersonal* a press as ours; perhaps in Britain no one takes the trouble to analyse these advantages so minutely. He scarcely allows a day to pass without warning his countrymen of the dangers that threaten them, and without showing them what *they* must themselves do to overcome them.

"There was actually a period of time," says Orgès in one of his earnest articles, "when the moral and political condition of the *German people* was so seemingly hopeless, that the very best strength of the race sought to escape the trammels of any nationality at all, and to lose itself in the anonymous life of general civilisation only. Germans were not Germans, but only members of the human family! Now, up to a certain point, let us be lenient to this tendency, for it shows one of the highest aspirations of the Teutonic nature—it is one of the strongest proofs of its capacity of devotion to an idea, to an unselfish aim; but in real life, and in political life above all, the power of a tendency is best measured by what limits and defines it. A great race, to become a great State, must be *selfish*; that is, it must concentrate its energies upon the achievement of certain definite ends,

which are in some shape identified with its interests. Without strong self-reliance, no man is of use to other men; without the strong habit of believing in its own resources, *in its own individual self*, no nation is of use to other nations, or of value as an ally. However it may look upon itself as charged with higher destinies in the dim future, no race can attain to greatness, save by the utmost development of its own purely national forces—its individuality is the root of all its power. Look where we may, we find Germans helping foreign nations to do things which are distinct from German interests: three-fourths of the soldiers in the “*foreign legions*” of every State are Germans, and the half of all the professors, and of the artisans. Here they are fighting, teaching, working for strangers! It is a false state of things, and must cease, if Germans intend to be a self-subsistent race, determined to, and capable of repelling attacks from without. In British India we find Germans without end, receiving pay for military service. How easy would you find it to raise a British legion abroad? There lies the example; we must follow it. GERMAN interests must be dearer to us than those of England in Hindostan, or of France in Algeria, or of any other foreign State whatever; we must, if we would exercise influence out of doors, be first an object of importance to ourselves at home.”

This has been the one chief aim of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* ever since Orgès has aided in the guidance of the journal; and it has certainly contributed much to the present movement throughout the German family in all its branches—a movement of which, some eighteen months ago, an illustrious French statesman said, “*à force d’être une race ces Allemands sont un Etat!*”

Now, here again, as with M. Forcade, we find the journalist superior to the journal, and, up to a certain point, we have to note the same endeavour to bring the two upon a more equal footing. Forcade labours to awaken public opinion, Orgès strives to create a public; but both are truthfully and generously devoted to the work of evoking a force which, if it fully existed, must necessarily diminish their individual importance. This strong sense of a political duty so patriotically performed separates the two writers we refer to from the large majority of their brethren in either country, whose habit it mostly is to be anything rather than self-sacrificing. But, in the one instance as in the other, the subordination of the journal is accomplished. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* would relapse into a merely literary periodical without its “*Chronique Politique* ;” it would still be first-rate in a literary point of view, but its political value is identified with Forcade. And as to what the *Allgemeine Zeitung* would become were Orgès to withdraw from it, it would be hard to say. The best evidence is to be found in the disappointment of its readers on the days when the well-known signs which reveal his

ever ready co-operation are absent from its columns.¹ If the talent and strong political sense, the energy and the self-abnegation, may be said to be equal in the two writers we have chosen as types of continental journalism at the present day, the field on which they have to exercise them is a very different one. In France there is a sort of public, though no public opinion; it is a dormant public, one that cares not to awaken from its slumbers, that neither takes its own part or any part in the great human struggles of the age, but that has quite a definite notion of what it wants to have said to it; and it circumscribes virtually the labours of even so distinguished a writer as M. Forcade, who regretfully exclaims,² "When a powerful country like France will persist in concentrating *all* its mental activity upon foreign politics *only*, how can any other nation be at ease!" He sees the evil, he sees the inferiority it entails, he sorely laments over the want of "all mental activity in *home affairs*;" but what he *must* do is laid out before him: he knows it, and he does it incomparably. He *must* write on foreign politics, and *lead* the so-called "public," who will not take the trouble to form its own opinion; to this he resigns himself, and his political essays are, as we have already said, excellent state-papers. With Orgès, the position is different: it being necessary actually to call a *public* into existence, a greater variety of interests have to be appealed to, a wider range of chords have to be touched. Whatever can force a manifestation of collective life from Germans—as Germans, and not as Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, or Saxons—falls within the sphere of activity of Hermann Orgès; and the consequence is, that you find him for ever bringing his world-wide experience as a *man* to bear upon the requirements of his calling as a journalist. At one moment you will have him contrasting the vast interests of Europe (in which naturally the possessors of the Adriatic and Baltic coasts have an *equal* share) with the particular interests or cravings of France; at another, he will compel attention to the necessity for railroads without end, because these, without asking for let or leave, throw their net over antagonistic populations, strangling local rivalries, and promoting general goodwill through the cheering influences of a wealth-ensuring *internal* trade. His perfect mastery of nearly a dozen languages makes him familiar with the literature of many nations, as his travels have made him so with the nations themselves; and he will seek the example he needs in what such a man did, or in what such

¹ The sign in the *Allgemeine* is pre-fixed to the article. The two signs whereby M. Orgès is known are, as we have been informed, the letter *h* and three stars placed thus *h* ***.

² *Revue*, 15th November 1860.

another thought. 'His object is to force his countrymen into *thinking, together*, and to this every hour is given up. He will leave no one subject untouched on which public thought can be aroused; he will, when he has explained the aims of Imperial France in the affair of the Suez Canal, enter into minute details upon her cavalry organization; he will show the moral supremacy of kindred England everywhere, and prove how it derives from her intense internal life; he will vary free trade with the arts, and naval gunnery with a tribute to the memory of Humboldt, and be everywhere first-rate, because everywhere prompted by *the same purpose*. When the treaty of Villa Franca is signed, and the entire south of Germany (ignorant of the noble reply already given by Francis Joseph to Bonaparteian temptations) is smarting under the idea of having been abandoned by the north, Orgès, who sees the danger, is the very first to cry—"No rancour! *union amongst all!*" And the cry is heard. *Union!* there is his watchword—union everywhere. On the occasion of the *Schiller Fest*, he calls upon all to recognise the oneness of German intellect; on the anniversary of the death of Queen Louisa of Prussia, he adjures all to honour the oneness of German patriotism in the hour of need, and to do undivided homage to the high-hearted woman who to the last said, "*Desperate resistance alone can save us.*"

What Orgès has achieved is very considerable; what he attempts is almost beyond the possible achievement of one man. But that word again stops us. What we have told our readers of him vouches for his very remarkable exploits on the field of journalism, but does not prove any increased development in the life of political journalism itself in Germany. Journalism remains where it was on the Continent,—subservient, namely, to journalists, and identified with them. The *great public voice* is no nearer than it was to making itself heard. In order to make still clearer the superiority of Britain in this respect, let the following words be studied:—

"It was an article in the *Edinburgh* (in 1840) which made Clive's reputation, by a modern expression of an ancient truth—now, as of old, a sacred pen was required to rescue brave deeds from the night of oblivion: but it was no longer by the old vehicle that the work was performed. It was not a poem, not an epic, not a rhapsody, which raised Clive from obscurity, and set him on the pedestal of fame. The work was done by an article in the periodical press. That was the poem of the nineteenth century, and no song of bard ever answered its purpose better. The fact deserves careful note, *for it is full of meaning*. The power of the press is insensibly expanding, day after day, until it will suffice to embrace every province of thought. This is undoubtedly a revolution, but it is accomplished. The posi-

tion of the press is the result of gravitation alone, the natural product of circumstances and events; and it is the duty of all to turn to the best account an instrument of such unexampled power."

These lines are taken from one of those nameless *leaders* in the *Times*,¹ whose eloquence lies in their being true to the public thought, and which are coupled with the fame of no one individual thinker.

According to the proportion in which the public thought is truly and anonymously expressed by the journals of any country, the public of that country has acquired the habit of thinking for itself. The following result, therefore, of a very minute and (we hope) conscientious study of the press and of public opinion in the three great European countries, ought to surprise no one:—Whilst on the Continent we find journalists, in Britain we find an impersonal press; on the one hand, we have such leading spirits as Forcade and Orgès; on the other, such an organ as the *Times*.

¹ *Times*, 21st January 1860.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Home Ballads and Poems.* By JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1860.
 2. *Poems.* By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Strahan and Co. Edinburgh, 1861.
 3. *The Worn Wedding Ring, and other Poems.* By W. C. BENNETT. London: Chapman and Hall.

IT is with our poetry as with our friends and wine, the longer we live, the more inclined are we to murmur over the new—"the old is better." We don't say absolutely better, but better to us—the old agrees better with us. One result of this taste of ours is an unwillingness, not quite reasonable, to read new poems, or to acknowledge the rise of new poets, or, indeed, new any things,—even planets; we stick to our old ones, beginning with Mercury, and ending with Georgium Sidus. Doubtless, poetry is perpetual, as are flowers and stars; but we like the stars because they are old, and we think a rose, and a lily, and a violet, more beautiful than any new flowers we have seen since we first saw them. Of course, by this old fashioned way of dealing, we are constantly doing others and ourselves injustice, as in the case of the author of "Home Ballads." Mr Whittier is a true poet, has a note of his own, as native and wild as is that of a linnet or a mavis. He is not one of the many clever writers of verses now-a-days, who are so, because somebody else wrote before them—clever mocking-birds, who have no song of their own, and can mimic any one else's. He sings because he cannot help it. It is his way of uttering himself; and, after all, this musicalness of thought and word is quite as much an essential element of poetry, as the philosophy, and theology, and general omniscience, which, in our day, seem to be its chief ingredients; indeed, to our tastes, we would much rather have this one without the others, than all the others without this one. Therefore we welcome heartily this genuine songster, and take some blame to ourselves—and much comfort too—when we see there is so much more of his we have yet to enjoy.

The best poems in this volume are the least ambitious. We like "The Witch's Daughter," a story as beautiful and touching as Mabel Martin's face was when "she sat apart," and as strong and cordial as Esek Harden's arm and voice, when

"So pleasantly the harvest moon,
 Between the shadows of the mows,
 Looked on them through the great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, 'It is well!'

like this, and "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Telling the
' "My Playmate," and "The Red River Voyageur," bet-
an "The Shadow and the Light," "Trinitas," and "The
her," though all these are full not only of power but of
7. We wish he had let "The Pipes at Lucknow" alone,
ss said about them the better: there is more of sound than
se, for instance, in this, as well as in them—

"Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
'Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all!'"

is is nearly as distressing as hearing the bagpipes them-
in a room. They should be heard in the Highlands, in
vening, and in the next glen; and Professors Aytoun and
ie should be left to sing their praises.

t let us delight our readers, as we did ourselves, by a poem
ly native and inimitable as "Lochaber no more" or "Wae's
r Prince Charlie." We confess to having broken down
than once when reading it aloud. This is the best of all
of poetry, does it move? does it "tirl the heartstrings a'
life?" as Burns said and did; poetry that doesn't do this,
little worth as a novel that doesn't divert.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

"Out and in, the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
 And one foot on the shore,
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning
 That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
 Is it the Indian's yell,
 That lends to the voice of the north wind
 The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace;
 Well he knows the vesper ringing
 Of the bells of St Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
 To the boatman on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north winds blow,
 And thus upon life's Red River
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,
 And our eyes grow dim with watching
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace!

Is not this a bright, consummate flower? It fulfils its end, no less and no more; and though we cannot tell how to do it—as little, probably, as Mr Whittier himself could—we may consider it, how it grows, how it gently and exactly answers its idea. First comes matter of fact—a bit of nature, the “long, red chain”—and then the first touch of human life, “the wild Assiniboins,”—just the very word. Then the feeling of the place, cold and dreary; you would be sorry for any one there; and instantly you are sorry for the “eyes that look” and “the hands that row”—then darkness is added and fear—then the sound is heard graduating, till

“The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace.”

Then safety, light, warmth, food, sleep, peace;—now springs up the reflex and deeper thought, ending in

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace !

We take leave to say, there is more of the aroma, more of the essence of true poetry in this song, than in all Festus, or in the last and worst half of Aurora Leigh.

Such of our readers,—a fast increasing number,—as have read and enjoyed "The Patience of Hope,"—listening to the gifted nature which through such deep and subtle thought, and through affection and godliness still deeper and more quick, has charmed and soothed them, will not be surprised to learn that she is not only poetical, but, what is more, a poet, and one as true as George Herbert and Henry Vaughan, or our own Cowper ; for, with all our admiration of the searching, fearless speculation, the wonderful power of speaking clearly upon dark and all but unspeakable subjects, the rich outcome of "thoughts that wander through eternity," which increases every time we take up that wonderful little book, we confess we were surprised at the kind and the amount of true poetic *vis* in these poems, from the same fine and strong hand. There is a personality and immediateness, a sort of sacredness and privacy, as if they were overheard rather than read, which gives to these remarkable productions a charm and a flavour all their own. With no effort, no consciousness of any end but that of uttering the inmost thoughts and desires of the heart, they flow out as clear, as living, as gladdening as the wayside well, coming from out the darkness of the central depths, filtered into purity by time and travel. The waters are copious, sometimes to overflowing ; but they are always limpid and unforced, singing their own quiet tune, not saddening, though sometimes sad, and their darkness not that of obscurity but of lepth, like that of the deep sea.

This is not a book to criticise or speak about, and we give no extracts from the longer, and, in this case we think, the better poems. We advise our readers to possess the book, and get the joy and the surprise of so much real thought and feeling, on all that is best worth the one and the other. In reading this *Cardiphonia* set to music, we have been often reminded not only of Herbert and Vaughan, but of Keble, a likeness of the spirit not of the letter ; for, if there is any one poet who has given a bent to her mind, it is Wordsworth,—the greatest of all our century's poets, both in himself and in his power of making poets. *Par n Novissimo* will illustrate what we say about Keble ; but we will not allow ourselves to wander farther. We give the following, because they are short. They are taken at random from the lesser poems :—

"ASCENDING.

"They who from mountain peaks have gazed upon
 The wide illimitable heavens, have said,
 That still receding as they climbed, outspread,
 The blue vault deepens over them, and one
 By one drawn further back, each starry sun
 Shoots down a feebler splendour overhead?
 So, Saviour! as our mounting spirits, led
 Along Faith's living way to Thee, have won
 A nearer access, up the difficult track
 Still pressing, on that rarer atmosphere,
 When low beneath us flits the cloudy rack,
 We see Thee drawn within a widening sphere
 Of glory, from us further, further back,—
 Yet is it then because we are more *near*."

"QUI SAIT AIMER, SAIT MOURIR.

" 'I burn my soul away!'
 So spake the Rose and smiled; 'within my cup
 All day the sunbeams fall in flame,—all day
 They drink my sweetness up!'
 'I sigh my soul away!'
 The lily said; 'all night the moonbeams pale
 Steal round and round me, whispering in their play
 An all too tender tale!'
 'I give my soul away!'
 The Violet said; 'the West wind wanders on,
 The North wind comes; I know not what they say,
 And yet my soul is gone!'
 Oh, Poet, burn away
 Thy fervent soul! fond Lover at the feet
 Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian, pray,—
 And let the world be sweet!"

This is as bright, as definite, as expressive as the flowers themselves.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A LOVER'S DREAM.

"So dreaming sad and true,
 He dreamed he saw two outcast children rove;
 Oft had he nursed them fondly, so he knew
 Their faces—Hope and Love!
 And ever farther North—
 Such heavy doom lay on them through some sin;
 And sorrow not their own—they wandered forth,
 And none did take them in.

The wild wind round them strewed
Brown whirling leaves, and sighed amid its play,
While ever deeper in the wintry wood
Their small feet went astray.

Yet smiling as they sung
Their little songs, they held each other's hand,
And cheered each other onwards in a tongue
None else might understand.

They fed each other kind—
For slender food these gentle Babes require—
With here and there a berry, left behind,
On ragged thorn or brier.

And closer as the dew
Fell dank, unto each other's side they crept ;
And closer, closer to each other drew
For warmth before they slept ;

For by some law, these two
Together born, together linked for aye,
Could only die together ; so they knew
What time their hour drew nigh.

And oft amid the chill
They woke and listened for each other's breath,
And felt a pulse beat feebly ; all was still,
And yet it was not Death !

' Still, Brother, thou art warm,'
They whispered to each other ; till its fold
Relaxing languidly, each little arm
Grew stiff, and both were cold.

No pious Robins there
Brought leaves ; but smitten with a late remorse,
A pitying Spirit of the upper air
Wept kind above each corse ;

And from undying bowers
Shook on those children, buried in the snow,
Sweet buds and blossoms of the very flowers
They played with long ago !

We are childish enough to feel "queer" when reading this. Sancho, at that wonderful dinner, where he got everything ; his dinner, shouted out in hunger and despair, "less observæ and more beef!" so would we call out for less omniscience and more poetry, from our poets. In this case, as in most others, prefer their *forte* to their *foible*. It may be a fine thing for a writer of verse to be everything else—a psychologist, a physio-

logist, a pathologist (*usque ad nauseam*), and it may be, an embryologist too, and great upon "nucleated cells"—but it is a much finer thing for him to be a poet and to please—albeit these functions seem to be thought too humble and not sufficiently earnest in these loud times. But, after all, it is well to put in a protest about this nonsense of poetry being everything, because, in a certain and true sense, everything may be made poetical.

It is especially necessary in this age, which is so much that of science proper, to remember that science and poetry are at the opposite poles of human thought, the end of the one being truth, the end of the other pleasure. Whatever may be our views as to the right mode of interpreting the book of Genesis, no one can fail to admire the Divine beauty of the words expressing the fulness of the provision made for man in that garden which the Lord God planted eastward in Eden, "wherein He caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food, the Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden, and the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil;" or, as the Greeks would have said, the beautiful, the useful, the good, and the true. Here we have poetry and prose, religion and philosophy, the entire round of human wants and powers. Now, we don't object to any great thinker, when addressing the world, putting something of all these four into his words; indeed, every great thinker and every man who deeply moves mankind and is himself deeply moved, must do this; but if he writes poetry, let him, in the main, be poetical; if he is a minister of the useful, let him give us something we can use, and so likewise with the good and the true; let him answer to his name, but don't let our poetry become too physiological any more than our physiology too poetical. Poetry proper comes in by "the Beautiful gate of the Temple;" don't let her try any other, she looks best there. We have emerged, and, upon the whole, happily from the age of systems, divisions, and departments, the anatomical region, which postulates death to begin with; and are, now, as is usual in such cases, running into a course of "confused feeding," which, though it is better than feeding upon elements, and basic principles, and wind, has dangers and miseries and disorders of its own.

As to Mr W. C. Bennett's volume, we feel inclined to begin and end by exclaiming, as did a boy of fourteen to whom we read one or two of his effusions, "does he call *that* poetry?" Whatever he may have done before, as certified largely by the press, at the end of this volume, this is indeed very sorry stuff, the strongest characteristic of which is its weakness.

Mr Bennett seems curiously unaware of his own size; and writes lines "By the Sea," and on "My own easy Chair," quite un-

is that Byron and Thackeray had done so previously—unconscious,—because there is a wretched mimicry of he must have presumed on his reader's ignorance, or, more ul still, on his agreeing with himself as to the comparative of himself and the authors of "Don Juan" and "Vanity or as Hogg the shepherd used to put it, "Me and

not to end with scolding, let us advise all our readers who : seen it, to get and read, "Cobbett's Ride,"¹ the joint pro- of that "young Lycidas" Henry Lushington, and his nd biographer, Mr Venables. Here is the author of the er," and the "Twopenny Trash," as he trots out of

"To meet the freshness of the day
While yet the millions slept."

is late hours in Parliament,

"From his broad weather-beaten face
A manly look of gladness spoke—
He snuffed from far the country air,
That blew from fields unvexed by care,
Unpoisoned by the smoke.

A labourer's son, 'mid squires and lords
Strong on his own stout legs he stood ;
Well armed in bold and trenchant wit ;
And well they learned that tempted it,
That his was English blood.

And every wound his victim felt
Had in his eyes a separate charm ;
Yet, better than successful strife
He loved the memory of his life
In boyhood, on the farm

Not for the song of nightingales,
Or murmur of poetic streams ;
But whistling boys, and lowing cows,
And earthy sound of cleaving ploughs,
He heard in his dreams."

this like Goldsmith and Wordsworth combined, and yet e-itself than either ? The entire poem is as nearly per-nything in our language !

l, but not published, some years ago, under the title, "Joint Composi- ch they were in the strictest sense, having been produced in conver- ay were reprinted in *Macmillan's Magazine*, with a prose introduction rior—full of strength and tenderness, and the sharpest characterisa-

ART. IX.—*Sunday : its Origin, History, and Present Obligation; considered in Eight Lectures, Preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1860, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS HESSEY, D.C.L., Head-Master of Merchant Taylors' School, etc. London: Murray. 1860.

THE yearly volume, known as the "Bampton Lecture," besides being one of the most regular products of our theological culture, has a certain mission to fulfil, as a sign of the times. In some respects it is sure to bear "the form and pressure of the age." The wide range of subjects from which the lecturer is allowed to select his theme—embracing all that is important in the Christian evidence, in the doctrines of our faith, and the practical obligations which it imposes—brings up for discussion all prevailing views and opinions that appear to carry either an adverse or a favourable aspect to the claims and interests of the Bible. The Bampton Lecture serves, therefore, as a landmark for indicating the ever changing tides of human thought and speculation respecting the sacred oracles. We may add, that the personal distinction which the lectureship confers on its holder (to say nothing of the ample endowment which ensures him an immediate pecuniary recompense for his labour), enables the heads of the University of Oxford, who have the appointment, to secure the services of the most competent men in the Church to undertake the duties of the foundation. No one, versed in this massive theological serial (numbering now about eighty volumes), will deny that the chief object of the foundation has to a large extent been accomplished; and that the Bampton Lectures, as a whole, have materially helped to strengthen the bulwarks of the Christian faith, and to frustrate the attempts which have been made from time to time to undermine them.

Nevertheless, it is remarkable how little our theological literature is indebted to the Bampton Lectures for the highest class of productions. Of the fourscore volumes it has issued, only a very few have won the distinction of acknowledged celebrity and standard reference; and probably hardly any private theological libraries will be found to contain even a tithe of the whole, especially if selected with a view to comprise, in a limited compass, the largest possible number of works that have exerted a formative influence on the views and inquiries of subsequent times. This comparative failure in the nobler aims of consecrated talent and learning must, doubtless, be attributed in part to the stereotyped form of the volumes. By the will of

the founder, each of them must consist of what has been first prepared and preached as sermons, and these always eight in number; so that every subject of lecture must be compressed or expanded (as the case may be) into the same eight-fold division, and treated in a manner suited to the solemn dignity and hallowed associations of the pulpit. Such restrictions necessarily cramp the lecturer's freedom and energy of thought. Often, too, they oblige him to be general, where it is of importance to his argument that he should be minute and special; and cut him off from all playful strokes of fancy and humour, which, when skilfully plied, not only give liveliness and zest to controversial discussion, but contribute materially to its success. The result is, that the sermons, which constitute the proper body of the volumes, require to be supplemented by a huge appendix of notes, seldom inferior in bulk, and in force and pungency of spirit greatly superior to the discourses. They remind one not a little of those ideal creatures in the Apocalypse, which seem to have had bodies given them very much for the sake of their tails, "for their stings are in their tails." It is surely to be regretted, that a series of productions which, from their felicitous origin, might have been expected to form models of theological disquisition, should, by a kind of constitutional necessity, be thus marred in their structure, and take rank artistically among the most abnormal works in English literature.

This, however, is only one cause of the comparative failure of the Bampton Lecture to reach the highest style of authorship. Another still more potent inheres, we may almost say, in the very nature of the foundation. In its administration, it becomes necessary to limit the time devoted to the preparation and publication of each series. By the terms of the foundation itself, a year must elapse between the appointment of a lecturer and the fulfilment of his obligations; a few months, besides, are allowed for the completing and printing of his materials. But what is so brief a space for the preparation of a work, that, at this advanced stage of literary progress, aspires to a permanent and influential place in the vindication or development of Divine truth? Add even another year, and still another—more, we presume, than is ever actually conceded—what should it still be for such a purpose? A work in theology, as in any other department of thought, destined to live for generations, and stamp its impress on present and future times, must be the growth, not of one or two years, but of the better portion of a life. The theme must be thoroughly congenial to the tastes and mental capabilities of him who handles it. It must have had time to steep in his mind, sufficient to turn the important truths and principles involved in it *in succum et sanguinem*; he must have made himself familiar,

not only with its more obvious bearings, but with its profounder depths and relations; and, by the deliberate study of its history and literature, he must have elaborated and matured all his views concerning it. Occasionally, among the Bampton appointments, a lecturer does turn up, in whom these conditions happen in a more or less eminent degree, to meet. No more memorable instance of it could be found than in the case of Mr Mansel, whose intricate and arduous theme had, in some of its relations, been engaging his earnest attention for years. Bringing to it, as he did, the resources of a commanding intellect and most varied learning, his work readily surmounted the disadvantages of its faulty structure, and has taken its place in the class which not this age alone, but ages to come, will prize and study. But such a case is an exception to the general rule; it can scarcely be looked for but at distant intervals. In the ordinary run of appointments to the Bampton Lectureship, the selection falls on men who have distinguished themselves more or less in the studies prosecuted at the University; who are known to possess superior abilities and general attainments; and who, with a reasonable amount of time and fair opportunities, may be expected to produce a volume on some important topic connected with natural or revealed religion, that shall repay perusal and reflect no discredit on the nomination. Usually, the amount of special thought and learning brought to bear on the subject is simply what the lecturer, with such qualifications, and in so limited a space of time, may be able to command.

In the series of the Bampton Lectures now before us, it is only the latter and more general conditions of literary success that are realized. Dr Hessey appears to be a man of good natural abilities, while the position he occupies, and the honours he has obtained, indicate superior attainments in the scholarship and accomplishments which distinguish the well-educated English clergyman. Moreover, we meet in his volume with proofs of corresponding qualities of heart,—in particular, of a kindly spirit, of a generous consideration for the poor, and an earnest desire to promote the religious interests, and elevate the general well-being of the community, so as only the dangerous extremes of Puritanism be avoided. This is nearly the whole of what we feel called to say on the favourable side. In regard to the subject of his lecture, he exhibits no evidence of special qualifications or unusually extensive resources. We find nothing in the volume, either as regards its line of thought, or the learning brought in illustration of it, which might not, we believe, with comparatively common opportunities, have been produced, in the space of a few months, by any man of ordinary gifts. On several of the more interesting and important branches of the history of the subject, the author trusts to second-hand sources, which, at best, give but

partial information, and are sometimes as apt to mislead as to guide. We hope we shall be excused if we add, that, in the more controversial parts of the work, we meet too often with what we must term hereditary prejudices, special pleadings, weak positions, and inconclusive reasonings. As a whole, we cannot regard the volume as bringing any fresh materials of importance in aid of the view to which it lends its advocacy; and we greatly fear that its result may be the very opposite of what its writer designs—to strengthen the hands of those who disown the obligation of the Lord's-day as one of religious observance, and who would remove the sanctions by which its sacredness is guarded.

The title of the volume explains at once the view which it seeks to establish. The appropriation of *Sunday* as the distinctive and fitting designation of the day, is meant to show that, in the opinion of the author, the institution belongs entirely to Christian times, and has no connection—except analogically, and by way of inference—either with a primeval or with the Mosaic Sabbath. To make good this point is a leading aim of the work. To show the entire independence, and even formal antagonism of the two ordinances, we have, first, the testimonies of Scripture, then those of the earlier fathers, appealed to in detail. The Lord's-day, he holds, originated after Christ rose from the dead, and even then not strictly with Christ Himself, but with His apostles, who, having respect to his resurrection as the culminating act of His work on earth, fixed on the day of the week on which that event took place, as the fitting day for the meeting of His followers to join in public worship, to celebrate the Christian mysteries, and interchange the greetings of brotherly fellowship and charity. Having such apostolic sanction, the day is, therefore, to be recognised as mediately of divine obligation; and it is not, as Archbishop Whately and others maintain, of simply ecclesiastical institution. Dr Hessey lays much stress on this view of the divine obligation of the Lord's-day, and regards the institution, when resting on this basis, as safe from the assaults of those who would turn it into a day of work or of worldly pleasure. According to this view, while the Lord's-day is simply a Christian festival, it is more than the other festivals adopted by many churches of Christendom, which stand on church authority alone, without apostolic appointment; and both from this distinguishing feature in its origin, and from the many moral, social, and religious benefits associated with its observance, it has a binding obligation on the consciences of Christians. For the same reason, it is entitled to a place in the legislation of Christian states, to the extent at least of prohibiting the ordinary prosecution of worldly business, and withholding all direct sanction from worldly traffic for purposes of gain, distracting exhibitions, and public entertainments.

Such, briefly, is the view of our author. In regard to the practical issues of the subject, we do not materially differ from him; but in some of his doctrinal positions we find ourselves compelled to assume an attitude of antagonism. We should have little quarrel with him as to the legislation proper for the subject, and the active measures fitted for promoting the due observance of the day in the present complicated state of society, especially as it exists in our larger towns. If, then, our practical conclusions are so nearly alike, why quarrel about the roads by which we reach them? We do so because we believe that the grounds on which Dr Hessey rests his conclusions are incapable of establishing *in the mind of the general community* a felt obligation to suspend either business or pleasure on the Lord's-day; and, besides, they are set forth with many incidental statements and representations, which we feel persuaded will be turned to account by the opponents of what he, as well as we, would deem essential to the real well-being of the country. We do not for a moment doubt Dr Hessey's sincerity in regarding his view of the obligation of the Lord's-day, not only as sufficient, but as practically the most effectual, the best fitted to promote true and healthy piety. But the reasons that carry conviction to his mind, and impress themselves on his heart, may be quite too feeble to reach the rougher and less susceptible conscience of society at large. Indeed, the mode of argument pursued by him and by writers of his type of thought, we must regard as self-contradictory on the more essential points of the controversy. It seems virtually to unsay at one stage what it has said at another,—to take back from the adversary what it has already freely conceded to him. And nothing more would be needed, as we conceive, by a skilful opponent—one, we mean, who is against any distinction of days whatever—than to make Dr Hessey refute himself.

Let us give a few examples. In a great variety of places he insists on the essentially different character of the Old Testament Sabbath, and the Lord's-day of Christians. He even says, that "the ideas of the Lord's-day, and of the Sabbath, were originally quite distinct, and indeed almost antagonistic" (p. 89); and when speaking of Constantine's enactment in favour of Sunday, he affirms "it was not Sabbatarian; there is in it no reference to the Sabbath of the fourth commandment; no discouragement of the cheerfulness with which the genius of Christianity would suggest that the day should be associated" (p. 86). This, of course, implies that the Sabbath of the Decalogue was necessarily one of gloom and austerity. Yet, when we reach a further stage of the argument, we find, to our surprise, that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment was, in its own proper nature and design, no such frowning and imperious master. "The rest enjoined in

it was not an end in itself, for which man should be distressed and constrained by unreasonable annoyances ;" it admitted of "works necessary for the life or the preservation of man and beast,—for enjoying the contemplation of God's works, and even joining with one's brethren in social intercourse" (pp. 162, 164). Is there anything necessarily austere or gloomy in this to a religiously disposed and well-constituted mind? Is it materially different from what he himself describes as proper to the right observance of the Lord's-day? He says of this: "It is a divinely sanctioned religious day. It has the *nomen et omen* of the Lord's-day. As such, it is a day which, from its very character, draws us away from the ordinary things of this life—life's labours and life's cares—and bids us, with hearts 'swept and garnished,' invite the Lord's presence. It is a day set apart, a day for religion" (p. 307). Perfectly so; and neither more nor less we understand to have been the Sabbath of the Decalogue. The contrasts so often drawn by our author between the two—as if the one were all gloom, the other instinct with cheerfulness and joy,—the one perfect freedom, the other a yoke of hardship and constraint—resolve into mere controversial flourishes,—except that they unhappily remain as poisoned shafts for the bow of a godless adversary.

A similar inconsistency (as we must consider it) appears in regard to the *element of sanctity* in connection with the two ordinances. Sunday, it would seem, started into existence almost dis severed from the holiness which is the more distinctive characteristic of the Old Testament Sabbath, and yet somehow it becomes as much a holy day as the other. The author is here conscious of, at least, an apparent contrariety; but he leaves the matter without any adequate explanation (p. 71, compared with 53). So, again, in regard to the use made of the fathers of the first three or four centuries. They are quoted here, as they have often been before, by Heylin and others, in proof that the early Church sharply distinguished between the Sabbath and the Lord's-day, renouncing the obligation of the one, and owning the obligation of the other. By and by, we find these same fathers virtually disparaged, and proved to be incompetent witnesses upon the subject. For, after the notion of the Sabbath has been properly and clearly settled, we are presented with this formal deduction, "that the Sabbath had a character more evangelical than one has been accustomed to attribute to it, and is scarcely the exact institution to the continuance of which the fathers objected" (p. 165). The author should have considered the legitimate effect of such an admission on the use he had previously made of the writings of the fathers. It leaves unimpeached, indeed, their testimony in

favour of the early and general observance of the Lord's-day as one of the most distinctive badges of Christians. But what does it imply as to their authority on the point so much pressed by Dr Hessey,—the essential difference between the Lord's-day of the apostles and the Sabbath of the Decalogue? Simply, that the good men did not properly know what they were writing about: they were misled by names, which, in a great measure, they mistook for realities; and if their understandings had been more enlightened, their judgments would have been more cautiously delivered.

This touches on a phase of patristic theology which, had it been more thoroughly studied by Dr Hessey, would have saved him from the inconsistency now adverted to, and kept him from pressing those earlier fathers into a service which they are specially disqualified from rendering. Their acquaintance with the earlier revelations of God was comparatively meagre and imperfect. In particular, the relation between the new and the old in the Divine economy, was just the point on which their discernment was most defective, and on which their judgment should be received with the greatest caution. It was the field where they most frequently lost their way, wandering sometimes into puerile conceits, sometimes even into entangling and pernicious errors. The disadvantages of their position naturally led to this result, and form an adequate explanation of it. They were, for the most part, bred in heathenism; and coming to know Christianity before they knew much of what preceded it, they wanted the discipline of a gradual and successive study of the plan of God's dispensations, and the help of a well-digested scheme of scriptural theology. They knew the Bible in portions, rather than as an organic and progressive whole; and even for that knowledge they were but poorly furnished, either with grammatical helps or with formal expositions. Is it surprising if, in such circumstances, they should have but imperfectly caught the meaning of Old Testament Scripture, and should have appeared not always at home in proper acquaintance with its contents? Even Jerome, the most learned of them all in the Hebrew Scriptures, occasionally discovers what would now be regarded as a somewhat discreditable looseness and inaccuracy of statement. And both he and others, in applying what is written on the institutions and history of former times, often leave us at a loss to say whether the true or the false predominated; spiritualizings the most arbitrary go hand in hand with the crudest literalisms, and the most palpable Judaistic tendencies are fostered, while evangelical principles alone were thought to be honoured. Take the following from Tertullian as a specimen on this very subject of days. Pleading for the pro-

of instituting and observing stated seasons of fasting, he defends himself against the charge of Judaizing, or, as he it, Galatianizing: "In observing these seasons, and days, months, and years, we plainly Galatianize, if we are obedient of Jewish ceremonies, of legal solemnities; for the apostle rebukes us from these, forbidding us to persevere in keeping the Old Testament, which has been buried in Christ, and in the New. Because, if there is a new condition in it, the solemnities ought also to be new."¹ As if the mere mention of an essentially legal observance with a Gospel event could transmute it into an evangelical rite! There is in embryo the principle of all the ritualism of Popery. Tertullian saw the matter somewhat more correctly; he saw Tertullian failed to see,—that stated times and ordinances, even if connected with specific Christian events, were hereby relieved of a Judaistic character; yet he also added clearness and strength of conviction to urge their abandonment, as foreign to the genius of the Gospel; and his advice is a compromise between the truth he apprehended and the practices he followed.² A multitude of similar instances might easily be cited, if this were the proper place, showing that, in what respects to the connection between the new and the old in God's dispensations, the views of the fathers continually oscillated between the two extremes of excessive and arbitrary spiritualism on the one hand, and grossly literal and fleshly applications on the other. In this particular respect, they are in irreconcilable conflict with themselves, and should not be appealed to as authorities on what they are so little qualified to determine. In this field, they are not the venerable doctors of the Christian Church, but rather its junior students; and while *testimony* as to the religious observance of the Lord's-day is received with implicit confidence (for so far it was their duty and Christian feeling alone that were concerned), small credit is to be made of their *judgment* respecting the alleged variety between the Lord's-day and the Sabbath. Dr Hesse has unwittingly admitted as much, though with apparent unconsciousness of having thereby surrendered an important link in his argument.

Now we ascend from the fathers of the Christian Church to the "grey fathers" of the world itself, and examine what our Lord has said of their position in regard to a day of sacred rest, and all find, we apprehend, another instance of the inconsistency pointed out. He holds, as we have already stated, the strict application of the Lord's-day upon Christians—not from its having

¹ De jejuniis, c. 14.

² Contra Judæos, iii. 4.

been imposed by any explicit command, but because "it was observed by the apostles and their immediate followers as distinct from the Sabbath. Being so acknowledged and observed by the apostles and their immediate followers, it is of Divine institution; and so, in its essence and in the circumstantial of it mentioned in Scripture, it is binding on the Church for ever" (p. 51). A *holy example* is thus the chief ground for the perpetual observance of the Lord's-day. But when from the beginning of the Christian Church we turn to the beginning of the world, we find a similar, nay, a more explicit and a more sacred *example* of the observance of a day of consecrated rest; when it is said, that at the close of the six days' creation work, God "hallowed the seventh day and blessed it." Was not this example also binding upon man? For what end could days have been distinguished at all in a series of operations so immediately holding of the Godhead, unless for some benefit to man? For whom but for him could the special blessing attached to the seventh day have been meant? Such questions naturally suggest themselves, and, we believe, force upon every simple and unbiassed reader of the Bible the conviction, that the very constitution of nature was framed, and man's position on the earth, physically, socially, and religiously, so determined, as to require an ever-recurring day in the week for bodily repose and spiritual employment. But what says Dr Hessey? Oh! there is no evidence of any proper obligation in the matter. "It is merely an announcement of what God did, not a setting forth to man of what man should do. Besides, when was it enjoined upon man?" And then we have the usual objection of no further notice being taken of it in antediluvian or patriarchal history, with some additional considerations about Adam not being able to have understood such a command, if it had been delivered to him, about Genesis being a revelation for Moses, not for Adam, and so on.

Such is the way in which an intelligent Christian man can play fast and loose with the grounds of religious obligation, according to the demands of his argument. A specific command is necessary or not necessary—a Divine or divinely-authorized example carries with it an obligation to succeeding times, or it fails to do so, just as it happens to suit the purpose more immediately in view. This clearly indicates the blinding influence of theory. We have no objection whatever to what is said of the obligation involved in apostolic precedent for the religious observance of the Lord's-day; for here we hold with our author—the authoritative example and sanction of the founders of the Christian Church proclaim for all future time the duty of that Church. But why should the example and sanction of the Divine Maker of all things be held to have done less for the primeval Sabbath? If there was no explicit law in the one case, neither was there in the other. Nor,

indeed, was any needed: formal law at the commencement of the world's history would have been out of place; had it existed in the earlier records of the Bible, it would have betrayed the intermeddling of a later hand. Has Dr Hessey yet to learn that the age of formal law needed its period of preparation as well as the age of the gospel? From Adam to Moses we read nothing of formal law, except the enactment of blood for blood after the deluge (imposing a check on the fiercer passions of mankind), and the prescription, some centuries later, of the rite of circumcision to the covenant seed. But the grounds of moral obligation—in other words, the elements of law—existed from the first; they were placed, primarily indeed, in the nature of man, but they were not independent of, but rather linked to, his position in the plan and order of God's creation. The one might even be said to form the necessary complement of the other. For how could man fulfil his calling as God's spiritual offspring, made in the Creator's image, but by entering into the design, and copying the example of his Father! And how could this be done, but by the communication of such knowledge as we find recorded in the opening chapters of the Bible, respecting the formation and arrangement of everything in nature! Here were the very footsteps of Deity laid before him; as a loving and dutiful child, he must strive to discern and follow them—reach after God's end—work and rest after God's pattern, as the indispensable condition to his enjoying the Divine life and fellowship. The instincts of his pure and holy nature would impel him to feel and act thus. But take from him the knowledge of what is contained in those primeval records, or deny their practical bearing on himself, and you leave him without a chart to guide his course; a child of God, indeed, but a child forlorn, not knowing how or wherein to do the deeds of his Father.

We cannot believe that this was the spiritual position of the first father of mankind, either as regards God's procedure at the creation of the world generally, or, in particular, as regards the institution of the Sabbath. It is, besides, most unwarrantable to handle the record as a lawyer would handle a document whose import he wished to render as meagre or equivocal as possible. The Bible is God's revelation for the bulk of mankind, and in its more important statements, the plain, broad impression is sure to be the right one. How much more true to the spirit of such a book, than the negative criticism of Dr Hessey, and how much nobler is the tone of feeling expressed in the following utterance of the devout and learned Sartorius!—"With the Sabbath begins the sacred history of man—the day on which he stood forth to bless God; and, in company with Eve, entered on his divine calling upon earth. The creation without the creation-

festival, the world's unrest without rest in God, is altogether vain and transitory. The sacred day, appointed, blessed, consecrated by God, is that from which the blessing and sanctification of the world, and tone of human life and human society, proceed. Nor is anything more needed than the recognition of its original appointment and sacred destination, for our receiving the full impression of its sanctity. How was it possible for the first man ever to forget it?" If he, even in Paradise, could not forget it as a Divine ordinance, much less *should* he have forgotten it after sin entered, followed by the promise and the hope of salvation. The original Sabbatism of the Creator then acquired fresh significance, and became more peculiarly suited to the state of mankind. In perfect accordance with this is the view given by our Lord of the original constitution of things. "The Sabbath was made for man,"—not imposed on him, or prescribed to him, but *made* for him; made at the creation-era—one of the things which took their being from God's hand at the beginning; in the same class with marriage, also interwoven with the facts of the creation, and in like manner said to have been made "at the beginning" (Matt. xix. 4). The Sabbath was emphatically made for man, keeping him perpetually in mind of what he was himself made for,—inviting and admonishing him to participate in the blessed fellowship of Him whose image he bore, to mingle thoughtful and quiet contemplation with the exertions of active labour, and to refresh and invigorate the moral along with the physical energies of his being. Even the apostolic act, in substituting the first for the last day of the week, as the Lord's-day for Christian times, is never rightly understood till it is brought into connection with the Sabbath of creation. Redemption is constantly presented in Scripture under the aspect of a restoration, or a new creation; it was the recovery of the lost, the bringing back of the alienated; and when the incarnate Son of God completed the fundamental and typical part of this work, in His triumph over sin and death in His resurrection, it was meet that the new creation, like the old, should be marked by its commemorative weekly festival—a day in advance, to tell of a higher state of things begun with this great triumph, and of the birth of a world more perfect and glorious than the first. We find, not an analogy merely, but an organic connection, between the two days, when the relation between the new and the old is properly apprehended. And the difference in respect to the precise day of the week is not an arbitrary one, but has its ground in the proper nature and relation of things.

There is another branch of the subject closely connected with this, on which, though we cannot charge any inconsistency on our author's argument, we have to allege what we cannot but

regard as injustice to the Reformers. These are, one and all, represented as simply anti-Sabbatarians, as maintaining that there was no proper connection between the Lord's-day of Christians and the Sabbath of former times ; and that with Christ the Sabbath passed away, with the whole yoke of Jewish observances. Dr Hessey gives this as a fair representation of their views, and seems, indeed, to know nothing more regarding them than what he has gathered from a few quotations from their writings, culled by certain anti-Sabbatarian controversialists. He gives no evidence of adequate personal acquaintance with the works of the Reformers themselves, such as might enable him to make allowance for the circumstances in which they were placed, and enter thoroughly into their spirit ; he even has the indiscretion to give the sentiments of Beza on this subject, in the words of Heylin, a writer who could scarcely represent anything correctly, and whose History of the Sabbath we do not hesitate to characterize as one of the most scandalously unfair historical works in the English language. As it appears in Heylin, and is endorsed by Dr Hessey, Beza's judgment consists simply of a deliverance respecting the apostolical authority and tradition of the Lord's-day, and of the essential difference between the proper observance of this day and a Jewish cessation from work, along with a reflection upon Constantine for having introduced some Judaical elements into the Lord's-day, which led, in course of time, to more and more restraints. In reality, Beza was what our author would call a strict Sabbatarian ; he couples the Lord's-day both with the fourth commandment of the Decalogue, and with the original Sabbath of creation ; he says expressly in the very comment so grossly garbled by these writers, that "the fourth commandment was ceremonial, as far as it represented the particular day of rest and the legal services, but that, as regards the worship of God, it was a precept of the moral law, which is perpetual and unchanging during the present life. That day of rest (he goes on to say) had stood from the creation of the world to the resurrection of our Lord, which, being as another creation of a new spiritual world, was made the occasion (the Holy Ghost, beyond doubt, directing the apostles) for assuming, instead of the Sabbath of the former age, or the seventh day, the first day of this world on which not the corporeal and corruptible light created on the first day of the old world, but this heavenly and eternal light, hath shone upon us." He then refers briefly to Constantine, but apparently misunderstands what Constantine really did. According to Beza, "the good purpose for which the day was instituted should still be retained, namely, that the mind, freed from its daily labours, should give itself wholly up to the hearing of the word ;" but there is certainly nothing in the enact-

ments of Constantine which in the least degree oversteps this line of observance. The one enactment of his which history records, had simply for its object to give Christian people the liberty of doing what Beza here says should always be done. Dr Hessey himself, as we formerly noticed incidentally, has been at pains to show that the enactment of Constantine had nothing in it Sabbatarian in the Jewish sense. Beza must therefore have taken an erroneous view of this part of Constantine's legislation.

But what we wish specially to notice here, is the injustice done to Beza, and other Reformers, by picking out a few sentences or parts of sentences from their writings, isolated from the context, and from the specific forms of error against which they were contending; and conveying the impression, that, having these, you have the whole of their mind upon the Lord's-day or the ancient Sabbath. In reality, the other Reformers, as well as Beza, were quite explicit in holding the original institution of a seventh-day Sabbath at the creation, and the descending obligation of such an institution to all succeeding times. This, however, we deeply regret to say, is altogether ignored in the volume before us. Calvin remarks, in his Commentary (at Gen. ii.): "God first rested; then He blessed that rest, that it might be sacred among men through all coming ages. He consecrated each seventh day to rest, that His own example might serve as a rule." So also Luther, on the same passage, declares it as his opinion, that "if Adam had continued in innocence, he would yet have kept the seventh day sacred;" and affirms that "the Sabbath was, from the beginning of the world, appointed to the worship of God." It is needless to quote more; for every one, conversant with the writings of the Reformers, knows that *on this point* they were substantially agreed. Consequently, if in other parts of their writings they distinguished between the essential character of the Lord's-day and that of the day which it succeeded, and even seemed to repudiate the idea of a Sabbath in Christian times, this must either have arisen from some flagrant inconsistency, in which they all strangely participated, or, as is greatly more probable, from their having had in view certain *false and superstitious notions respecting the Sabbath*, which notions—not the devotion of the day to religious thought and employment—they were eager to subvert. This, beyond all reasonable doubt, was the real state of the case. Let us frankly admit that they occasionally used unguarded expressions, which can too readily be turned, as they have been too often, to very different account from what they contemplated. In particular, Luther, from his unguarded utterances, has frequently been held up as an opponent, not merely of Sabbatical observance, but of all righteousness.

The really intelligent and candid theologian will make allowance for such things, and will endeavour to give a rational explanation of them. This, when earnestly sought, is not very hard to find: it arises mainly from the prevalence, at the time, of two errors,—one of which the Reformers strenuously opposed, while to some extent they shared in the other. The first was, that a great part of religion consisted in the mere discontinuance of ordinary work on Sundays and saints' days, no matter how the time might be spent. This notion the Reformers did well to denounce as a vain superstition, a lazy and carnal assumption, which, instead of bringing the soul nearer to God, and preparing it for heaven, was the nurse of sloth and much unrighteousness. Rather, he said, than have a religion of that sort, let Sabbaths go altogether. For our part, we say the same; though in doing so, we would not express ourselves precisely like Luther and some of his fellow-labourers. The other prevalent error consisted in the notion—the result of centuries of superstition and erroneous exposition—that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment hallowed corporeal rest *per se*, and thus made mere animal repose a part of religion. If so, of course it must have belonged to the shadows of the old covenant, and, like the rest, must have passed away with the introduction of the new dispensation. Now, to a certain extent, there was a ground for this view, and an element of truth, as the Sabbath of the Decalogue, like the patriarchal rite of circumcision, was made a constituent part of the ordinances of the old covenant, and was allied to Sabbaths—the seventh year, and the jubilee—which were of a strictly provisional and shadowy nature. It hence became difficult to distinguish practically between the one and the other, so as clearly to eliminate the universal and abiding element in the seventh-day Sabbath; and it was a part of Divine wisdom to order events so that the sacred festival of the new dispensation should be transferred to another day of the week. All believers might thus understand, that whatever of a merely external or shadowy nature had gathered around the Sabbath from its association with the symbolical rites of the law, was left with these in the grave of Jesus; and that with His resurrection to life and glory commenced a Sabbath for the people, not less holy than the former, but in its holiness making less account than the other had practically come to do, of simple repose or bodily indulgence, and more of the deeds of an active and charitable, a cheerful and beneficent life. Now, it was the leading object of what our Lord did and taught respecting the Sabbath, to show that, even as enjoined in the fourth commandment, this was its proper tendency and design; that the Jews misunderstood it when they supposed that the hallowing of time which it required was fulfilled by mere abstinence from work; that the

rest enjoined was chiefly for the sake of deeds of piety and beneficence, to labour in which was not to break, but rather to keep and honour, the day of God. The Reformers, unfortunately, misled by the spirit of the times, did not sufficiently enter into the purport and bearing of those instructions of our Lord; and failed to perceive, that the appointed abstinence from work of one description, was only that work of another and higher kind might be carried on—just as the prohibition of idol-worship in the first and second commandments was enjoined that men might give themselves to the pure worship of Jehovah. It was in this, that the doctrinal error of the Reformers lay: they viewed the fourth commandment in too carnal a light; they regarded the rest which it imposed as having more than was really meant of an external and negative character; and, hence, they unduly curtailed and modified, though they by no means denied the application of the commandment to Christian times. This, we believe, was the head and front of their offending; they erred in their view of what the fourth commandment sanctioned; they tried to extract from it elements, as not applicable to Christian times, which in reality it did not contain.

We deem it unnecessary to follow our author farther in his line of argument, having no purpose to give either a full exposition of our own views, or a strictly theological discussion. We may be allowed, however, to say, in regard to what may be called the marrow of the controversy, that we know of nothing in Scripture, or elsewhere, that, when fairly considered, is at variance with the principles we have maintained, but the more we reflect, the more do we find to confirm them. A connection, such as we believe to exist, and have briefly indicated, between Christianity and the earlier dispensations of God, involves the permanence of whatever is properly original—inherent in the nature of things—adapted to man's state generally, or necessary to his physical and moral well-being. Such a connection, therefore, requires, in regard to the special subject now under consideration, the perpetual obligation of a weekly Sabbath, to be withdrawn from worldly occupations, and devoted mainly to higher purposes. But as the Christian economy was an advance on the Jewish, the same connection involves also superficial differences in mere adjuncts and accompaniments: it therefore admits of, and even requires, such circumstantial alterations as have actually taken place in the Lord's day, as compared with the Jewish Sabbath; in particular, a change of day from the last to the first day of the week, to adapt it to the new phase of the Divine economy, which began with the resurrection of Christ; in consequence of which, Sabbaths—or what had become distinctively *Jewish* Sabbaths—fell away, that the Lord's day might remain, radiant with the

spiritual life, with the serene and heavenly, yet active and beneficent genius of the Gospel of Christ. Cast aside the sacred design and character of the day,—break its connection (in respect to the *substance* of the appointment) with the Sabbaths interwoven with the beginnings of the world's history, and enshrined in the moral legislation of Moses,—place it simply on the footing of ecclesiastical sanction, or even of apostolical usage and example: we believe that you thereby strike at the root of its obligation; you remove it from the one foundation on which alone it can get a proper hold of men's consciences, and lay it as a comparatively defenceless citadel at the mercy of the world. Men, even men not altogether or avowedly unchristian, will feel that the day is in some sense their own, and the demands of pleasure first, then of drudging, toiling business to meet these demands, will grow and multiply on every hand. No legislative enactments, nor well-meant efforts of Christian philanthropy, will be able to arrest the evil. It is the knowledge and belief of God's word that alone can secure the observance of His day. In proof of this, we appeal to three great historical evidences.

First of all, we point to the continent of Europe, where the doctrine of mere ecclesiastical appointment, grounded on apostolical usage, has had free development. And with what result? That, except in the case of a few individuals, whose heart the Lord has touched, or in some isolated spots, a Lord's day, in the proper sense, is unknown. To say nothing of the papal countries, where the cause of the laxity is patent to all, whence has it come in the Protestant? "I believe (says our author, p. 253) that the indifference with which the Reformers spoke of the obligation to observe any one day in particular, has issued in the particular day which they chose. It is Luther's day. It is Calvin's day. It is the day which the former adopted out of consideration to the multitude; the day which the latter, after some hesitation, preferred for expediency sake to others; but it is not the day of the Lord." One scarcely knows how to characterize such a statement. That Calvin ever seriously felt such hesitation as is here ascribed to him, will find credit with no one who is acquainted with his mind and character. And if so many as one in a thousand ever think of Sunday as Calvin's day, or as Luther's day, we should imagine it to be a very liberal allowance. Both those eminent Reformers held the apostolic derivation of the Lord's day, and held, besides, the descending obligation from primeval times of a holy Sabbath. They taught, in fact, more of Bible doctrine on the subject than Dr Hessey himself,—though mingled, as already said, with some unguarded statements. But there was one unhappy error in their teaching. They relaxed the obligation of the Lord's day by dissociating it,

in great measure, from the direct and positive enforcement of the Decalogue. Strict authority was wanted for it—the link that most of all was needed to bind it on the conscience; and the door, in consequence, was thrown open for laxity and disorder. Later theologians, and ministers following in their train, deviated still further from what we take to be the scriptural ground; they disowned the primeval institution of a Sabbath, and its descending obligation to future times. The foundations, in short, got wholly out of course, and other masters usurped the place of God. The evils of the continental Sunday have arisen from first weakening, and then removing, the divine element in the obligation to keep it holy.

Turning now to England,—to which we point for our second evidence,—we perceive that, in the business and legislation of the country, the Lord's day has much of a sabbatical character; that by the better classes of society it is treated with outward decency and respect; and is religiously observed by all persons of devout minds. To what is this state of things owing? We dread no contradiction worth naming, when we reply, it is owing most of all to the place occupied by the Decalogue in the Liturgy, and the prayer perpetually resounding in her churches, after the reading of the Fourth Commandment, that the Lord would incline the hearts of all to keep this law. This, more than anything else, has taught the people to associate with the worship of God the celebration of a Sabbath, and has gone far to counteract, though it has by no means nullified, the effect of much contrary teaching. Almost invariably, when men in England become earnest in religion, they show it in their conscientious observance of the Lord's day; and even Paley, whose theoretical opinions were loose enough on the subject, speaks of seriousness in religion finding its proper expression in "the keeping holy the Lord's day regularly and most particularly." And if we refer to the agencies that have contributed to the revival of a due observance of the Lord's day in England, we shall find that none has been so efficient as the society that is based upon the strictly divine obligation of the day.

Our last appeal is to the state and history of Scotland. Dr Hessey admits that no country has stood so high for its doctrinal teaching on the Sabbath, and for its habit and repute in respect to the observance of the day. But then it has gone as far to excess on the one side, as the continental nations have gone on the other. And if those at a distance were to take their impressions of a Scottish Sabbath from the allusions and notices in this volume, it must seem to them the gloomiest day conceivable. The very mountains of Scotland must be thought to frown more grimly than ever on that day. No sunbeam can play with the

rippling lake ; the very birds, it may be thought, are afraid to warble their pleasant wood-notes wild ; on every countenance sits a stern severity ; and—emphatic climax !—it is something like a deadly crime to strike the notes of a piano. In Scotland, he tells us, the Lord's day is "converted into a fast, a season of severity and self-denial" (p. 10) ; and, when "finding fault with the *tristesse* and rigour which the Sabbatarian theory of Sunday would introduce into the cheerful dispensation of Christianity," it is added, "Scotland is an instance in point" (p. 17). Reference is made, at a later stage, in proof of such representations, to the ordinance of the "Six Sessions," in 1644, prohibiting any one from going about the streets on the Lord's day, after the public service in the afternoon ; to the actual employment at Edinburgh, in 1658, of soldiers as "captors," to lay hold of such as might be found wandering about the streets ; to the rebuke administered, he says, by the Presbytery of Strathbogie—we presume, by some kirk session in that presbytery—to a person for bringing home a sheep upon his back on Sabbath, to save it from a storm (pp. 290, 291). And to certify his readers that the same spirit still lives in Scotland, though somewhat less stringently and roughly exercised, Dr Hessey informs them, through the communication of an English friend, who has been for some time resident in the country, that it is deemed wrong to take a walk on Sunday, even between the services ; that some, however, in order to get a walk without losing their religious character, fall upon the device of taking seats in churches at a considerable distance from their homes ; that a distinguished Free Kirk minister had openly avowed his wish to have Sunday walks prevented by the police, etc. ; while the result of all is, not to bring people to church, but to make many hate religion as an iron yoke, many more to become pharisees and hypocrites, and not a few to alternate between sermons and public-houses (p. 473).

We confess it is not without pain, and even considerable indignation, that we think of this picture being exhibited to the University of Oxford as a photograph of the Scottish Sabbath. As to past times, there may have been stringent rules applied, and coercive measures adopted, to ensure the external observance of the Lord's day, which no one of sound mind would think of bringing into operation now ; but a candid and liberal spirit will view such things in the light of the age they belong to ; and if it cannot altogether approve of them, will at least hold them to be infinitely less blameworthy than the Sunday theatricals, public dancings, driving of mills, cutting and carrying of corn, holding open markets, and other even worse violations of common order and decency which they strove to supplant. We will frankly admit, too, that there may be individuals in Scot-

land at the present day—constitutionally, perhaps, of morose temper—whose Sabbath-keeping is sufficiently repulsive; there may, also, be ignorant and prejudiced persons accustomed to conventional modes of observance, and naturally shocked when these are transgressed; there may even be those by whom the violation of these conventionalities is regarded with more horror than certain current immoralities. The practice may not be unknown to some, of making an outward Sabbath-keeping the measure of piety, and of denouncing all, of whatever clime or country, who do not accord with their standard. But, with all these allowances, we do not hesitate to say that Dr Hessey's representation will be regarded by all who take a fair view of the subject, not as a photograph, but a caricature. It is not a correct view of what, on the whole, the Scottish Sabbath is; still less is it a faithful exhibition of what the leaders of religious opinion in Scotland think that it ought to be, and desire that it may be. Our English friends, in their rapid visits to Scotland, do not always come into contact with the class of persons who are best fitted to give a just impression of Scottish piety. Nor, perhaps, do they consider sufficiently, that even those who are neither ignorant nor superstitious often feel that they are bound to avoid giving offence to what they may consider the prejudices of the humbler members of their households; and that restraints here, as in other things, may be wisely practised, for the sake of preventing the introduction of a dangerous license.

Our author must repair to other sources of information than those he has unhappily used, if he would deal fairly by the religious feelings and habits of the people of Scotland, or even be capable of estimating them aright. Let him hear such witnesses as Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath," or the late Professor Wilson,—neither of them tight-laced Presbyterians—not Presbyterians, indeed, at all, but the one a minister, the other a member of the English Church, yet both thoroughly conversant with the character of a Scottish Sabbath, and its general effects on the temper and lives of the people. Wilson, speaking of Grahame, and quoting the first line of his poem, "How still the morning of the hallowed day!" says, "It is a line that could have been uttered only by a Scottish heart. For we alone know what is indeed Sabbath silence—an earnest of everlasting rest. To our hearts, the very birds of Scotland sing holily on that day. A sacred smile is on the dewy flowers; the lilies look whiter in their loveliness; the blush rose reddens in the sun with a diviner dye; and with a more celestial scent, the hoary hawthorn sweetens the wilderness." Or let him hear a very different, indeed, but peculiarly shrewd and intelligent witness; one who refrains from committing himself to the principle of the Scottish Sabbath, and

thinks that in certain classes of the population some relaxation might be, at least, excusable, or even desirable, but still knows how to estimate the practical working of the principle. We refer to Mr Laing, the Scotch traveller, who, in his "Notes on the Pilgrimage to Treves," thus remarks on the restraint put, partly in England, but more fully in Scotland, on all business and pleasurable entertainments: "This voluntary observance is the application of principle to practice by a whole people. It is a working of their religious sense and knowledge upon their habits. It is a sacrifice of pleasures, in themselves innocent—and these are the most difficult to be sacrificed—to a higher principle than self-indulgence. The sense of religion is not dead, even if it be applied erroneously in this strict observance of Sunday, and influences all daily life on that day. A self-acting population, voluntarily renouncing self-indulgence in pleasure, or business, from religious principle, stands on a much higher moral and intellectual step than the population of the Continent, who devote the Sunday to animal enjoyment, or the gratification of acquired tastes for music, dancing, theatrical representation, or other refined pleasures. They are of a higher character." Even serious-minded and intelligent foreigners themselves respond to these sentiments. The son of one of the most distinguished theologians of Germany lately spent a summer in Scotland, and passed a Sunday in the house of a respectable layman for the express purpose of observing how such a day was spent in the God-fearing families of the country. After seeing how the family, in its younger and older members alike, servants along with children, were conducted through the various services of the day, ending as usual with private readings, catechizings, and worship, and all with apparent alacrity and delight, he could do nothing, he said, on rehearsing the occasion, but fall down on his knees when he entered his room, and weep to think how impossible it seemed ever to witness such a sight in the families of a like class in his native land.

Such testimonies, which might be multiplied an hundredfold, greatly more than counterbalance the one-sided representations and flippant sayings with which Dr Hesse has garnished, but by no means enhanced, his volume. We regret these chiefly on his own account, and for the misuse which is sure to be made of them.

The tendency in present times is too plainly in the direction of undue laxity, rather than excessive austerity. Undoubtedly the Lord's day should serve, among a Christian people, as an exponent of the kindly and merciful, not less than of the heavenward and elevated spirit of the Gospel; but, at the same time, a certain seriousness of mind must ever form the fundamental and pervading element of its proper observance.

For, where such seriousness is wanting, there can be no vital godliness. The very nature of the religion of the Gospel demands this; for the peace which it brings, is peace that comes only after an exterminating war. Joy—joy said to be “unspeakable”—is one of its fruits; but that fruit can flourish only when men “have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.” If men *will* associate the idea of bonds with such a religion and such a Sabbath, we must, for our part, still say, they are the bonds we love, for they bind us to the service of Him whose service is true freedom. They are bonds which have greatly contributed to render the better portion of Scotland’s sons thoughtful, intelligent, self-restraining, and useful members of society. And for those from whom we are compelled reluctantly to differ, we have but one wish: that in this matter they “were altogether such as we are”—not *except*, but *with*, these same bonds.

T. X.—*Autobiography of the Rev. Dr Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time.* 1860.

WE are not surprised at the amount of attention and interest which this Autobiography has excited. Mr Burton has very judiciously left Dr Carlyle to tell his own story; and with the advantage of a good command of expression, lively spirits, keen observation, and a quick and pleasant sense of the ridiculous, he tells his story in a very light, entertaining, and agreeable manner. His tale, in point of incident, is scanty and uneventful enough, deriving its chief attraction from the long period to which his experience extended, and the many men of distinction and historical celebrity with whom, in the course of it, he came in contact. The drama of his life, although one of quiet action for the most part, has one or two stirring and even romantic scenes; and the vividness of the pictures which he strikes off on these occasions, indicates what he could have done in the way of description, had he not been cast in a more adventurous and active sphere. As such, his Autobiography is a very pleasant book to read; and, in a literary point of view, deserves the great praise of having woven out of the threads of the every-day life of a Scottish minister, a fabric of varied and elegant texture, containing much which pleases, and some things which instruct.

The author, no doubt, intended that something deeper should lie beneath the surface; and it is so, although not quite in the way, or in the moral, which he himself contemplated. His book has been on unhappy times, in some respects, for his posthumous reputation. He hardly thought that it would see the light in an age in which, whatever its other pretensions might be, the cant of scepticism should have become vulgar among men of the world, and was banished not only from religious circles, but from society—an age in which it should be thought that it denoted anything but enlightened or liberal opinion in men of the world to scoff with flingbroke, or sneer with Voltaire; and in which, apart altogether from the stricter shades of religious opinion, clergymen would not stand higher because they played cards or frequented theatres. The tone of feeling and expression now prevalent is as different from what it was in 1760, as the opinions and habits of that period were from those of the Long Parliament. What was derided then, is revered now; what was then disparaged and prejudiced, is respected as truth; what was then supposed to indicate knowledge of the world, is now regarded as betraying

the most consummate ignorance of it; and the deeper and more hidden springs of individual and social action which take their rise, not in formal rules, but in sympathy and sentiment, are now not contemned, but cherished. It was not so when Carlyle lived—it was not so when he wrote. Had it been so, he probably would not have left to us this cold and polished mirror, to reflect the hard features of a century incredulous of faith and intolerant of earnestness.

Still, the sketch he has given us of his contemporaries and himself, is, in the main, both vivid and true. As far as he is personally concerned, it is impossible not to like him. He is kindly and merry, with that flow of animal spirits, and that absence of too painful an appreciation of emotional feeling in others, or sense of it himself, which are apt to lead to an easy and tranquil life. The book discloses a vigorous, acute, and cultivated mind, and indicates, what he is known to have possessed, courtly manners and an unruffled temper. He writes an admirable style, and wields what is generally very accurate English, with an ease and command of expression which bespeak a scholar and a gentleman. Armed with these qualities, he threaded his way from one circle of distinction to another, during sixty-five years of very stirring and important times, a favourite with all whom he chose to please, if not the centre of any weighty influence, or the object of any deep respect. Whether his ambition was worthy of his powers, or what he accomplished worthy of the labour he bestowed, are matters on which his critics may fairly differ.

The first part of his book, and the first years of the man, are certainly our favourites. Born in 1722, when George the First was king, when Walpole was minister, when Bolingbroke was idealizing in exile a patriot king, and chafing under the ingratitude of an actual Pretender; when the union with England was hardly consolidated, and Scottish peers and lairds were learning the fashions and trying to speak the language of an English court; when the '15 was little forgotten, and the Covenant little remembered,—our author came on the stage of life. Scotland was then in a state of transition very momentous to her. It was not until the commencement of another century that Carlyle sat down in his old age to recount the recollections of his youth. We cannot help envying the sunny temperament of one who, having seen our American colonies disown our power, an ancient monarchy vanish into mist, all the old-established dogmas which he learned in his youth and applied in his manhood swept away, and writing with the sound in his ears of the trumpet of Imperial France summoning the nations to war, could yet revert, with a quiet, unruffled, and unconvinced equanimity, to the period when Scotland began her career as part of a united kingdom.

Nothing can be more graphic or lively than this part of his book. He hits off the incidents of the earlier part of the century, partly from boyish recollection, partly from his father's anecdotes, with great vividness and spirit; all the more so that he writes and thinks without any bias, and colours faithfully from nature. We know nothing of the kind better than his quiet but every clever sketch of the social condition of his native parish of Prestonpans, with its great and its little men; the great Lord Grange, and his mixture of Calvinism and dissipation; his famous deportation and imprisonment of his stormy wife; Colonel Charteris, whom our author saw when a boy in the church of Tranent, and thought was a wizard, whom it would be death not to look at; the Porteous mob, the commencement of which he witnessed, having been present in church when Robertson escaped; and other details of the period—all are described with a flowing and easy pencil, and with a personal relish which gives the narrative a pleasant and pungent interest. The picture of Lord Grange is one the author has taken some pains on, his object being to exhibit the conjunction, in one clever but unworthy character, of the formal observances of religion and much interest in controversial theology, with unbounded profligacy and undisguised immorality of life. It cannot be denied that he succeeds; and in all probability, in that age, it would not be difficult to have discovered many other examples, although there is a breadth and boldness about Grange's hypocrisy which makes him not an unfit type of his class. When religion is fashionable, just as when vice is fashionable, even those who do not practise will affect it; and we entirely sympathize with the goodwill with which Carlyle paints the incongruity, and holds it up to our disgust.

The companion picture of Colonel Gardiner is far from being equally successful. It may be true in its general lineaments, but the artist seems to have equal pleasure in depreciating the sincere piety of Gardiner, and in exposing the coarse and impudent pretences of Grange. That Colonel Gardiner may not have been a man of great intellectual power is probable; but it is obvious that his religious earnestness offended Carlyle, who did not wish to find that quality united with ability.

The description of the rising in '45, down to the battle of Prestonpans, is by much the best part of the book. Carlyle was at this time three-and-twenty, and had just returned from Glasgow University. He had previously attended more than one session at the University of Edinburgh, where he had made the acquaintance of Dr Robertson and John Home—was a proficient in mathematics—had learned to dance—and had graduated at a

billiard-table within fifty yards of the College. There is little but a catalogue of names given us of his University life. One very graphic picture we find of Simon, Lord Lovat, with whom our young hero dined at a tavern, and whom he describes to have been as portly, good-natured, pious and profane, as insinuating and as profligate, as we should have expected to find him. But whatever Carlyle learned during his University years, he seems to have acquired very early the talent which never deserted him, of making and retaining friends.

Carlyle first heard of the landing of the Pretender at Moffat. He hastened to Edinburgh, where he learned that the Highlanders had baffled Sir John Cope, and were in full march on Edinburgh. Edinburgh was mustering volunteers for a defence, and the roll included Robertson, John Home, George Logan, and one or two others who were known afterwards, as well as Carlyle himself. At first the authorities put a bold face on the matter, and it was thought the town would be defended; and when it came to look like real fighting, the general consternation is very well commemorated: "In marching down the Bow, a narrow, winding street, the scene was different, for all the spectators were in tears, and uttering loud lamentations, inasmuch that Mr Kinloch, a probationer, the son of Mr Kinloch, one of the High Church ministers, who was in the second rank just behind Mr Hew Ballantine, said to him in a melancholy tone, 'Mr Hew, Mr Hew, does not this remind you of a passage in Livy, when the Gens Fabii marched out of Rome to prevent the Gauls entering the city, and the whole matrons and virgins of Rome were wringing their hands and loudly lamenting the certain danger to which that generous tribe were going to be exposed?' 'Hold your tongue,' says Ballantine, 'otherwise I shall complain to the officer, for you'll discourage the men.' 'You must recollect the end,' Mr Hew, 'omnes ad unum periire.' This occasioned a hearty laugh among those who heard it; which being over, Ballantine half whispered to Kinloch, 'Robin, if you are afraid you had better start off when you can find an opportunity. I shall not tell that you are gone till we are too far off to recover you.'"

Our author draws a striking picture of the utter want of organization, method, or spirit, on the part of the authorities. The volunteers were marched out of town, and then marched back, till at last, from pure panic and imbecility, they were disbanded; and, in the end, the dragoons, who had been posted at Colt Bridge, came helter skelter through the town, without having once caught sight of an enemy, spreading their own fears as they went, and strewing the roads to the eastward, as Dr Carlyle tells us, "with accoutrements of every kind, pistols, swords, skull-caps," etc. "A foul flight," said

Colonel Gardiner, in a conversation Carlyle had with him next day; "a foul flight, Sandie, and they have not recovered from their panic; and I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment whom I am certain will follow me. But we must give them battle now, and God's will be done."

Gardiner's forebodings turned out to be only too well founded; for the day before the battle, Carlyle had acted as a sentinel for Gardiner, from the top of Tranent steeple. Seeing that a battle was imminent at day-break, he lay down to rest in his father's house—was awoke by the first cannon shot, and before he could dress, the Royal army were totally routed:—

"I directed the maid to awake me the moment the battle began, and fell into a profound sleep in an instant. I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden, where there was a mount on the south-east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town, in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By-and-by a Highland officer, whom I knew to be Lord Elcho, passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity, that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.

"The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood, and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety than I had done to unappeased fury. I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept.

"The rebel army had before day marched in three divisions, one of which went straight down the waggon-way to attack our cannon, the other two crossed the morass near Seaton House; one of which marched north toward Port-Seaton, where the field is broadest, to

attack our rear, but over-marched themselves, and fell in with a few companies that were guarding the baggage in a small enclosure near Cockenzie, and took the whole. The main body marched west through the plains, and just at the break of day attacked our army. After firing once, they run on with their broadswords, and our people fled. The dragoons attempted to charge, under Colonel Whitney, who was wounded, but wheeled immediately, and rode off through the defile between Preston and Bankton, to Dolphingston, half a mile off. Colonel Gairdner, with his division, attempted to charge, but was only followed by eleven men, as he had foretold, Cornet Kerr being one. He continued fighting, and had received several wounds, and was at last brought down by the stroke of a broadsword over the head. He was carried to the minister's house at Tranent, where he lived till next forenoon. His own house, which was nearer, was made an hospital for the Highlanders, no person of our army being carried there but the Master of Trophichen, who was so badly wounded that he could be sent to no greater distance. Some of the dragoons fled as far as Edinburgh, and one stood all day at the Castle-gate, as General Guest would not allow him to be taken in. A considerable body of dragoons met at Dolphingston immediately after the rout, little more than half a mile from the field, where Cope joined them; and where it was said Lord Drummorie offered to conduct them back, with assurance of victory when the Highlanders were busy with the booty. But they could not be prevailed on by his eloquence no more than by the youthful ardour of Earls Home and Loudon. After a short halt, they marched over Falside Hill to Lauder. Sir Peter Halket, a captain in Lee's regiment, acted a distinguished part on this occasion; for after the rout he kept his company together; and getting behind a ditch in Tranent meadow, he kept firing away on the rebels till they were glad to let him surrender on terms."

What the true explanation of this ignominious defeat was it is difficult now to say. Carlyle, who was on the spot, says that nothing but the "weakest and most unaccountable bad conduct on our part could possibly have given them the victory." With much mismanagement, there must have been little heartiness, and some treachery.

The little episodes of the day after the battle are very well told. How his father, the minister, wrote a letter to the school-master in Latin, to tell him to bury certain money and watches he had in charge, in saddle-bags, in the garden; and how the worthy dominie buried the saddle-bags, and left the straps above ground; and sundry other incidents of so strange a time in that quiet village — a few notices of some of the wounded Royalists, and some of the victorious Highlanders, with more than one of whom he met in after times, give a great air of life and reality to the description. Carlyle, a few days afterwards, saw the Pretender in front of Holyrood; and describes him as a

dark, good-looking, sunburnt man, about five feet ten inches in height, with a great air of melancholy.

Take it altogether, Scott, with all the advantages and licence of fiction, has hardly equalled in "*Waverley*" the interest and brilliancy of this description of a fortnight's romance. A few more weeks, and it was all over, and the hero of it a hunted fugitive. No one can wish he had succeeded, but none can read his story without emotion ; and nowhere is it told more effectively than in the authentic although disjointed incidents of these pages.

Soon after this, Carlyle went abroad to Holland ; principally, we suppose, to be out of the way at a time when things were so unsettled. As usual, he depicts his new scenes and sensations with great liveliness, and makes new and good acquaintances at every step. He is driven into Yarmouth by stress of weather, and lodges with one Robin Sad, at the sign of the Three Kings, who, "standing at his own door, had such an inviting aspect and manner, that I could not resist him." "He entertained me much, for he had been several years a mate in the Mediterranean, in his youth ; and was vain and boastful, and presumptuous and ignorant, to my great delight."

Arrived in Rotterdam, he found a large circle, both Scotch and English, of men whose names became afterwards celebrated. Among the rest were Charles Townsend and John Wilkes, Dowdeswell, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, John Gregory, and several others, with whom he seems throughout life to have continued his friendship. Of Wilkes he says :— "When we came to John Wilkes, whose ugly countenance in early youth was very striking, I asked earnestly who he was. His answer was (Gregory's), that he was the son of a London distiller or brewer, who wanted to be a fine gentleman, which he never could be, for God and nature had been against him. I came to know Wilkes very well afterwards, and found him to be a sprightly, entertaining fellow—too much so for his years, for he was but eighteen ; for even then he showed something of a daring profligacy, for which he was afterwards distinguished."

It is in vain for us to pursue the current of this interesting narrative, with which, doubtless, most of our readers have already become familiar, and the main features of which have been already overstepped by the press. His voyage home with Violetti, the lancer ; his presentation at Court, at which his handsome exterior and graceful bearing excited great admiration ; his introduction to London society, and to various celebrities of that time, whose who have read must know, and those who have not had better read.

Soon after the battle of Culloden, he was presented to the living of Inveresk, near Musselburgh, in the immediate vicinity

of Edinburgh. It is plain enough that he never had any heart for his calling. He was ordained to the charge in 1747, in his 25th year, and he remained in it for 58 years, until his death in 1805,—how spent, this volume tells us. He passed his time with men of great intellect, and now of great fame. Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and the circle which they gathered round them, must have given great intellectual relish to life; and many interesting and characteristic traits of them are recorded by Dr Carlyle, which have been sufficiently and deservedly appreciated. Robertson he considers the most brilliant in conversation of the many brilliant men he had met; and there were few distinguished men of the period with whom he had not more or less acquaintance. He fostered, consoled, and encouraged John Home under his theatrical trials; fought and suffered with him in the cause of the drama; was, along with Dr Robertson, one of the actors in the celebrated rehearsal of “Douglas,” and, in short, was the prop and stay of a hero who, we rather think, was only the second-rate author of an indifferent tragedy. He belonged to the Poker Club, which was named and designed to *stir up* the militia question. He was a member of the General Assembly, in which he did his best to discourage high-flying, as he termed it, and promote coldness of doctrine and laxity of discipline. The leaders of the “wild” or evangelical party are sketched off with a spice of malignity, which the rest of the book plainly evinces does not arise entirely from their imputed frailties. And, finally, he supported the abject, subservient Scottish Toryism of the last century with zeal, with hearty liking, and with great effect.

The Autobiography comes, unfortunately, no farther down than 1770, when the writer was not 50 years of age. We should much like to have seen how his unimpassioned nature would have dealt with that period of the shaking of nations, and thrones, and principles through which he lived, long after his companions in the main objects of his life had gone to their rest. But we have no intention of following him through the years he has recorded. Our main object in this criticism is to point the moral which lies below. As regards Carlyle, personally, the chief regret the reader feels is that he was cast in so uncongenial a sphere. As a captain of horse, he would have been a most agreeable companion and an excellent soldier. If his life had been destined for the senate or the bar, he had talents which must have raised him to distinction. As it is, the book is a just and a melancholy picture of one phase of Scottish life during last century: clever, shallow, polished, subservient, imitating the manners and sensitive of the scorn of England, ashamed of the honest creed and manly realities of the preceding century, ever striving not to be suspected of being what it was, and ever am-

bitious of being thought what it ought not to be. It was a century of great intellects and poor patriotism,—of great successes in philosophy and literature, and dire disasters and neglect among the people,—a century which advanced the mind of man in science and learning, but left its own peculiar duties fatally unperformed. It has taken us the best part of fifty years to retrace our steps. In all that tends to national dignity, to social self-respect, political independence, and religious truth, more than one-half of that time has been spent in undoing what Carlyle's contemporaries had done.

The spirit of the age may be very well distilled from one simple element in this volume. Written to instruct a succeeding generation, by a minister who held that position for more than fifty years, it does not contain one religious sentiment, one devotional expression, one allusion to his sacred duties, or one word of concern for his flock. It may be that Dr Carlyle was not destitute of religious sentiment or pastoral fidelity. But he was ashamed of them. His vocation was to show that a man might be a minister, and yet a man of the world. But he does not succeed. He shows the man of the world, but hides the minister entirely from sight; thinking it a feather in his divinity graduation cap to show how little in earnest he could be. Sparkling and pleasant as much of the book is, we lay it down with a sigh,—wondering what, after all, was the object of this prolonged existence and these creditable gifts, and whether a man of undoubted talent and considerable attainments did really think that rehearsing an indifferent tragedy, or supping at questionable taverns, or forgetting divinity with divines, was a nobler part to play than labouring in the sacred office to which he had devoted and owed his life.

It is an easy but a shallow remark, to say that Dr Carlyle's object was to withstand the austere and Puritanic spirit of the age. But that was not his object. The age was not austere or Puritanic, or else Dr Carlyle would have been so too. These qualities were out of fashion, and cold scepticism reigned in their stead. The Puritan, or rather the Covenanting spirit—in other words, the spirit of free thought in matters religious, and free action in matters civil, which the Scottish Reformation fostered—had struck its roots deep into the character of the people. In England, the tendency to compromise, and the tardiness to change, so characteristic of the nation, not unmixed with a degree of national jealousy, contributed to discredit in the South the simple Calvinism of the Presbyterian Church polity. Their great hierarchy stood, one foot on Rome, and the other on Geneva—with Calvinistic articles and a Popish rubric—ready to defend the one against the Scots, and the other against the Irish,

with little regard to logic, but intense devotion to things that were. They could not forgive the Scottish descent of the great Rebellion. Although the last of the Stuarts had been expelled, the upper classes were quite as full of the spirit of the Restoration as of the Revolution. Divine right and passive obedience, although less paraded, were hardly less firmly cherished, or less studiously inculcated, among the clergy under William of Orange than they had been under James; and at the time at which Dr Carlyle was born, when the death of Queen Anne, the undisguised treachery of Harley and Bolingbroke, and the discontent at the Hanoverian succession, had pointed out the moment to the exiled family again to cast the dice for the throne, the spirit which would not trust its liberties to the Stuarts was still as little inclined to trust its religion to the Scots.

The influence, however, of the Puritan spirit in England, and that of the Covenanting spirit in Scotland, have never yet obtained their due regard from history. The fashion is to sneer at them, and dismiss them with a patronizing opinion, that although these two great classes of religionists had been greatly persecuted, they would have done the same had they possessed the power and the opportunity. The lucubrations we sometimes find in the smart but superficial pages of some of our popular London journals, written by those who might be supposed to think all theology bounded by an Oxford circle, and all knowledge of mankind centered in Pall Mall—who conceive it narrow-minded bigotry to avoid Sunday amusements, but consider the colour of a surplice or the intoning of responses matters of deep moment—who deride, in short, the peculiarities of their neighbours, but fight fiercely for their own,—merely denote how difficult it is to abstract the view from the passing crowd, and embrace and comprehend the larger and deeper results of national movements. These writers seem to be unconscious how deeply the Puritan and even the Covenanting spirit have leavened the institutions at their own door; and fail to see that the distance between them and the habits and customs which they sneer at is not appreciable, compared with that between them and their Parisian, or Belgian, or Italian neighbours. To a Frenchman, the religious difference in the aspect of London and Edinburgh is slight. He thinks the London Sunday as howling a desert as that of Aberdeen: no theatres—no races—no balls—few dinner parties—no newspapers published—no shops open;—the spirit of Puritanism seems to him to flit round the dismal day with as cold a chill as the London diner-out, perhaps himself a native of some breezy Calvinistic gloomy North.

The truth is, such reflections on national characteristics are shallow. To appreciate them aright, it is necessary to divest

ourselves of that universal tendency to believe that what we are accustomed to is beyond the reach of ridicule, and what is strange to us is contemptible. Perhaps it might be said, that of all national peculiarities, this alone is worthy of contempt, unless indeed we prefer to it the spirit, too often exhibited, of decrying what is most valuable to us, and exalting what we have disowned—condemning our advantages with faint praise, and speaking lightly of tyrannies, and heresies, and oppressions, which our fathers withstood and conquered.

One plain and obvious truth, which these critics are too self-sufficient to see, lies on the surface. The Puritan and Covenanting elements are essentially productive of liberty—liberty personal, and civil, and religious. As to the sentiment that the Puritans and the Covenanters would have persecuted just as much as their oppressors, had they possessed the power, it is both common-place and superficial. Some of them would, no doubt: as many of our friends of the surplice and the responses would also, had they the power, which, we trust, they never will have. But these slender reasoners overlook the historical fact, that the Covenanters and the Puritans, when in the ascendant, did not persecute after the fashion of the Papists and the Prelatists. The general tendency of opinions can never be gathered from the views of those who hold them in extreme, but must be learned from their practical result. And the practical result has been, happily for this country, that from the Puritan and Covenanting elements we have reaped the rich fruits not only of civil liberty, but of religious toleration.

As to how far this is historically true, we shall say a word immediately; but it is plain, that, from the nature of these opinions, such must necessarily be their tendency. No doubt, there prevailed in both the Puritan and the Covenanting ranks a habit of exaggerating Old Testament examples, and assuming to themselves the powers which the rulers of the chosen people were divinely permitted to exercise. The zealots of either school might be prone to arrogate to themselves the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and to speak of dealing with their enemies as Samuel dealt with Agag, or Jael with Sisera. Probably there are not wanting facts illustrative of these extravagant modes of expression. But, on the other side, there existed the far more than equalizing element of the intimate recognition of the right of private judgment, and the directness of individual and personal responsibility, and the disowning of any lordly power over the heritage of the Church, alongside of which arbitrary power and the sword of persecution were paralyzed. It was as early as the first half of the 16th century that John Knox learned from Major, in his lectures on logic, in the Uni-

versity of Glasgow, the right of subjects to resist a monarch who betrayed his trust. But while Knox ruled Scotland, although the blood of Hamilton and Wishart, and of a cloud of witnesses besides, called for vengeance, no man in Scotland suffered death for his opinions. It was in the school of the great Puritan leaders of the next century that the rules which adjust the balance between governors and subjects were discussed, methodized, and ultimately settled. Under them we live and flourish to this day. But the foundation of their views was fixed in the depths of religious belief, and in the impossibility of realizing their principles of religious accountability and ecclesiastical polity, in any state in which the liberty of the subject was denied. Nor is it at all wonderful that the first essay to embody these principles, which took the impossible shape of a theocratic republic, should, with all its rude, unfashioned elements of strength and power, have been rent asunder by the very energies which composed it, and should have subsided into the iron order and rest of the Protectorate. The leaders of the Commonwealth had seen much of what ought to have been done—they had not learned how to do it. But neither the severities of the Restoration nor the compromises of the Revolution have obliterated, in the minds of the people of England, the political lessons they then acquired; and while the clergy were hankering after Laud, and statesmen were flattering monarchs, the commonalty of England remained, during the last century, with all their undoubted attachment to the Church of England, true to the principles of liberty, which neither Laud nor kings had ever taught them.

In Scotland the same result remained, under circumstances far more exceptional. William III., although much pressed to the contrary, had wisdom enough to perceive how deep were the influences on the national mind produced by the Presbyterian Church polity, for which so much blood had been spilt, and to which the great body of the people were so deeply attached. All that Scotland had ever learned of civil liberty it had drawn from the fountains of the Reformation. That constant conflict and alternate success and oppression should have moulded it into a more compact and sterner form, was only the natural result of the vicissitudes of a century and a half. But so thoroughly had the early Reformers done their work, so completely had the spirit of independence, self-reliance, and individual responsibility penetrated through the whole framework of society down to the very lowest ranks, that there was neither hope nor fear that the arts of statecraft, or views of policy, would shake their attachment to the heritage left them by their fathers. The peculiarities of speech or action which may have marked the Presbyterian leaders, although a favourite theme with unobservant minds, are

really not worth the historian's notice. They are not in themselves either more peculiar, more austere, or more intolerant than those of the age in any part of the island. If they sometimes exaggerated the importance of details on which good men may differ, they did so with no more bigoted adherence to their own views, than that with which the Anglican divines adhered to theirs. They were strong earnest men, who believed religion to be a rule not only of faith but of life, and who wished to see it recognised as such in the daily and ordinary avocations of men,—a desire which, so far from being a fit theme for ridicule or contempt, is the truest test of the reality of their convictions. Nor would it be difficult to show, although our limits do not permit of our attempting it at present, that although working on a narrow sphere, on a people whose traditions, tendencies, and habits differed widely from their powerful neighbours, the balance of enlarged views and liberal administration inclines to this side the Tweed.

With peaceful times there came of course a reaction, and, superadded to the withdrawal of excitement, came the union with England, which, fraught with mutual blessings as it has been, produced in Scotland social effects of which this book of Dr Carlyle's is a living and vivid type.

The annihilation of the Scottish Parliament, and the transfer to London of many of our principal families, produced different results on different classes of the people. On the mass it operated no change at all. Satisfied with the religious freedom in which they were secured, and quite ready again to arm and struggle for it if they were attacked, they continued to cherish in its full intensity the spirit of the Reformation, and the study of evangelical theology. It is doubtful whether, beyond the immediate precincts of Edinburgh, the people cared much whether their legislators met in Edinburgh or in London, so that they enjoyed the benefits of the Revolution Settlement, their Presbyterian Church polity, and the complete freedom of worship. But the immediate effects of the Union on the upper classes in Scotland was one by no means flattering to our national pride. The century was not one, in any part of the island, of much public spirit, or much public morality. If the voice of English liberty now and then burst forth, as in the letters of Junius, to remind courtiers and placemen that there was a people behind them, these warnings came but seldom. It was a cold age. But in Scotland these things were copied in intense exaggeration. While our men of letters, like David Hume, were avowing their contempt for England, they were almost unconsciously trying to conform to an English model. They planted trees because Samuel Johnson saw none on the coast of Aberdeenshire.

They carefully pruned their style from Scotticisms, and, with the energy of their countrymen, in some degree taught their neighbours how to write their language. If the broad Doric of their youth could not be moulded into the accent of Middlesex or Surrey, they might, at least, rise superior to the narrow prejudice of their fathers, who read their Bibles, and thought it worth their while to fight for the right of doing so. The fear of English ridicule, the desire of English approbation, the dread of displaying singularity, the ambition of being men of the world, seems to have seized the whole of that generation among the Scottish gentry; and here, in this work of Carlyle's, we have the embodiment of the spirit of the time, by the great high-priest of the art.

The result was, that, casting away the old traditions which used to stir the blood of their countrymen, they brought nothing to fill their place. They carried out the "*nil admirari*" doctrine so efficiently, that they left on the polished surface nothing to which enthusiasm or earnestness could attach. The triumphs of literature and philosophy, in their less impassioned moods, were ardently and successfully pursued. These suited with the quiet scepticism of the day. But it was the mission of the time to quench and still earnestness, and zeal, and realities. No orator stirred his audience to enthusiasm. No poet sung the notes of vehement and burning emotion, until one was called forth by nature, reared and nurtured outside the artificial pale. Evangelical religion offended against the decorum of this placid creed, and was discountenanced and discouraged. It was best if people did not believe at all; but, at least, the less they believed the better.

Is not this the moral of this entertaining narrative? It is the story of the life of a magnate of the Church. Does it contain the record of one single effort, one worthy aspiration, for the good of the people or of mankind? Is there one object to which he and those who followed him devoted their energies which was worth accomplishing? They did strive hard and successfully to prevent others from acting, but they did nothing themselves. The record of the proceedings of the General Assembly, which composes the second, and certainly the least interesting part of the volume, discloses an apathy of sentiment, a debasement of tone and standard, and an utter absence of conscientious action, of which even those who like to read of such things on the part of ecclesiastics would be themselves ashamed. It was all very well for Dr Carlyle to exhibit the graces of his person, the charms of his manners, and his mental accomplishments, in society to which ministers were rarely invited, and sometimes from which they were better absent. If he had combined the manners of a

man of the world with the fidelity and earnestness of a Christian pastor, there was nothing but what was commendable and useful in his ambition. It is one which might be more generally entertained with advantage; but he pursued the one object, while he not only neglected but depreciated the other. His idea of being a man of the world, was being as little of a minister as possible; and when we look back on this tale, told by himself, when we remember the powers he unquestionably possessed, and think that during the whole of his eighty-five years he accomplished nothing but the empty frivolities he here records—that he went to theatres when some ministers thought it wrong to go there, and defended John Home for writing a tragedy—we come to the melancholy conclusion, that we have finished the story of an unprofitable life.

But far more disastrous is the light it throws on those who ruled last century in Scotland. Can we wonder at the fruits, now that we see the tree? We know what the fruits were. We know how thoroughly every spark of earnestness was trodden out of public affairs; how dead the Church, how neglected the schools, how abject the Town Councils, how powerless the people, how grinding the law, at the end of last century. Let those who dislike high-flying and fanaticism, study this picture with candour. Let them see with what even pace coldness in religion and loss of liberty accompany each other. Let them learn how certainly, as the old leaven of the Reformation was repressed, as the clergy grew indifferent, and the laity sceptical, so surely did the spirit of liberty languish. And then let them mark how, after many years, we have revived. They will find that the first stirring of the waters was the faithful preaching of the Church of Scotland. Many persons, true all along to their traditions, had left her communion, and had found in the ranks of the Seceders the fidelity which the Church had discarded. But the first movement toward a regenerated tone of public principle was accompanied with, if not preceded by, a recurrence by a portion of the Church to evangelical preaching and principles; and our politicians and rulers may rest assured, that the love of civil liberty which pervades the people of this great country, draws a large portion of its invigorating strength from those sources of religious opinion which, in all the vicissitudes of our constitution, have had so great an influence on our fate.

We have no quarrel with Dr Carlyle's censures, one-sided and partial as they plainly are, on the leaders of the evangelical party. To investigate their accuracy in detail, would be to tax unduly the time and patience of our readers. We know that, in regard to Dr Witherspoon, he greatly underrated him;¹ and, as regards

¹ Allusion is made (p. 66) to a scandalous rumour, that Dr Nisbet, afterwards President of an American college, was Witherspoon's son. The story was re-

Dr Webster, the portrait is too elaborately coloured to be altogether just. When we find that Dr Webster was one of Carlyle's accusers about the "Tragedy of Douglas," and that Carlyle says of him that he "could do mischief with the joy of an ape," it is very plain that his testimony is not without suspicion of bias. At the same time, it is right that it should be known what their antagonists said and thought of these men; nor can it be without benefit to observe that a man's conduct will be generally judged by his own standard, and his merits by that of his neighbours.

Still, looking back on our national history during the period over which this narrative extends, we should place far above the easy-going, light-hearted incumbent of Inveresk, those men whose names are almost forgotten, who kept their torch alight in the very darkest days, and handed down the pure flame of patriotism to a more fortunate generation.

We have thought it right to record, in explicit terms, our opinion of the moral which this volume conveys. But our strictures in no degree detract from its importance or its interest as a contribution to our knowledge of the last century. The misfortune is, it is all true : and the truth is conveyed in so pleasant and graphic a style, that it cannot fail to impress the public. To Mr Burton's editing of the volume we are greatly indebted. He has performed his task with rare good taste and judgment, and has been the means of adding not only an agreeable book to the passing literature of the day, but a solid and lasting illustration of the principles and customs which prevailed during an influential period of our history.

tailed, Carlyle says, by Thomas Hepburn, "a distinguished minister." In reality, there was less than fourteen years difference of age between them, Witherspoon having been born 5th February 1722 (*Chambers' Dict.*), and Nisbet 21st January 1736 (*Memoir of his Life*).

ART. XI.—1. *Speeches of Viscount Palmerston, K.G., in the House of Commons.* Hansard.

2. *Despatches of Viscount Palmerston.* Blue Books.

THE pamphlets which have lately appeared in different countries, and in different languages, on the question of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, have been numerous enough to bring that subject within the legitimate scope of a quarterly Review. Some are fair and accurate; others are marked by the strangest ignorance and the wildest misconception. But they are, nevertheless, read by foreign populations who do not know what to credit and what to disbelieve. An instance may be taken in a recent German pamphlet, entitled 'Palmerston Unmasked,' which has been ascribed to the erratic judgment of an eminent personage beyond the Rhine. This German author has in reality put on the very mask which he proposes to strip off; and he leaves it to his critic, if he have one, to divest the subject of a travesty which affects only his own repute for knowledge and fidelity. We cite this production simply by way of example.

The Reviewer, in his vocation, has his choice between silence and a refutation of misstatement; and Lord Palmerston has probably long learnt to be indifferent to literary judgments. But the subject is one of European interest. Lord Palmerston is once more nearly absolute; he is the only minister in that position in any Government throughout Europe; and, with the single exception of Napoleon III., he is also the only ruler who, whether in the capacity of minister or sovereign, is individually and distinctively identified with the foreign policy of his country. It is therefore a matter of great practical concern to us all to know what Lord Palmerston's foreign policy really is. And it is equally a matter of curious inquiry to ascertain what are the qualifications and antecedents which have led a free country to acquiesce, without reserve, in his administration of its whole authority.

'Steam has bridged the Channel,' said the Duke of Wellington in 1847; and one consequence of that fact certainly is, that Lord Palmerston has from 1855 to 1861, subject to a short interval, been Prime Minister with an influence apparently unknown to any of his predecessors since the death of Pitt. The connection of these two circumstances is in reality very simple. During our forty years' peace, we felt ourselves profoundly insulated, and accordingly we cared for little but domestic questions. The High Tories, proud of the alliances they had

created in 1813, contrived themselves to demolish every one of them before 1820. Meanwhile there were no contingent enemies of this country, of whom it could be justly apprehensive. The Tories pursued their coercive government at home, and their obsolete theories of finance, as long as the nation would submit to them; and when the nation would submit no longer, the Whigs undid the work of the Tories; and the conservative spirit, as well as the content, which we now witness, are certainly due to their measures of reform. So long as the great questions of the day were questions of domestic administration, the leaders of parties were almost necessarily men whose *forte* lay in some great domestic question. England and Scotland were the Englishman's and the Scotchman's microcosm. In comparison of the present relations of Great Britain with the continental Powers, we may be said to have been in a state of isolation. Whether or not we were in fact indifferent to continental affairs, we could at any rate *afford* to be indifferent to them. Abroad, John Bull was the most phlegmatic, apathetic personage in the world. At home, he was full of self-consciousness, self-opinion, and self-importance. He looked at his own constitution through the medium of a microscope; and he saw nothing to compare, in grandeur or consequence, with its slightest variations, in all the movements of the continental states. True, he sympathized in the great struggles of Belgium, Spain, Poland, and Hungary; but his sympathy was mere disinterested generosity. The leaders of parties in those days were precisely the reflex of this phasis of public opinion.

But at length it became impossible that this country could be longer governed by statesmen who seemed unable to rise above such questions as the difference of a six-pound and a ten-pound clause, a ballot and a poll, a rating and a renting franchise, a sliding scale and a fixed duty, a compulsory and a voluntary system of public education. The great questions of continental policy now became mingled with the daily life of British administration. Our insular securities against invasion were dwindling down to the same level with the securities of Austria or Prussia. The old distinction between land frontiers and sea boundaries seemed to merge: the *arva Neptunia* of the poet were becoming a veritable *champ de Mars* for the two nations bordering the Channel. So long as Louis Philippe possessed a great army, but no transport fleet, so long as the Republic possessed a fleet that did not steam, menaces from France were idle here. But when a great army and a great steam fleet, both in transports and in ships of war, were united in the command of the ablest and most daring sovereign of Europe, the insular position of England vanished. This truth was testified by changes descending to the

minutest elements of our social life. It is not only that we are beginning to have great military establishments, that there is a cry for fortification, and that Woolwich, which (like 'the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf') would have dwelt for ever by the Thames, is ordered off to Cannock Chase. The measured tramp of volunteers was heard in the streets of all our cities, common conversation turned on Whitworths and Armstrongs, the middle classes began to speak French (the language less of France than of Europe), British hotels gave you a table d'hôte, and you might even wear a moustache in London without being held to live in Leicester Square. England, in a word, had become a continental nation.

Lord Palmerston was precisely the representative of this great change both in public affairs and in national feeling. International policy resumed the ascendant in British administration which it had lost since the peace of 1815, but which it meanwhile still possessed in almost every continental administration where the Minister of Foreign Affairs is the Premier. The two leading administrative qualifications of Lord Palmerston, were in foreign policy and in war; and to these two attributes of government every other now became subordinate. Lord Lansdowne, by his marvellous union of courage and judgment, might have assumed Lord Palmerston's position in 1855; but Lord Lansdowne then for the third time declined to be Prime Minister.

But this, as we think, far from presents the whole cause of Lord Palmerston's present political position. The nation required a leader who was capable of really thinking and acting for them. The situation of Europe had become as novel and as critical as the situation of England itself. Indeed, both in Europe and Asia wars and revolutions were being daily stimulated or repressed. The independence of Italy as against Austria; the independence of Europe in general as against France; the independence of Turkey as against Russia; the designs of Spain, under French dictation, against Gibraltar; the neutrality of Syria, as against Powers covetous of our ascendancy in the Indian seas; —these have been almost simultaneously the great questions of the day, by an adverse settlement of any one of which our influence might be lessened, our dominion endangered, and our principles defeated. It became necessary to centre the government of the country in a minister who, in addition to experience and public knowledge, possessed the ability instinctively to see what was right, and the courage also *to do it* on his own individual responsibility.

These are the rarest qualifications of a public man in a representative government. There is too common a tendency, in the minister of such a government, to consider what course is popu-

lar for the moment, how a certain decision may affect the collocation of parties in the Legislature, whether the peace party or the war party be in the ascendant, and whether at last he will obtain a majority. We need not point out the reputations which a navigation through such shoals has wrecked. The man who deserves to govern his country can generally lead his country. It has been a characteristic of Lord Palmerston in the great decisions which he has taken in foreign affairs, that he seems scarcely ever to have looked beyond the intrinsic elements of the question before him. There has been a reciprocal confidence between the country and himself; he has done what he thought right, let the attitude of Parliamentary parties be as threatening as it may, and the country has almost invariably sustained his judgment. To such a minister, his position in a representative government becomes far stronger than his position would be in a despotic government. Foreign states can always measure his power in the one case, in the other they cannot. This distinction, much to the prejudice of a weak minister in a free government, is of great advantage to a strong minister. Intrigue may at any moment displace the minister of a despotic court; but the minister who really represents the views of a free people, is known to be unassailable. It is thus that the name of Palmerston seems to carry, at this day, as much significance through Europe as the name of Napoleon the Third.

It may be said, perhaps, that all this was not to be predicated of Lord Palmerston's antecedents. He never aspired to be the leader of a great party; he was a departmental minister in Liberal Governments successively headed by Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Aberdeen. That, however, is little more than to say that all this was not to be predicated of the antecedents of the country itself. For a long period, Lord Palmerston was compelled to bear up against the nearly exclusive prominence which domestic interests were assuming in the government of this country, before he could divert the due share of public interest to the foreign questions of the day. But in the management of those questions, during the sixteen years for which he held the Foreign Office, he was understood to possess a nearly absolute authority. It seemed therefore, even at that time, to require little more than the elevation of the subjects in which he was master, to render him the acknowledged leader of the country.

But over and above all this, there is another characteristic which has served largely to assign Lord Palmerston's place among the British people. We allude to that which is commonly, though rather vaguely, termed 'his English spirit.' No one, probably, who applies this term, though with a distinc-

tive signification, to Lord Palmerston, would deny the possession of an English spirit to Lord John Russell or Lord Derby. But the phrase, as applied to Lord Palmerston, still has its special meaning. A patriotic devotion to the British people is as much a characteristic of Lord Palmerston, as devotion to the British constitution is a characteristic of Lord John Russell. At the same time, there can be no doubt that there has been no more faithful supporter of Continental liberty, and especially of Italian liberty, than Lord John Russell. When, however, Lord Derby said of the latter, that he courted Reform with the ardour of a lover, he precisely hit off one view of Lord John's character. And we might reciprocally describe Lord Derby himself, if we were to say that, in *his* dealings with Reform, *he* courted her as a gay deceiver. When Lord John told the House of Commons, as a reason for rejecting Mr Disraeli's Reform Bill, that he 'loved the old distinction between counties, cities, and boroughs,' no one doubts that he spoke the most intimate instinct of his heart. When Lord Palmerston urged the necessity of carrying to a triumphant issue the war in which this country was engaged with Russia, he was actuated by a conviction of the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining the honour and dignity of Great Britain. Such instances as these may serve in some degree, however imperfectly, to illustrate the difference in the turn of mind of the two men. To maintain the just influence of this country abroad, and to support true liberty wherever true liberty appears, are the two cardinal aims from which the whole of Lord Palmerston's diplomatic policy, for thirty years, may be said to radiate. It is hardly surprising that such a policy should have excited so general a sympathy in such a country.

Perhaps Lord Palmerston's position in 1855, in 1856, and in 1857, will be hereafter quoted as among the most conspicuous passages of his life. No minister ever assumed the government of this country amid circumstances more difficult than Lord Palmerston did then. He was called upon, in February 1855, to prosecute a great war in which his predecessors had failed deplorably. He was required to undertake vast military operations without the loss of a day, when nearly all the military resources of the country were exhausted. At the same moment he had to make head against two distinct political parties at home: the one of whom, with honest inconsistency, sought at all risks of true honour and policy to terminate the war; the other of whom, with consistent dishonesty, sought to cripple his administration of it, in order to promote their own accession to office. Lord Palmerston, in a word, was called upon, on his first accession to the Premiership, to maintain war without an army, at the moment that he was assailed for maintaining war at all. Yet, in 1856, he

brought this war to a more successful issue than had marked the rapid termination of any great contest in which this country had been engaged since the days of Chatham. In 1857, he despatched an army of a hundred thousand men to suppress the mutiny in India, as in 1855 he had sent an army of eighty thousand men to close the war in the Crimea. In the same year he was exposed to still fiercer opposition on his policy in China; but he maintained that policy in spite of the invective of all the rhetoric of the House of Commons. Indeed, his leading opponents, who then nearly lost their seats in his appeal to the country, have now become the organs and the instruments of his Chinese policy. We certainly know of no other triennium of an English minister so conspicuously marked. In every Parliamentary struggle, while it lasted, as Mr Bernal Osborne once remarked, the watchword of the Cabinet was, 'Each man for himself, and Palmerston for us all.' It is worth observation, that when that Ministry succumbed, in February 1858, to a successful intrigue, it was commonly said that, though Lord Palmerston might return to power, his dictatorship was finally terminated, since his Liberal opponents must share in any Administration that he might afterwards preside over. This is a curious instance of the combination of truth and error in political predictions. In June 1859, those opponents certainly took prominent part in the Cabinet which he then formed on a broad basis. But the result is, that, after twenty months of this fusion of the Liberal parties, Lord Palmerston is apparently in greater authority than before.

But in all these apparent inconsistencies of several of the leading members of Lord Palmerston's present Administration, few appear now to question that they then adopted the course which they sincerely believed to be just. Take Lord John Russell as an example. He certainly broke up two Governments and one Parliament in three years. He overturned the Aberdeen Ministry in 1855, he was an accomplice in the death of the Aberdeen Parliament in 1857, and in that of the first Palmerston Ministry in 1858. But it never appeared to us that Lord John's conduct on the former occasion demanded the criticism which it elicited. The compact between himself and Lord Aberdeen seemed at length to resolve itself into this—that Lord Aberdeen and his friends should govern, and that Lord John should defend whatever Lord Aberdeen and his friends might choose to do. No eminent man could endure this. Lord Aberdeen was a statesman well fitted to preside over a Coalition Cabinet in peace, by his temper, his tact, his really liberal views, and his conciliatory spirit. But placed at the head of a war Government, in an attitude of foreign alliances which overthrew the most cherished traditions of his life, he found him-

self in a position of all others the least adapted to the development of his capacity. In addition to this, he reserved for his own party all the war offices in the Administration, and devolved upon his Whig colleagues little more than the routine of the offices of peace. Had he acted otherwise, he might possibly have been Prime Minister nearly until his death. A period must certainly have been put to a compact under which Lord John had to defend what he found that he could not control. Again, in 1858, Lord John appears to have acted under the almost fastidious sense of the independence of the House of Commons, which has commonly marked his views of the British constitution.

Take, again, Mr Gladstone. The length to which he pushed his opposition to our hostilities in China in 1857, even after the Government had been out-voted, and its resolution to appeal to the country had been declared, was, indeed, in striking contrast to the apparent moderation of Mr Disraeli, who declared himself ready to accept the issue of a dissolution. And so far did this plausible distinction to the advantage of Mr Disraeli strike the leading men in the House of Commons at the time, that Lord Palmerston himself acknowledged the statesmanlike attitude of Mr Disraeli, and regretted the continued and fretful interposition of Mr Gladstone between the policy of the Government and the appeal to the country. But we confess we thought Lord Palmerston rather led away at the moment by a specious distinction; for the difference between the conduct of Mr Gladstone and of Mr Disraeli on that occasion seemed to lie between that of the true shepherd who sincerely deplored the destruction of life, and of the hireling who cared not for the sheep.

The observations, indeed, with which we set out, may appear innocuous to a reply which we shall here anticipate. It may be said that the ranks of the Opposition do not exhibit any replacing of the former leaders by men versed in war and diplomacy, corresponding with the elevation of Lord Palmerston to the undisputed lead of the Government party. Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli are still the undisputed leaders of her Majesty's Opposition; and they are by their antecedents essentially home statesmen. Hence it may be assumed that the phasis in our ministerial prospects, which we have just described, is but a temporary one; and that, whenever Lord Palmerston's Ministry shall withdraw, Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli will again be the two leaders of the Administration. We do not, however, think so. Certainly, if the present phasis of European affairs were to be replaced by that of fifteen years ago, this might be the case. But we see no prospect of such an event. And the fact that Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli are still the leaders of their own party, may imply, not that they will attain power, but

that there are no 'statesmen of the age' in the same party to take the lead; and therefore that the Conservative party are the less likely to return to office, or, at any rate, to power or continued office, than they might otherwise have been. The country has twice made trial of Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli during the last eight or nine years; and we believe that it has arrived at a nearly unanimous conclusion that its curiosity on that subject is definitively satisfied. We believe that Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli will never return to office, except in the capacity of stopgaps pending some dislocation in the ranks of the Liberal statesmen, or in the position of warming-pans during the formation of some new Liberal combination. We still think, indeed, that government by party must in a great degree survive; but that circumstances will more easily determine than heretofore who shall be the leaders of parties that are to become ministerial. In a word, during troubled times, the country will choose their ruler; and the party with which the object of their choice is connected will accept the verdict of the country by acknowledging the statesman so chosen for its own leader. Lord Canning is probably the only other statesman who has encountered and overcome such difficulties as Lord Palmerston, and has displayed the same independent judgment.

But to return to Lord Palmerston. We proposed, in the programme with which we set out, to offer some analysis of his remarkable career, and to inquire into the general principles into which his policy may be resolved. The third part of a century has now elapsed since the death of Mr Canning; and it is with Mr Canning's death that Lord Palmerston's diplomatic career may be said to originate. But Lord Palmerston had then already sat for twenty years in the House of Commons; and the contrast between his career up to that time, and his career afterwards, appears to suggest two inquiries in the public mind, the one of which admits perhaps of a more ready solution than the other. It is remarked that Lord Palmerston held for nineteen years the comparatively subordinate official situation of Secretary-at-War—an office now extinguished, its duties being incorporated into those of the Secretary of State for the War Department; and that, though then a Tory, he has been since a Liberal. The latter circumstance is certainly no phenomenon; for it would seem that Lord Palmerston has pursued a public career of half a century with actual, if not with apparent consistency. For the former circumstance we may partially, although not indeed wholly account; and at this we will glance in the first place. Lord Palmerston's career may be divided into three phases—namely, as a minister of the second class of importance in the Tory Cabinets; as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the subsequent Liberal Cabinets;

and finally as Premier. We have shown that the position which he now fills is to be traced in some degree to a corresponding change in the situation of the country. But his continuance for so long a period in the position of Secretary-at-War seems to be remarked by many. It is, however, a fact, that Lord Palmerston was offered the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer before the close of the war, and before he had reached the age of thirty. For whatever reasons, the offer was declined. The long remainder of the Liverpool Administration, from the final cessation of the war in 1815, was divided into two periods. The first of these ran from 1815 to 1822, when Lord Palmerston was probably the only one of the Liberal or Canning Tories in the Cabinet; and the second, from 1822 to 1827, when, although Mr Canning was leader in the Commons, the Canning party were kept down by the whole force of the High Tory majority. Sir George Cornwall Lewis reminds us that the term 'heretic' was assigned by general councils of the Church as importing the decision of a numerical majority on a question of truth. Under the operation of the same process, Lord Palmerston was probably deemed a heretic through the bigotry of a numerical majority of the Liverpool Administration on a question of political truth. Moreover, with a packed House of Commons, the prominence of the greatest intellects in the greatest stations was of little consequence to the stability of the Cabinet. And Lord Palmerston at that time seems to have thought it useless fully to develop the abilities which he possessed.

We certainly have never possessed the capacity to understand why the Canning party have been adjudged inconsistent for effecting a junction with the Whigs in 1830. Those who have supported this judgment have certainly never charged the Whigs with inconsistency for previously effecting a junction with the Canning party during Mr Canning's lifetime, in 1827. If the inconsistency does not hold in the one case, why in the other? Moreover—entirely apart from this consideration—to argue that fidelity to party obligations is the test of political consistency, is often to make factitious demarcations the test of conscience. It appears to be demonstrable that the Canning party in 1828 had much more in common with the Whigs than they had with the Tories. Mr Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' describes either Tadpole or Taper, with a truth not the less for the designed satire, painting Conservatism as a mixture of Tory men and Whig measures. The fact is, that Mr Canning was essentially the founder of the Conservatives, in their relation to the later and degenerate Tories of the Liverpool period. He established that intermediate party in 1827, which Sir Robert Peel—the 'huge appropriation clause' of the same felicitous author—

affected afterwards to found, when he had at last floundered out of every conceivable Tory pledge in 1835.

It is often forgotten, also, that the Canning party of 1827, and even the Whigs of 1830, were essentially the Pittites of a quarter of a century before, so far as domestic policy is concerned. After Mr Pitt's death, the smaller intellects of the High Tory school made a rapid retrogression. Even between Pitt and Perceval there was a great gulf fixed. Lord Liverpool—'the Arch Mediocrity' of the great master of Parliamentary satire—was no more a disciple of Pitt than Pitt himself was a disciple of Lord North. Sixty years ago, Pitt was an advocate of Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Little more than thirty years ago, the pretended disciples of that minister (such as Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel) were the vehement opponents of both the one measure and the other. The Canning party, meanwhile, were the consistent supporters of Catholic emancipation, and even of Parliamentary reform, though to a more limited extent than was then probably in contemplation of the Whigs. More, perhaps, than all, they were the earnest supporters of a liberal commercial policy, in the days in which Mr Ricardo himself was a Protectionist. If, therefore, there is anything to surprise us in the successive relation of the Canning party to the Tories and to the Whigs, it is not that they joined Lord Grey, but that they found it possible to work so long together with Lord Liverpool. But in truth, the Canning party, and the Canning party only, were the true disciples of Pitt. As such, they may have been even termed the orthodox Tories; for even the Tories of these days acknowledge Pitt as their common political ancestor. They had thus a right to claim that title, until they were at length driven to abandon it by the sheer force of the Duke of Wellington's military influence.

We have sometimes heard it assumed, that Lord Palmerston must have been inconsistent because he has been so fortunate; and many of our readers will have met with the same observation. Leaving the assertion of fact to individual judgment, the argument deserves notice, if only for the sake of the remarkable process of political reasoning by which it is arrived at. It would tend to show that the more inconsistent a politician may be (ordinary discretion in inconsistency being of course presumed), the greater will be his share of official distinction. So much for the morality of politics! But such a libel on free government is hardly to be tolerated. Is the statesman who trims his sails the most frequently the statesman in whom a people would be most ready to confide? No one surely can believe this. Lord Palmerston's title, as it were, to his position at this day chiefly

rests, we apprehend, on the unwavering course which he pursued on the great questions with which his name is chiefly associated ; and the fate of Sir James Graham is hardly less significant as a counterpart to Lord Palmerston's example. If we understand aright the true aims of public men in representative governments, office must be accounted as their just ambition. Its possession is the pledge of the public confidence to which they profess to aspire. It is also the engine of the public utility to which they profess to devote themselves. Lord Palmerston has been said—and has been said, as we imagine, with truth—to be fond of office, and to have enjoyed office nearly twice as long as any other living statesman. We confess that our ideal of a perfect statesman, *à priori*, would be a statesman who had been *always* in office under a free government ; that is, a statesman who had always possessed the national confidence.

It is somewhat in the same way that public judgment appears to oscillate between regarding Lord Palmerston as an aristocratic and a liberal statesman. It is true that these terms of contradistinction, in their true import, are wide enough of the mark ; but they are sufficiently intelligible to stand in the place of a long periphrasis. No doubt Lord Palmerston entertains, in the abstract, tolerably marked aristocratic prepossessions. No doubt he has sometimes given expression to them in a manner which some other statesmen, gifted with the same prepossessions, would have been reticent enough to avoid. Lord Palmerston has once or twice, we suspect, conveyed an offence to certain classes, by expressions in the House of Commons, which Lord Derby has had the rhetorical circumspection to repress. But no one, nevertheless, questions that Lord Derby is much more of an 'aristocrat,' to use the common and unpopular phrase, than Lord Palmerston. The plain truth is, that though social distinctions must inevitably exist in such a country as this, there is nothing that arouses more jealousy than any reference to them by men of old family and ancient estate, more especially if they are noblemen, and yet more if they are ministers into the bargain. There is probably no country squire of even three generations who does not think quite as much of social distinctions as Lord Palmerston. In this year of grace, 1861, every man, whatever his calling or station, is resolved to be a gentleman. Every man is equally resolved to assert the social postulate, that all gentlemen are equal. As the American journals lately phrased it, in order to reconcile with their republicanism the court which they were paying to the young Prince of Wales, 'Every man in his true state of development is morally a prince.' We very gravely doubt, however, whether Lord Palmerston, even in his most esoteric social prepossessions, would

go further than this,—that he would regard a man of good family somewhat as he would regard a thorough-bred dog, or a thorough-bred horse, in its relation with others of the same species. He would presume, as between the man of old family and the man who aspires to found a family for himself, the former animal to be, *cæteris paribus*, the best. Probably every country squire would, rightly or wrongly, say the same. The mass of the public may differ with Lord Palmerston, and may consider that the analogy does not hold. This is a question of social zoology, into which it would be apart from our object to enter. But whatever may be Lord Palmerston's views in measuring the *mass* of one class with the *mass* of another class, few men appear more ready to pay homage to real ability, wherever it presents itself, than Lord Palmerston.

The Whigs, it is true, have always been an exclusive party; and although Lord Palmerston was not originally a Whig, he can hardly be supposed to have brought much 'independent Liberalism' from the ranks of the Tories. But the conduct, nevertheless, of Lord Palmerston towards Mr Huskisson can be no more forgotten than the conduct of Lord Lansdowne towards Mr Canning. In respect of what is called social prejudice, Lord Palmerston here stands out in marked contrast to the late Duke of Wellington. If the Duke disliked Mr Canning—whom, however, he was compelled outwardly to respect, as well as really to admire—he detested Mr Huskisson without measure, without disguise, without any qualifying sentiment. His Grace's antipathy towards the *former* statesman may have taken the shape of envy—a sentiment which it is believed that even so great and commonly straightforward a man as the Duke could imbibe; and he could hardly forget that, let Mr Canning's worldly wealth have been originally what it may, he could trace his descent as far back as the Duke himself. But there was nothing analogous in the political position of Mr Huskisson; and that the Duke's dislike to the latter was personal and not political, is to be deduced from the fact that his Grace maintained the most friendly relations with Lord Palmerston, who uniformly identified himself with the opinions of Mr Huskisson. But while the Duke ejected Mr Huskisson from his Cabinet, apparently because he would not tolerate a representative of the mercantile classes within its pale, Lord Palmerston made common cause with the retiring minister, and withdrew from a Cabinet in which Mr Huskisson was no longer allowed a place. No minister who would act thus could well be said to assert his social prepossessions injuriously in the government of the country.

There is another characteristic on which public judgment seems sorely perplexed. As some will have it that one who is

aristocratic in his social prepossessions must be illiberal in his political conduct, so there are others again who seem to regard a joke as incompatible with a real aim. A statesman who jests, it is sometimes said, can hardly be in true earnest. We have often thought John Bull rather a heavy animal,—in fact, sometimes almost approximating upon a bore. There is no doubt that he objects to the mixing up of pleasure with business on very sound grounds; but we confess we are disposed to look upon it as rather an advantage in a minister who can work twice as hard as any of his colleagues in executive business, and can sit twice as long in the House of Commons as any other member, except the poor dumb Speaker, that he never loses spirit any more than he loses heart. We certainly never met with a joke on the part of Lord Palmerston which has betrayed the slightest tendency to trifle away a political question. The aim of Lord Palmerston's jokes, as rhetorical weapons, is commonly to show up an adversary. In this way, we have no doubt that every session suffices to instil some rivalrous feelings towards the Prime Minister, on the part of members whose speeches in opposition to his policy have demanded his reply and provoked his satire. Let members of Parliament be as forgiving as they may, the fact remains that no one likes to appear ridiculous. But in all this sarcasm of Lord Palmerston's there is never anything ill-natured. In truth, his manner which charms the audience, seems, for the moment, almost to disarm the words, even to the member who is in process of decimation. The satiric sparkling of his brilliant eye, the fascination of his smile—which seems to incarnate humour blended with good feeling—serve to reach to the heart of his audience simultaneously as the words fall on the ear, and, somewhat like the alchemist's power of changing substance, so to change their purport or modulate their meaning.

We must acknowledge that, if this manner ever conveys notion of want of earnestness, we prefer it incomparably to the late Sir Robert Peel's strained and unnatural assumption of transcendental motives. Hardly less do we prefer it, also, to the acting solemnity of Lord Derby, who is well known in private life to be a habitual and almost wearisomely incessant joker. But it may perhaps be wondered, why, if all this be so, Lord Palmerston is more often at loggerheads with certain Radical members than Lord John Russell, Mr Gladstone, or even Sir John Pakington and Mr Disraeli. We wonder at the event hardly less. But the truth seems to be, that there are certain Radical members whose first instinct, when they enter Parliament, apparently is to run full tilt at Lord Palmerston. The result commonly is, as may be expected, that the less dexterous might gets unhorsed; and Radical 'cherubs and seraphs' no

more like to be 'rolling in the flood' than any other cherubs and seraphs. Hence there is on the next occasion a fresh encounter, in the hope of better luck and retrieved glory. Mr White, the newly-elected member for Brighton, presents the latest addition to a long succession of victims. At the close of last session he undertook to measure swords with the Prime Minister during the Fortification debate, and a very sorry figure he made at the close of the encounter. It has been very much so with Mr Bright. He has been more than twenty years in the House of Commons, and the power of debate which he has recently assumed, enables him commonly to hold his own, and his experience now deters him from throwing himself open to the overwhelming attack which a repetition in Parliament of the egregious mistatements which he palms off upon provincial assemblies would inevitably produce. But when he first entered the House, it seemed to be his first instinct to attack Lord Palmerston. Each recoil brought a desire for a fresh encounter, and thus, one may say of his attacks and of those of some of his allies, as the Duke of Wellington said at Waterloo of the French, that 'the enemy came on in the old style, and were driven off in the old style.'

We have lately had a remarkable instance of the national, as contradistinguished from party, character of Lord Palmerston's popularity. It must surely have somewhat disquieted Mr Bright to witness Lord Palmerston's victorious irruption into the manufacturing districts last autumn,—to see him effecting conquests, annexing the hearts of great cities, receiving the homage of tens and hundreds of thousands, undoing in an hour all that had been done by innumerable platform declamations, and by the most laborious organization that had ever been put into practice for the perversion of political opinion; while poor Mr Bright, though the champion of the working man's public rights, unable to raise a finger in arrest of the triumph, was, if we mistake not, engaged in the sublunary occupation of retrieving the consequences of a strike among his workmen for better wages! It is thus not the country people,—not the Conservative party,—not the old Whigs alone, who are Lord Palmerston's supporters. The busy thousands working in their smoky factories, who fought for free trade against Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington,—finally against Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli,—while their nominal leaders would have striven to make the Anti-Corn-Law League the basis of a democratic revolution, are second to none in their earnest desire that Lord Palmerston shall continue minister. Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, who lately conceded one point of the Charter—even Mr Bright, for whom the point of the Charter was conceded—

seem indiscriminately forgotten. The persevering efforts of Mr Urquhart to prejudice the working classes in those districts against Lord Palmerston's policy, are yet more completely swept out of mind. These classes, no doubt, are not without a certain appreciation of Lord Palmerston's administrative success. Indeed, there can hardly be a greater misrepresentation of their general turn of mind, than to suppose them led by the declamation of every agitator, and accepting every assertion from mouth to mouth. Those who have seen the humblest of the working classes, for example in the Manchester Athenæum, reading the *London* as well as the provincial papers—the debates and the leading articles—with apparent intelligence; those who have spoken to them while so engaged, on some political question which the journals were discussing at the time, and have noticed the point and discernment of their remarks, will acknowledge that the working men of the manufacturing districts are very apt to search for their own facts, and to form their own opinions. It is thus that we account for the undoubted truth, that the success of local demagogues—powerful as those demagogues may nevertheless be in exposing real abuses—is at this day but transient and superficial. The working classes, then, we say, are by no means disqualified from forming an opinion on the questions of the day. But what we believe chiefly actuates them, is their just conception of Lord Palmerston's national character and national spirit. This is the real source of their sympathy. They look upon him as the representative of the public desire to promote the wealth and grandeur of Great Britain.

But it is time to glance at the leading foreign questions in the settlement of which Lord Palmerston has taken part. This review carries us over a period of thirty-three years; for the rôle of representative of a liberal foreign policy was formally assumed by Lord Palmerston in 1828. One of the first problems presented by this part of the subject, is the degree in which the policy which we have under consideration has been original, and the degree in which it has been imitative, how far Lord Palmerston has pursued a policy of his own creating,—how far his career has raised a superstructure to that fabric of political liberty, both in Europe and America, which serves to perpetuate the glorious memory of George Canning. The answer appears to be, that Lord Palmerston's diplomatic career is nearly equally marked by either characteristic. If we look to the countries which Mr Canning's untimely death left either imperfectly delivered from their oppressors, such as Greece,—or to the countries which that event left imperfectly settled in their government, such as the South American Republics,—we shall

find that Lord Palmerston substantially carried into effect the policy of his predecessor. If we look, again, to the free settlements of which he was the chief author, in Belgium, in Portugal, and in Spain, we may also trace the extended application of the principles of which Mr Canning was the founder as well as the representative. We hope that we may soon be able to add the establishment of a definitive Italian settlement, to the liberal triumphs which illustrate the principles of the one statesman, and reward the policy of the other.

But if, on the other hand, we look to the alliances which have been formed, or to the general principles for the maintenance of peace and security, by efficient provisions for the weak, and by efficient barriers against the strong, we have a policy stamped with the full originality of Lord Palmerston's own mind. The French alliance, beyond a doubt the greatest single work of this minister, was an achievement without a precedent in the foreign policy of Great Britain. It was attempted, indeed, by Pitt in his Commercial Treaty of 1785, but if any fresh evidence be required of the deliberate insincerity of the French Government of that day, it may be found in the newly published journals of the first Lord Auckland. In previous periods of history—and almost without cessation from the Revolution of 1688 to the re-accession of the Whigs in 1830—hostilities with France, actual or contingent, formed the pivot on which the whole of our foreign policy turned. Since 1830, on the contrary, peace with France has become our invariable condition, and the basis of our political calculations. The wealth and happiness resulting directly to the two nations, and indirectly to a great portion of the globe, from this policy, are enormous. We cite the French alliance, not as an isolated instance of Lord Palmerston's political originality, but (as we shall yet show) as a salient example of it.

The foreign policy of this minister may be assumed to have, in great degree, taken its direction from the actual circumstances of Europe, when it was first put into practice in 1830. It is needful, therefore, to glance at our international position in that juncture. The most simple and terse designation of it is, that we were then without an ally in Europe. The France of the Legitimists, after having invaded Spain, was at the head of a conspiracy for the seizure of the line of the Rhine; Prussia, as an equivalent for the resulting loss of her trans-Rhenish provinces, was conspiring to relieve our Sovereign of the Hanoverian Kingdom; Austria was still writhing under the emancipation of Greece; and Russia, at once resenting our opposition to the Treaty of Adrianople (1829), and condemning our inability to resist its conclusion, was conspiring also for the seizure of Constantinople. A desperate conflict between Great

Britain on the one side, and all the Great Powers of the continent on the other, seemed imminent. The French Revolution of July 1830 first averted this danger, by expelling the statesmen of the Restoration, and the subsequent commotions in the capitals of Germany and the Low Countries compelled ambitious sovereigns to be content with holding their own. Lord Palmerston, becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs in November 1830, found the plot of the spring of that year temporarily disorganized; but if the previous isolation of this country had continued, there is little doubt that it would have been soon resumed. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, and Lord Aberdeen, adopted the resolution to recognise the popular sovereignty of Louis Philippe; and Metternich, Hardenberg, and Nesselrode immediately followed the same course. But they did not attempt to go further, and the isolation of this country continued during the short remainder of the Wellington Administration. The isolation of England everywhere, the insurrection of nearly all European countries against their respective governments, the fall of many institutions, the jeopardy of all,—these were the circumstances which presented themselves towards the close of 1830.

Lord Palmerston accordingly resolved to terminate these incessant conspiracies, to the prejudice of Great Britain, against settlements equally favourable also to the liberty of Europe, by securing the alliance of the Power whose complicity in them was essential to their success. He perceived that if France, Russia, and Prussia could together overthrow everything in the interest of despotism, Great Britain and France could together maintain everything in the interest of liberty, and also countenance liberalising movements, which should tend in the same direction. The peace of the last thirty years, and the liberalising changes of the last thirty years, have formed the common fruit of this resolution.

We often find it stated by Conservative writers and rhetoricians, that Lord Palmerston repudiated the 'conservative alliances' of this country, and created 'revolutionary alliances' in their place. This is the grievance of Sir A. Alison and of some other declaimers. It would be hard to conceive any more inaccurate description of the foreign relations of Great Britain, at the period of Lord Palmerston's accession to the Foreign Office in 1830. We have already shown that this country had then not a single 'conservative alliance' to overthrow, and that its choice lay between 'revolutionary alliances' or none. But the misapplication of terms in this description of the two classes of alliances is yet more ridiculous. The 'conservative' Powers here indicated are, of course, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the France of the Legitimists; the 'revolutionary' Powers are the

France of the Orleanists and the Bonapartists, and those minor kingdoms of the West, whose Governments were sympathetically reformed. Now, we have shown that the policy of the "conservative" Powers in 1830 was incomparably more revolutionary than that of their opponents. The true contradistinction is to speak of despotic alliances and liberal alliances, or of aggressive Powers and reforming Powers.

But it is beside our main purpose to insist on any such misapplication of terms. It is of more importance to consider whether any minister or any Administration of this country ever abandoned the alliance of any continental Power, until after that Power had first abandoned the pledges and the settlements to which the honour and the interest of the British Government were committed. We have seen that the Tories had brought all their 'conservative,' or rather despotic, alliances to an end before they left office in 1830. The only alliances then left open to England were with France and the nationalities called into active existence by the force and protection of the Anglo-French alliance. The struggle between despotism and liberty from that date divided Europe into two great parties, somewhat as the Catholic and Protestant struggle had divided her two and three centuries before. The result of this policy was the creation of a counterpoise in Western Europe to the despotism and aggression which had previously allied itself together in Eastern Europe.

It may here be observed, that the Liberal (or, as it is misnamed, the 'revolutionary') alliance of Lord Palmerston and Louis Philippe did not bring about any direct concussion with the constituted and established rights of any surrounding despotism. We believe that there is no act of that alliance which would not bear the strictest scrutiny, according to the recognised maxims of international law. Great Britain and France did not intervene between the Belgians and the King of Holland until after Belgium had freed herself by her own act, and was then threatened by the Power from whom she had been divorced. Again, the Quadruple Alliance, in which Lord Palmerston took a foremost part, for the support of Queen Isabella, was concerted in the interest of the great majority of the Spanish nation against the priesthood and a large portion of the nobility; while the Queen's Government had the best pretension to be the *de facto* Government, and the Queen possessed at least as plausible a hereditary title as Don Carlos. On the other hand, the suppression of the Republic of Cracow in 1846, which Prince Metternich attempted to defend upon these precedents, was an absolute invasion and conquest.

If we were to define the policy of Lord Palmerston abroad in

few words, we should characterize it as directed to promote the welfare of Great Britain by the following cardinal aims :—1st, By maintaining, so long as it may be possible, an alliance with France; 2dly, By encouraging, commonly on the basis of that alliance, the liberal party in Europe and America, and so placing the different Governments on a wider and more secure foundation, and setting free public enterprise to pursue a natural and unchecked development; 3dly, By means of commercial treaties, such as those negotiated by Lord Palmerston with Turkey, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries, and the United States. We may add to these, the reciprocity treaty with France, assigning to Mr Cobden a large share in its conclusion; 4thly, By preventing the undue preponderance of power in the hands of any one state, and especially so in cases in which either our European or our Asiatic interests were threatened; 5thly, By maintaining this country in degrees of naval and military preparation corresponding to the danger or exigency of each period of his administration. On these five points we may, perhaps, rest the whole of Lord Palmerston's policy.

We should thus greatly misapprehend what the French term '*la Politique Palmerstonienne*,' did we regard it as based invariably on the French alliance, or as formed of a perpetual counterpoise of the West against the East. No statesman possessed of large views can ever regard a particular alliance as comprehending more than means to an end; and when such an alliance ceases to offer such means, the minister must look elsewhere for a support to his policy. Once during the last thirty years—in 1840—France deliberately broke away from the principles which had bound her to this country. That breach between the two Governments occurred on what is termed the Turco-Egyptian question. Louis Philippe and M. Thiers supported Mehemet Ali in his encroachments on the Porte; and in order to maintain the Turkish Empire, and to preserve the peace of Europe, it was necessary to extinguish the intestine contest in the Turkish dominions, and to settle the question by the concurrence of the great majority of the European Powers. But ten years of alliance with France did not prevent Lord Palmerston from concluding a treaty with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, at once in exclusion and in prejudice of France, which brought those Powers into the interest of Great Britain. This was the well-known Quadruple Treaty of the 15th of July 1840. Neither Lord Castlereagh nor the Duke of Wellington, in any period of peace, had so brought the three Great Powers of Eastern Europe into the alliance of Great Britain. Those who speak of our foreign policy since 1830 having compromised the support which we might obtain in emergency from Russia, Austria, and

Prussia, would do well to remember that a Liberal policy has done much more for their concurrence with us in emergency than a Tory policy had done.

Indeed, it would be a great mistake to regard Lord Palmerston as a deliberate opponent either of Austria or Prussia. Lord Palmerston has always been desirous to maintain Austria as one of the great Powers of Europe, and rather to increase than to lessen her *legitimate* authority. But he has distinguished between legitimate authority on the one hand, and her illegal pretensions and encroachments towards the Italian people on the other. In the same way, he has opposed the suicidal policy of Austria towards Hungary, partly, indeed, because it oppressed a free people, but partly, also, *because it was suicidal*. So, again, he has supported every Liberal movement that the Prussian Government has made. And he appears to set a full value on the alliance of Russia, whenever that alliance is practicable.

But the fact remains, that it has formed a great part of Lord Palmerston's Oriental policy to restrain the encroachments of Russia; and thus, no doubt, the normal attitude of Great Britain towards Russia has been an attitude of opposition. This was rendered essential to the freedom of Europe, and to the safety of our Eastern possessions, by the enormous strides which Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington had successively permitted the Russian Government to make, from the treaty of Bucharest in 1812 to the treaty of Adrianople in 1829. The insidious encroachments of Russia were experienced by this country in four distinct quarters,—as against Turkey, as against the Norwegian coasts and harbours, as against India, and as against our Chinese commerce. Indeed, Russia is more threatening to us from her Asiatic than from her European preponderance. Her generals have commanded against us at Herat; her envoys have counselled our exclusion from Peking, and have just obtained fresh territorial concessions from the Chinese on the Amoor; and she has buried a whole nation of soldiers to establish her dominion between the Black Sea and the Caspian, in order to paralyse Turkish resistance on the one side, Persian resistance on the other, and thus eventually to grow mistress of western Asia, and, perhaps, of the Indian peninsula. Lord Palmerston has certainly almost everywhere, held Russia in check, and has in many cases driven her from her encroachments.

The views of one English statesman, however, stand out upon this question in marked individuality. We allude, of course, to Lord Clanricarde, who was formerly our ambassador at St Petersburg, and whose singular success in reconciling the policy of Great Britain and Russia, in interests in which they were at

vital variance, seems to warrant his conclusion, that the alliance of the Russian Government may be made available to us in whatever encroachments we may hereafter be called upon to resent from France; and that Russia, in fact, is the Power whom it ought in this juncture to be our leading object to conciliate. Lord Clanricarde may certainly speak with the authority of one who has succeeded where every other English diplomatist (unless, indeed, it were Lord Palmerston) has failed. The Duke of Wellington submitted, in 1829, to the imposition of the humiliating treaty of Adrianople by Russia upon Turkey, because he was unable to arrest the ambitious policy of the Czar, except by war; and Lord Clarendon, as he himself acknowledged, "drifted into a war" with Russia in 1854, because he was unable to reconcile British interests in Turkey with the maintenance of peace. In the intervening Turkish question of 1840, however, which was at least as formidable and intricate—and more so, perhaps, considering that France was ready to join Russia in a partition—Lord Clanricarde, with much of that personal influence with the Russian Government which marked M. de Caulaincourt during the first French Empire, was able to bring the Emperor Nicholas into the British alliance for the support of Turkey, against both Louis Philippe and Mehemet Ali. Such a precedent certainly entitles us to assume that the alliance of Russia may be cultivated with success by this country, in spite of the insidious encroachments of that Power on our distant interests.

But it is time to pass from this rapid glance at the leading characteristics of thirty years of foreign policy, to the actual politics of the hour in 1861, and to the tendencies of Lord Palmerston's present dictatorship. Lord Palmerston is said to be dictator, by reason of the unsettled position of Europe at this moment. What, then, is that position?

The truth is, that Europe is in the midst of all sorts of indefinable perils. Few among us will venture to predict what the spring will bring forth. Will the moderation of Italy on the one hand, and of Austria on the other, result in a pacific recognition of the existing Venetian frontier, will that frontier be revised by mutual consent, or will war break out anew in tenfold scope and fury? And if the external question could be peacefully settled by the common wisdom and reciprocal abnegation of all, how shall the abnormal condition of the internal question be determined,—how shall the tenacious clinging of the Pope to the last relics of his Carlovingian state, be reconciled with acknowledged rights and acknowledged demarcations of the great Italian kingdom? or how, on the other hand, shall the final repudiation of his claims receive the sanction of those Great Powers who are most interested in their maintenance?

To the conflict of opinions, which is now imminently threatening to break forth in a conflict of arms, there may be said to be six parties. There are, first, Garibaldi and his distinctive adherents; secondly, there are Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Farini, and those around them, hitherto ready, indeed, to put Garibaldi forward as a stalking-horse, and either to accept or disavow identification in the movements of the Italian liberator, according to the success or the danger they present; thirdly, there is Napoleon III. in single individuality, on whom more than on all others probably hangs the issue of peace or war; fourthly, we have Austria, whose power of forbearance and power of resistance must also enter into the result; fifthly, there are Russia, Prussia, and the minor German states, who may or may not become the allies of Austria; and, sixthly, there is our own Government, upholding non-intervention while the question is Italian only, but capable of asserting immense authority in the delimitation or result of a European war.

Of these parties, all, with the single exception of the first, desire peace. The motives of each are obvious. The Sardinian Government wish to consolidate their new dominion, and they are ready to bound their ambition by their present fortunes; although they may, nevertheless, be carried away by a popular movement, which they would be compelled ostensibly to lead as a condition of their existence, but which they may be unable to control. The Emperor of the French, again, who is sensible of having floundered into a military reputation through the very incapacity of his opponents, is unwilling to put himself to the peril of a new campaign. Austria shrinks instinctively from a collision in which she has everything to lose, and has nothing to gain. Neither does Russia desire to see a Slavonic insurrection kindled on her south-western frontier; and the policy of Prussia appears to lie in maintaining peace with all Governments but Denmark.

But Garibaldi, and the Italian and Hungarian and Slavonian nationalities, desire war; and unless a satisfactory compromise of the difficulty shall be effected before spring sets in, there is good reason to apprehend that their choice will triumph. Before, however, we cling to the expectation of such a compromise, we must ascertain the necessary scope of its operation. We have spoken of a double question, at once a foreign and an internal difficulty, to be arranged: the extension of the Italian kingdom beyond the Po and the Mincio on the one hand, and the formal limitation and secularization, if not even the extinction, of the Papal government on the other. The latter problem possesses at any rate this facility, that it concerns a change which is finite and distinct. But have we really an assurance that the

former question is limited to an extension of the dominions of the House of Savoy to the foot of the Carnic Alps? or is it inextricably commingled with a wide scheme for the common revival of the independence of all nations galled by the despotism of Austria? The test of this question lies in the sufficiency of the abandonment of Venetia by the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, to disarm the coming insurrectionary war. It is by no means clear that Garibaldi and his adherents would not denounce a European arrangement based upon the cession of Venetia, as a capitulation of the rights of Hungary, and would not still pursue their resolution to make war upon Austria on the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

But, assuming that the Sardinian Government possesses the power to give effect to a pacification founded on such a cession by Austria, what are to be the terms of compromise? We understand that the Austrian representatives at the Western Courts, while they readily acknowledge the wish of all Austrian statesmen that Venetia could follow the fate of the marriage-ring that was wont to be cast yearly by Venice into the Adriatic, distinctly declare that they hold it a point of honour not to accept pecuniary compensation. If they will not sell Venetia, neither will they abandon her without at any rate a nominal territorial equivalent. We believe that the only prospect of peace lies in such a compromise; and that negotiations are at this moment in progress for a settlement of the Italian question upon the basis of an exchange of territory. If they fall through—and they would certainly fall through, but that Austria is in no temper to insist on an absolute equivalent—there will remain apparently no arbitration but in war.

If the Sardinian Government in its own territories were as absolute as the Austrian, and if the Austrian in its own interests were as clear-sighted as the Sardinian, the difficulty attending a pacific arrangement would be slight. The truth is, that it is the interest of the one to acquire what it is equally the interest of the other to abandon. The grounds on which Sardinia desires Venetia are obvious enough. A common race, a common language, a reciprocal sympathy, a country marked out by nature to be one and indivisible, and a strong boundary—these stand among the leading motives of annexation. The reasons for which the same policy would consult the interests of Austria are almost equally simple. Italy has become the enemy of that empire, not from a spirit of rivalry, but from a sense of oppression. As soon, therefore, as the oppression is at an end, there is ground to apprehend that the animosity will cease also. But France is, has long been, and will long remain, the rival of Austria. We have before remarked in this journal, that it is one European aim of

Italian unity to close the most frequent battle-ground of those two Empires. With a view to this result, we proposed the neutralization of Italy—a scheme which the example of Belgium must encourage Europe to impose, in any general congress that may yet be held. There would then remain no other Austro-French theatre of war (except it were at sea) but in the heart of the Germanic Confederation, whose hostility, while true to the principles of its origin, France will scarcely have the temerity to provoke. The Carnic Alps would form a stronger frontier for Austria than the Italian rivers, and the abandonment of Venetia would relieve her of as great a drain of men and money as the Caucasus and the Crimea have proved to have been to Russia.

Lord Palmerston, so long ago as the session of 1852, recorded his opinion in the House of Commons, that Austria, by holding the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, “added nothing to her strength, and very much to her contingent danger.” We remember that these observations were vehemently resented at the time by those English journals which were the partisans of the Austrian cause, then not unpopular in this country. But Lord Palmerston, by adhering to convictions, which time has proved to be just, has now witnessed the conversion of the journals that had so indignantly arraigned them. We observe also, that some of those periodicals which, only two years ago, were foremost in defending the tyranny of Austria and the Italian Dukes, and in deriding the notion of secular government in the Papal States, are now paying obsequious homage to the Sardinian Court.

The external frontier of the Italian Kingdom once determined, we do not conceive the remaining difficulties to be great. The fall of Gaeta must in itself exhaust the Bourbon element in the question. There will then remain only the Papal one, so far as the extinction of existing sovereignties is concerned. The difficulty arising at this point may be stated to be this:—The centralization and consolidation of the Italian Empire require that its capital should be fixed at Rome; for political tradition and administrative convenience would give to an Italian sway emanating from Rome, a sanction before which every other Italian capital would instinctively sink its pretensions to the level of a provincial city. But this aim is irreconcilable with the temporal authority of the Pope, even within the narrow sphere which it embraces. It is alleged, also, that his very presence at Rome—his power not only secularized, but even extinguished—is incompatible with the parliamentary government of Italy at that capital under the House of Savoy. Meanwhile, it is also asserted, with probable truth, that the whole Catholic world would resent the radical measure of his removal from Rome.

But this difficulty is surely not insoluble. In the first place, the temporal power of the Pope must go, if only because the French army of occupation must go. That power then extinguished by the mere municipal act of Roman citizens, who will now tolerate no compromise of secularization, there will remain only his spiritual power and his spiritual presence. Why should these be incompatible with the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel and an Italian Parliament at Rome? Why should not the Vatican continue to survive in all its gloomy pomp, like a Faubourg St Germain? Why should not Antonelli hold a seat in that Parliament, if electors will choose him, and confront Cavours and Farinis, as Montalembert was wont to confront Molés and Guizots? If the Greek Patriarch could remain at Constantinople during four centuries of Moslem rule, much more may the Pope remain at Rome beside a Catholic Sovereign.

But if all our schemes of pacification should fall through, then war will be revived; and if war be revived, can it still be localized? The utmost that we can predict, is the shape that it will first assume. It is hardly to be doubted that the initiative will be taken by the Garibaldians; for, as we have said, the Garibaldians alone desire a renewal of the war. Their aim is undoubtedly, with the support, covert or active, of the Sardinian fleet, to commence simultaneously a bi-lateral attack on the Austrian dominions upon either coast of the Adriatic, and so to rouse and succour the Hungarians on the one side and the Venetians on the other. Then the great war of nationalities, foreshadowed through the past year, is likely to begin. Italians, Hungarians, and Slavonians, will probably rise together.

This grand scheme of general national independence may be disconcerted either before or after a passage of arms, either by the prevention of the maritime Powers, or by the victory of Austria and her allies. We think that the British and French Governments, by acting in concert, might now arrest this mighty danger. They might declare the Adriatic *mare clausum*, occupy it by a joint fleet, and seize all vessels bearing contraband of war. And we question whether the Garibaldians, without the possession of a sea common to both shores of action, would dare the attempt.

But if Garibaldi contrive to renew the war as we have described, what then? Will Russia again crush, and perhaps this time appropriate, Hungary? Will Austria, still respecting the Mincio and the Treaty of Zurich, cross the Po; and if so, will she be defeated by the Sardinians alone, or will she re-establish the Italian despotisms that have been thrown down? Will France then advance to protect an Italian kingdom which she has not created, and which, beyond the Mincio and the Po, she is not

bound in honour to sustain? Will Prussia and the rest of the German Confederation hold her in check; or if they do not, will the German armies cross the Rhine while the French armies cross the Alps, while the Austrian armies cross the Po, and while the Russian armies cross the Carpathians?

Here is a drama too wild to follow, and one which we may never witness. But if it be played out, it will present a grand struggle for the reorganization of Europe; and while we can divine so little of its scope, or of the aims of each Government when war begins, we can form of course no notion on which side victory will turn. There is, however, yet a hope that war will be stayed, either by the diplomatic arrangement or by the maritime intervention of neutrals. It is now much to be regretted that the tergiversation of the French Government on the Savoy question should have occurred, to weaken its alliance with this country. For it is to Lord Palmerston that that Government, and nearly all other Governments, now look to preserve peace. Whatever may be the issue of the proposals and compromises now confided to his mediation, there will still, we hope, remain the more stringent alternative of measures of maritime repression. For ourselves, we shall not be drawn into the vortex of actual war until the jeopardy of our interests shall compel us to intervene. But it will be a fearful calamity to the world, if two distinct classes of hostile passions should prove so triumphant as simultaneously to paralyse the industry and trade of Europe and America.

In this phasis of foreign affairs, it is of the utmost importance that Lord Palmerston should be maintained by Parliament in the position of calm, unquestioned superiority which he now fills. He is at this moment more than ever the statesman of the crisis; and his continued recognition by the country in that position, will also illustrate to the despotic dynasties of Europe the capacity of parliamentary government to combine the double advantage of authority and freedom.

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It is not a criticism of particular books that we intend at this time ; and assuredly it is not an assault upon individual writers. A mode of thinking upon the most momentous subjects has now been long enough in the view of the religious community—in England especially—to have assumed a form marked by characteristics which are easily recognised, and in specifying which there can be little risk, either of falling into material errors, or of doing an injustice to any of the parties implicated. We must not affirm that there is before us a coherent doctrine or theory of religious opinion ; for a prominent characteristic of this mode of thinking is—the incoherence of its elements, logically or historically considered. Or if at all it might be spoken of as a *scheme*, inasmuch as it is the product of much combined thought, and of consultations, and of co-operation, and of a distribution of tasks ; on the other hand, it is not a scheme, if this phrase is taken to convey the idea of a symmetrical combination of solid materials : the word in this instance must convey no such positive meaning.

Nevertheless, unfixed, unsubstantial, intangible as this system may be, it has, in the course of time—say about a dozen years—developed its qualities, intellectual and moral, in so decisive a manner, that these qualities have become its ostensible *features*, recognised at a glance by every one who has acquired a knowledge of it, whether from the reading of books, and of our

daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly literature, or from personal intimacy, or from the hearing of sermons (in some few churches). What we propose, then, to do in this article, is, to take up the most noticeable of these characteristics—to define them, so far as may be done; and to show what they indicate as to the inner nature, as to the tendency, and as to the probable issue of the system itself. This, we believe, may be done—as without temper or vehemence, or an unwarrantable inculpation of individuals, so in accordance at once with philosophical equanimity and with Christian charity. Some matters, incidental and preliminary, require to be disposed of; and the first of these is the choice of a phrase, which, saving circumlocutions often repeated, shall well enough meet the peculiarity of the occasion.

A designation is still needed which shall be at once appropriate, unambiguous, and inoffensive, within the grasp of which, without inflicting upon its objects any injury, either personal or polemical, a class of English writers may be comprehended, including at this time many highly accomplished men, who, by their intelligence and their influence with the public as writers, and still more so, by their ecclesiastical *position*, have lately obtained a hearing for what are deemed anti-Christian opinions. The term we are in want of should assume nothing as granted which may fairly be questioned; nor should it be of the mintage of a passionate antagonism: it should not be such as would be resented as an insult by those to whom it would be applied: in truth, the fair-play loving British public would, in this instance, be best pleased with some phrase that had sprung out of accident, apart from hostile, or from any other *intention*; definite enough to subserve its purpose, yet conveying the least possible amount of obloquy or of vituperation; which, in truth, should convey nothing more of either than what slowly accrues in the course of time to any designation, from the warrantable, or the unwarrantable feeling of the world toward a system or an institution. Jesuit, is an innocuous designation; *Jesuitical* is a term of reproach that has drawn its import from European experience in the course of two centuries.

So it was, more than twenty years ago, when, by a fortunate accident, those who laboured to bring about in England a return to mediæval superstitions, came to be spoken of as ‘The Tractarians’—a harmless designation, well supplanting the disagreeable phrase, ‘Romanisers;’ and still better, in the opinion of right-feeling men, inasmuch as it released from so unenviable a service the name of an estimable, amiable, pious, and highly accomplished man. A designation, properly applicable to the writers who are now in view, is not unlikely to come into use, which, in truth, is innocent enough, abstractedly considered, but which

has too little of distinctness, and would fail in comprehensiveness, unless we should append to it an explanatory circumlocution: as, for instance, if now we were intending to review the beliefs or the disbeliefs of a certain class of writers who have recently acquired extensive notoriety, and should, simply *for convenience sake*, call them 'The Essayists,' such a designation must not be understood to apply, with any speciality of meaning, to the Seven noted contributors to a volume which has often enough been named; but it must be accepted as a sufficiently distinctive term when we are thinking of the opinions and teaching of, it may be, twenty or thirty or fifty writers, whose opinions would, in the ordinary modes of a broad popular judgment, be reckoned nearly identical with those of the Seven 'Essayists and Reviewers.'

It is thus, then, and it must be under shelter of a specification such as this, that we allow ourselves to employ the term—'The Essayists.' If, however, something more exact or more descriptive than this were required, then we must say, the English writers, who may fairly be spoken of as the colleagues, the coadjutors, the admirers, and the followers of the *Seven Essayists*, are those who, adopting in the main, and reproducing and repeating the most extreme conclusions of German Biblical criticism, carry it out, and obtain a hearing for it, under favour of their protestation that they themselves, nevertheless, are Christians; and not only that they are Christians, but in such a sense Christians, that, with a good conscience, they may exercise the Christian ministry, may sustain the responsibilities of Christian professorships, and may enjoy the emoluments that are therewith connected. Therefore it is that the Essayists, using the phrase as we have now defined it, while, on the one hand, they ought not to be denounced as infidels and atheists, so neither, on the other hand, may they be allowed to stand exempt from whatever censures arise from the fact of their position as ministers of Christ, and as clergymen of the Church of England.

It is *six* of the Seven Essayists that are clergymen of the Church of England; and if, as now, we are applying the designation in a more extensive manner to many writers of note who would not refuse to be classed with these, and who have employed their pens in recommending the same opinions during the last ten years or more, then it is certainly as many as six out of every seven that are professed members, and many of them clergymen, of that Church. It would be difficult, we think, to name so many as one in twenty of the class, lay or clerical, who belong to any other Christian communion. Within other communions, as is well known, there have been many approving listeners, many sympathizers—many who, in sincere perplexity,

have kept their own counsel, awaiting the result—waiting to see whereunto this agitation would grow. But the agitators have been Episcopalians; the agitation has always had its centre within the Established Church; and, regarded as an ostensible movement, the eddies have circled within the same limit. It might safely be predicted that the *issue* also will be arrived at, and will be declared, within that enclosure.

Greatly will that issue, when it shall have been confirmed, and proclaimed, and accepted, affect the religious welfare of each of the surrounding communions; and yet these remoter results will be of a more indefinite kind, and will show themselves only in a gradually altered style of writing and teaching on certain subjects. But within the pale of the Episcopal Church, the upshot of the present agitation must be more sharply marked, more ostensible, more critical; and, therefore, it will be of deeper consequence. Who is it now that shall be bold enough to predict what that upshot shall be, or what it shall include? A more easy and safe task it may be to prognosticate what it will *not be*, and what it will *not* include. The Essayists will not realize their own intentions. This we boldly predict. They have egregiously misapprehended the mood and manner of their countrymen at large, religious and irreligious, when they imagine that liberty shall be allowed to a clergyman either to profess his belief in the resurrection of Christ, or to treat that alleged fact as an open question—a speculative point of little importance. When religious opinion in England has come up to—has fallen, to *this* level, there will be Church no longer, there will be Christianity no longer, in England. In asking for liberty to *this* extent, the Essayists have demonstrated what is their own intellectual condition—a mystification, affecting not merely their *religious* opinions, but, to an equal extent, their notions of the world around them—a world of which, as men of the cloister, they know little; of which, as clergymen, they know little; and of which, as gentlemen conversant only with well-bred, well-to-do, leisurely folk, they form conceptions that are unsubstantial and illusory. This misjudging of their own forces, and of the masses around them, has led them to think it their vocation to lead on a great religious reform. This will not be.

Nor, on the other hand, will the timid expectations (must we dignify *such* expectations by calling them—*hopes*?) of the inert, the acquiescent, the unthinking, the unknowing conservative body in the Church of England—and not less in other churches—be realized. This is not probable: it can barely seem so. A hush-up—a passing of the word in whisper—‘all safe for the present’—if it might be thought likely to take place, would involve consequences the most disastrous. It is with a

very different prospect in view that we propose to state our reasons for thinking that the Essayists will fail in their project; and in so failing, and in soon ceasing to attract attention, they will leave the ground open for labourers better qualified, and whose endeavours Heaven shall bless.

Upon the writings and the teaching of this school of English clergymen judgment has already been pronounced, and the public feeling has been expressed. A verdict has been given—a verdict in behalf of the defendants in some quarters; but a verdict most decisively adverse to them in most instances. These various and contrary judgments, issuing from different authorities—the favourable and the unfavourable—are very likely to be misapprehended, as to their import, by the defendants, and by their adherents; and it may be well to set this matter right—if it may be done—as preliminary to what we have further to say on the broad ground of the system itself.

The Essayists—we must now speak of the authors of the *one volume*—would claim, and their friends would claim for them, as equivalent to a verdict in their favour, the notable success of that volume, in the sense of a literary enterprise; of which success the publishers would, no doubt, have much to relate. The seven writers have made, one might say, a triumphant inroad, with flourish of trumpets, upon the territory of religious belief—a triumph, the news of which has been proclaimed with shouts throughout the domains of Irreligious Belief. It is more than should be looked for in human nature, that those who have done so much, and have done it so easily, and who have, it is probable, so far exceeded their own most sanguine expectations, should deny themselves all gratulations, while filling their arms with the sheaves of this harvest. Let it be so, then: a perilous enterprise—perilous to those engaged—has been carried to its issue, and very great spoil has rewarded the risk. Let it be so: yet there are controversies—and this is such an instance—in which thoughtful men would rather take to themselves discomfiture on the one side, than accept the most brilliant success on the other side. Rather would they be overthrown and trampled upon for a time, if the field be our Christian faith, than divide the spoil with the mighty, who just now have rode that field rough-shod.

Resemblances present themselves, to which might be likened the mutual gratulation of the Essayists in this instance: it might be compared to that of those who, intending only a fool's pastime, find that they have spread conflagration over a province; or to the plaudits of a mob that is putting its own riotous interpretation upon the intemperate utterances of a platform orator. Will not a thoughtful man always, who hears himself loudly

and vehemently commended, wish to be told who it is that thus applauds him, before he cordially accepts the homage?

Grant it, that, abstractedly considered, it is not the approval of their labours on the part of avowed unbelievers, or even of outspeaking atheists, which should be taken as logical proof of the erroneous quality of the Essayists' principles. This sinister approval may, indeed, be ground of grave suspicion; but it shall pass for no more. Grant it, that if now the Essayists, in troop, were to go the rounds of the pot-houses in Manchester, Birmingham, Bolton, Stockport, Glasgow, Paisley, and elsewhere, and were to hear their reverend names repeated with shouts of laughter—in and between ribald songs—they need not stop their ears—horror-stricken, at these approving clamours. Be it so, that brawny fellows, whom just now we can think of—men whose rude logic hits the mark often—are emboldened to say, what heretofore they have insinuated only, that the 'parsons themselves have thrown up the game, and have left the Bible to take care of itself.' Be it so, that no such ambiguous eulogies as these need to be listened to by gentlemen and scholars, as if fraught with inferences against the disputants in a learned argument! Nothing is proved, nothing is disproved, by what may be vociferated and riotously applauded in a gin-palace!—unless indeed it be this, that, when men who stand before the world as the representatives and the official defenders of religious belief, come out with the announcement that in their opinion the authority of the Bible is on a level with that of any other good book, or collection of books, they should first have made themselves sure, *quite sure*, that they are not the victims of a delusion from the entanglements of which they themselves may, indeed, make their escape in time; but which, throughout years long to come, shall be dragging hundreds of thousands of souls into ruin. Give us not, we say, commendations of this order, that are so rankly scented from perdition!

Yet there are verdicts for the defendants in this cause which are of a sort more fitting to be presented to scholars and gentlemen; better worded are they, and better scented too, than those above named. The Essayists, it is well understood, have had great success, these seven years past, among young men of the better class, in the Universities and the Colleges, which fill, or should fill, the ranks of the ministry in the Episcopal Church. Many such—and they are the choice young men of their class—retain so much of the sense of honour, the straightforwardness, the right feeling, which are characteristic of Englishmen, that, having, under the teaching of the Essayists, lost their faith in the Bible, they could not, without damage to honesty and conscience, take office as ministers of religion, could not either sign Articles

or read the creeds. This teaching has, therefore, won for itself the triumph of turning aside from the service of the Church, the intelligence, the integrity, the useful and much needed zeal of many, whose places in the desk, the pulpit, and the parish-rounds must be filled, either by the unscrupulous and perfunctory, or by the good and worthy, but the mindless.

Verdicts in favour of the Essayists have also been noiselessly uttered in private circles, or smothered in hearts desolated—in blighted souls. Too little do gentlemen of the cloth come to the knowledge of what is passing in the minds of the laity, especially of young persons in educated and well-mannered families. If some of those who wear the surplice, and who read the Commandments and the Nicene Creed from within the rails, could look into souls—the souls and hearts of those who are stepping forward from the home-shelter into life, they would, we will not doubt it, start back dismayed in coming to the knowledge of what has lately followed, *in many families*, from listening to the casual utterance of ‘Broad Church and Liberal opinions’ upon sacred subjects. These victims are intelligent and well-taught enough to apprehend the ulterior meaning of inuendoes; and yet, wholly untrained and untaught as they are in Biblical argument, nothing else could happen, in many instances, but the sudden annihilation of a faith which had come to them only from early maternal catechizings. The Bible is not what they have been used to think it:—It is a good book, mixed with fables, and of no authority. To follow some such youth from his eighteenth year a five years onward in life, would be of no avail; and the attempt to do so would have the appearance of an artifice, as if we were endeavouring to work up a tragical subject for a purpose in argument. We have done, then, with instances of this quality; and will only suggest the caution to those who are boasting of their recent triumphs, that this triumph, *in thousands of instances*, has been *of the same quality* as that of those who, in any case, loosen principles of restraint, and open the path for the rush of the impetuous passions of early manhood! As to any promise or any threat that is found on a page in the Bible, *clergymen* have now pronounced upon it the contemptuous sentence—*valeat quantum valet!*

Has the enterprise of the Essayists—looking back now to its achievements a seven or a ten years—has it received the commendation of those of the Christian community whose approval might be cordially accepted and rejoiced in, as a valid testimony in their favour? We think not. Here and there, as it now appears, the ties of college intimacy, or friendship, or of blood, have secured for some of these writers a sort of tacit acquiescence—barely approval—from some good men, whose amiable dispositions

have been more apparent herein than their intelligence. But in place of any valid testimonies, properly available in their favour, the Essayists, in the course of years past, may have taken to themselves, as if it were a verdict on their behalf, the rancid antagonism of parties whose want of reason, want of candour, want of learning, have well comported with their deficiencies in Christian temper. The rancour of an opponent *may*, indeed, be equivalent to substantial praise ; but when, in argument, we thus endeavour to draw honey, not from the carcase of the lion, but from the fangs of the rattlesnake, we are courting our own harm. Neither the sophism nor the spite of an unreasonable and ill-tempered adversary can fairly be used to patch a rent in our own argument, or be boasted of as a demonstration on our own side. The tone of much that has been written by the Essayists and by their favourers for a long time past, has given indication of this misjudging and over-weening tendency. These writers have wrongly taken it for certain that they are ‘sons of the martyrs,’ because they have seen, or have fancied, groups of monks collected in Smithfield. Men of larger mind, of more mature judgment, and of loftier and more holy purpose, would have been able, with little effort, to forget, and to forgive, and to treat with silence, the species of assault of which they have been the objects. Too much have these writers turned to account the ignorance and the rancour of a few mindless adversaries, and have imputed the same to their opponents *generally*. Those who have fallen into this error must have known that this imputation was a poor and temporary artifice.

As to adverse judgments—well deserving of a respectful regard, if not of submission—they have been pronounced—First, by ‘those in authority’—by the constituted powers of the Church, within the pale of which the Essayists and their adherents are mainly found ; and to whom, by their own act in continuing to officiate as its ministers, they pledge their troth. This adverse judgment must not lightly be contemned : it is true that the British Christian community at large is not pledged to bow to the decisions of Convocation ; but these writers will learn, if they have not yet learned it, that, notwithstanding any extenuations or explanations—in spite of earnestly respectful letters, breathing hatred, and thinly disguising mortified egotism—the world outside holds them bound to yield obedience, at least to show respect toward, the rightfully constituted authorities of their own Church. It must be so, not merely because *Church* obligations become *moral* obligations when freely taken up ; but because calm-minded men *outside*, who are in no such manner bound, will listen with respect, and, to a great extent, with accordance, to these same judgments—these protests—these unanimous utterances of a

feeling which does but re-echo the general feeling and judgment of the Christian public.

Mystifications are attempted on this ground, and sundry counter pleas will be urged; yet the true state of the case is not obscure. The reply of the archbishops and the bishops to the appeal of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford may have been irregular, or its publication precipitate—points whereupon we do not care to form an opinion; and as to the subsequent proceedings in the Upper House, and then in the Lower House of Convocation, they may be open to small criticisms, which also stand beyond the limits of our concernment; but then, as to the substance of these demonstrations, on the part of the clergy of the Church of England, touching the principles, avowed and implicit, of the Essayists, there is not, nor will there be, any appreciable difference of opinion among men of plain understanding and of straightforward English feeling. It is making a large allowance for the unaccountable and crotchety few, when we admit it to be likely that one in a hundred of such persons might refuse to join in a finding of this sort,—namely, *first*, that the principles of the Essayists, and their methods of Biblical criticism, are subversive of all faith in Holy Scripture, regarded as a conveyance of the mind of God to man, and as carrying with it an authority not belonging to any other writings; *secondly*, that these same principles, and these methods of Biblical criticism, are flagrantly at variance with the professions, with the creeds, the articles, the liturgy, and the offices of the Established Church of England; and that the holding of these principles, on the part of those who have bound themselves with clerical oaths and engagements, offends every instinct of unsophisticated, honest, and open-hearted Christian men. In a word, that the continued position of the Essayists as ministers of that Church, although it might comport with public feeling in Germany, is an outrage upon the public feeling of England.

Consequent upon the finding upon these two matters, will be a general, if not a unanimous, finding upon a third, to this effect, namely—That whereas the continued ministrations of clergymen, professing and maintaining the principles of the Essayists, offends the public feeling of religious integrity, and is therefore ‘a scandal,’ highly dangerous to the moral sense of the people, any attempt on the part of such ministers, *now, as an after-thought*, to reconcile their position and their retention of emoluments with their opinions by the means—*the only means possible*—of unintelligible mystifications, and of an attenuated casuistry, could have no other effect than that of aggravating, to an incalculable extent, the mischief which already has been done. It is far better that henceforth we, the bystanders, should

continue to exercise, and to stretch to the utmost, the capacities of a blind charity, than that the mysteries—the unpleasing anatomies of ill-conditioned consciences—should be spread out in our view. To exercise this blind charity may inflict upon us no serious harm ; but to be the spectators of the *dissection* might—it almost must do so—vitiate every healthful instinct. The mystery opened out—the crookedness exhibited, would not fail to suggest to infirm minds a means of glozing over similar, or worse, moral incongruities. We say, then, to these gentlemen, Leave us, if you please, to think as well of you as we can, knowing not your secrets ; spare us the hearing of your laboured exculpations !

It is the more needful to speak plainly upon this subject, because, as we see, personal regards in some, and an amiable lenity in others, among those who took part in the proceedings of the Upper and the Lower House of Convocation, are likely to bring about the very issue which, for public morals' sake, is earnestly to be deprecated, namely—the production of exculpatory explanations, showing us how a clergyman may keep a conscience void of offence, in signing the articles, and in repeating the creeds, and in administering the offices of the Church, while his individual opinion of the source and authority of the canonical Scriptures differs barely by a tinge, if at all, from that of more honest deists, and differs from that of pantheists and atheists only by putting a strain upon a metaphysical abstraction.

Thus far, in affirming the fact, that judgments adverse to the Essayists and their adherents have been pronounced from various quarters, we have spoken of what may be called the spontaneous expression of English Christian feelings—not, perhaps, very carefully considered, not framed upon ample information, not strictly discriminative ; yet, nevertheless, deserving of regard on this very account, that it has been *spontaneous*, and is, in a sense, instinctive. But alongside of this largely inclusive adverse opinion, there is to be taken account of—adverse also—the deliberately formed judgment of dispassionate and well-informed Christian men—and these not a few—who, although they might partake with others of a momentary surprise, occasioned by a first perusal of the 'unfortunate volume,' would quickly bring these seven Essayists into their true place in a long list of writers whose opinions they adopt.

If as yet the Essayists do not know it, they must ere long come to know it—that their doctrine, their teaching, and their course as writers, have been long ago, and are now, most decisively adjudged and condemned by more than a few of those who, as to their training, and studies, and their intellectual habitudes, are (almost) as well qualified as themselves to form,

and to put forward, opinions upon the range of subjects that are now in question. It would indicate an utter misunderstanding of the state of the case, if any were to imagine that this adverse judgment, on the part of duly informed and educated Christian men, is a sudden and recent antagonism toward dangerous doctrines, into a denouncing of which these instructed persons have been frightened by the forthcoming of—a *single book*. This is not the fact. The fact is far otherwise. As to that volume which startled the mass of readers, and as to the writings generally of those whom we now designate as the Essayists, there is not so much as an *item*—there is not a one criticism, or a half-uttered surmise—on behalf of which these English writers can claim proprietorship. Every atom of this conglomerate is an importation: not a particle of it is indigenous to England, except in this sense—that the antichristianity of Germany, as that of France, may trace its rise in the infidel outburst which was a reaction from the Reformation movement in this land of free thought, two centuries ago.

Whoever has given attention to the course and progress of religious thought in Germany during the seventy years now ending, well understands what is the place properly assignable to these much-noised English writers—it is that of reporters of German critical doctrines; but then it is not of such as are at this moment in the enjoyment of repute in the land of their growth, but, for the most part, of stale paradoxes which have severally had their day, and have long ago been discarded as ‘done with’ by men of intelligence, who themselves are looking out for paradoxes of a fresher aspect.

The difference between the obsolete disbeliefs of Germany, and the disbeliefs which English writers have of late employed themselves in retailing, is *relative*, it is not *substantial*: it is a difference which springs from a dissimilarity in the national modes of thinking and feeling, a dissimilarity so great as to touch the political as well as the religious consciousness of the two races. It must be enough in this place to remind the reader of the fact, that whereas in Germany (we will not now say how this has come about) public feeling is so indulgent toward all modes of belief, as to take it easy when a professor of Christian theology declares his opinion that the Christ of the evangelists is a mythical non-reality: it is not so in this country, nor ever will be! So vast a difference as this must not be understood as if it were indicative absolutely of the amount of religious feeling in the two people respectively: the difference is deep-seated in the intellectual constitution of each, and shows itself in the political history of each. The German mind, amused with dreams of the profound, is content to let the real world go its own way. The

English mind (a few dreamers always allowed for) is ever ruled by its vigorous energies as toward the real world—it demands that an intelligible connection should be maintained between Theory and Practice. Distasting and distrusting Theory, it holds fast those instincts of common sense, its respect for which has carried England to the front place among the nations. Yet this is not all: there pervades the British people, religious and irreligious, an imperative sense of what is due to professional consistency. If this moral coherence in times past has been too feeble in act, it has of late years conspicuously revived. As to the requirement of consistency in public men, especially, it may be affirmed, that the nation has ‘renewed,’ and is now renewing, ‘its youth as the eagle.’

It is obvious in what way this feeling must touch the subject now in view, and how it will operate to determine the place (shall we say the *fate*?) of the Essayists. It is *because* political and religious liberty, in the most absolute sense, is enjoyed in these islands, that *professional consistency* is so sternly insisted upon. Be of what religion you please, or be of none; but at least be true to the obligations by which so freely you have bound yourself. The strictness of the requirement, and the inexorable style in which it is enforced, are the proper correlatives and consequences of that liberty in which we triumph and exult. Of late some irritated partisans of the Essayists have made an outcry for a larger indulgence of individual opinion than at present is allowed to the clergy of the Established Church. We say in reply, this indulgence, even as large and as loose as they would wish, shall be granted them, if only we are all of us willing to pay the price—namely, a relinquishment of our birthright of religious liberty. Let it be so that a ‘Holy Office’ shall have leave to pen-fold the British people in ticketed enclosures, and then may licence be proclaimed for *individual opinions*, good or bad. It is because we do not tolerate domestic slavery that the conditions of free service have so much of what is aristocratic in their style.

What may be the result of the appointment of a commission to examine the ‘unfortunate volume,’ and to make extracts from it, will not be known to the public for some time to come, nor will the public find it difficult to wait in patience till that time comes. Too probably the issue of that inquiry, as in many similar instances, will be an indistinct, ambiguous, indeterminate report, broken in upon too much by technical bars, by clerical reluctances, and, still more, by personal considerations. We should gladly believe that it will be such as shall satisfy the intelligent laity of the Church of England. No sympathy whatever have we with the sinister gratification in which some, per-

haps many, indulge themselves in witnessing, or in imitating, the embarrassments and the embarrassments that may ensue to the venerable and the reverend members of this commission. The occasion is, in an extreme degree, peculiar and difficult. A vindictive Church action of some sort is imperatively demanded—indeed, is indispensable—as well for maintaining the moral repose of the clergy, as for staying the advances among them of open infidelity; and yet this action, of whatever kind it may be, must be subject to the disadvantage of a course of proceedings against six writers individually, on the ground of various opinions, which will be defended—the obvious meaning of them everywhere—shown to be susceptible of a sense tolerably orthodox, and which, it is quite likely, will be placed in parallel columns with similar passages, quoted from writers of unquestioned orthodoxy. In the end, a question which we shall all of us be posing—each to his neighbour, ‘What, then, is going to be done?’ will receive the disheartening answer, ‘Nothing will be done; things must be left to take their course.’

A better issue than this may, it is possible, come about. *Possible* it is—and that is all that ought to be granted—that one or two, even three of the Essayists—we mean of the six clergymen implicated—may, on further thought, have become convinced of his individual error, and may see that he has yielded himself to the enchantment of a delusion, from which now at length he breaks himself away; and, therefore, and as in conscience bound, he makes acknowledgment to this effect. Not merely possible, but probable it is, that, among the many publications, larger and smaller, which this crisis will have produced, some few may be of such quality as effectively to disperse the congeries of sophisms upon which the Essayists have raised their precarious edifice. The Christian community, being thus relieved from a temporary bewilderment, shall quietly return to their ground of faith, none daring henceforward to make them afraid; or not in the same manner.

Further than this, it is probable—it is quite in the course of things—that, after a while, and even soon, what we have just now spoken of as the ostensible characteristics of the entire mass of Essayist writing and teaching—the prominent features of this system, shall so come to be recognised as indications of error and infatuation, that the mass of Christian people, satisfied that it is so, shall cease to concern themselves in the matter, the Essayists and their enterprise falling into well-merited oblivion.

¹ March 16.—THE LOWER HOUSE.—*The Essays and Reviews*. The Prolocutor, Archdeacon Bickersteth, nominated, as a committee for examining and reporting upon the volume, fourteen of the venerable and reverend members of the Lower House—Archdeacon Denison being appointed to act as chairman of the committee.

If this should be, then will the time have come for those who shall be called to the work to reconsider those weighty matters, touching Holy Scripture, a want of due attention to which has given the Essayists all the advantage they have had in making out their case.

What, then, are those prominent characteristics of—shall we call it—this **ESSAYISM**, which might be insisted upon as *sufficient* ground for rejecting it—apart from the discussion in detail of its several averments, in contradiction of the authority of the Scriptures? The counts of an indictment *on this ground* are, we think, these:—This Essayism, and especially in its most recent development, is to be condemned on the ground, first, of its **LEVITY**—the *subject* to which it relates considered. It is to be rejected on the ground of its **EVASIVENESS**. It is further to be suspected and rejected, inasmuch as, from beginning to end, it is made to rest upon a **SHALLOW PHILOSOPHY**; and still more decisively are its conclusions to be rejected, because they are the products of a spurious, or a **MISDIRECTED METHOD OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM**; and then, apart from all other grounds of exception, this **ESSAYISM** stands self-condemned by its **INCOHERENCE**, so long as those who maintain it profess themselves to be in any sense Christians.

It is manifest that, within the compass of the few pages assigned us in this instance, nothing more can be attempted, in supporting these allegations, than what shall just suffice for putting the reader in possession of our meaning. If it were required that, under each head of indictment, as above specified, we should adduce proof in the formal style of a court of inquiry, or of a copious controversial work, then must we ask the ample dimensions of a bulky volume. If in any single instance we affirm what could not be made good by proper proof, then let all such unsupported and loose materials be set off accordingly. What we are intending to say, will, as we believe, be assented to as substantially fair by readers who are conversant with the mass of writings now in view.

The seriousness—the infinite importance—of the questions in hand duly considered, then the Essayists are open to condemnation on the charge of their

LEVITY.—Terms of this order must take their value from the context where they occur, or from the occasion to which they are applied. We do not quarrel, on this score, with disputants who are discussing a point of etiquette, or who are affirming and denying the genuineness of a Queen Anne's farthing, or who are at variance about the cut of a coat. But it is otherwise when,

as sometimes happens, heartless jokes are exchanged across the table in court, while a wretch, in a fever of dread, is on trial for his life. Let it be understood what is the position of the set of English writers who, at this time, are attracting toward themselves so much regard : it is not at all such as simple-minded readers may have supposed, and who may think, perhaps, that a few conscientious men—here one in his rural parsonage, and there another—separately addicted to critical studies, have found themselves sorely perplexed—painfully embarrassed, among the difficulties that are known to attach to many points in the criticism of the canon of Scripture. Labouring under this burden of doubts, and yet—so it must ever be with Christian-hearted men—clinging to their professed faith, as men, and as ministers of the Gospel, and as *clergymen*, they have now come forward—honestly seeking relief in publication—wishing to unburden themselves to their brethren. Thus they came forward, inviting counter criticism, asking for a better guidance than their own judgments ; and sincerely asking for it, especially because they are themselves alarmed at what may be the issue of investigations of this order, and foresee the sorrow, the deep trouble of heart, and the moral ruin to many, that may ensue when it shall be made known to the world, that the claims of the Bible to the place which hitherto it has held, are very questionable. Thus minded, they are looking about for a way of escape from this apprehended calamity ; and they will be the foremost in declaring their satisfaction, when, as they hope, the sophisms that disturb them shall be dissipated.

It would, indeed, be a mockery, which the Essayists would treat with contempt, to impute to them—to any of them—feelings of this order, or thus to indulge any such charitable hypothesis. Everybody knows that the case has quite another complexion. These writers, or most of them, are not merely Biblical scholars, but are well-read men in the largest sense, and generally are well acquainted with Continental theological literature, and are better acquainted, probably, with German biblical works than they are with English literature in the same department. The Essayists have well known what they were about. They have come from a ground whereupon all that they have intended to say has been said long ago, and its issues proved, and the ultimate consequence fully developed. They have known that not a particle, either of the negative doctrine, or of the exceptive criticism, which they have now ‘done into English,’ is of their own excogitation, or is new to the theological community of Europe. They have known, moreover, that almost every item of this importation is now out of date abroad, and has been refuted or abandoned, or has given place

to some more extreme paradox in the land of its birth ; and, beyond this, the Essayists have well known what the result has been of the same doctrine and criticism, as to the standing of those who have carried it out consistently to its consequences—which has been a going off further and further toward universal disbelief, pantheistic or atheistic. It is with this knowledge of the staleness of the importation, and of the constant result of its acceptance, that these English writers have concocted their enterprise, and have coolly dared the issue.

Nevertheless—and most cordially we assent to the principle, come what may—TRUTH must be pursued, and it must be promulgated when it has been found. We are none of us competent to the task of estimating remote results. Onward we must go, hoping and believing that at length good shall come out of disaster, and that the immediate ruin shall be compensated by the largeness of the distant benefits. This, then, is granted. Yet are there occasions—and they are not very infrequent in life—when a man finds that he must nerve himself for the discharge of a painful duty, in making known to the parties concerned the breaking up of an illusion, the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, the loss of fortune, the death of the nearest and dearest relative. The discharge of grave offices of friendship such as these will undoubtedly have an effect upon the usual style and manner of a man of feeling ; for not only he will not indulge in jests, but he will show, in his language and his demeanour, what is his own consciousness of the gravity of the announcement he has to make. In relation to any such obligation as this to speak the truth, there is a propriety, there is a sense which, if it be wanting, makes the party liable to an imputation of *levity*, although he may observe decorum, but show an utter want of feeling.

How stands the case, then, with the Essayists ? If they are right, if their doctrine be true, and if *they know it* to be true, we applaud their courage ; and yet denounce their easy-going, captious, petulant, frivolous mood, and the absence throughout their writings of expressions of sorrow and of personal regret in relinquishing what they relinquish when they discard the hopes of the Gospel. Expressions of sorrow of the sort which we ought to find abounding in the writings of the Essayists, *we should be able to cite*, if it were needful, from the letters of open-spoken atheists. If indeed it be so, that the supposed authority of Scripture is an illusion—if it be so, that the hope of a bright immortality is, at the best, only a probable surmise—if HE who proclaimed this doctrine in His ministry, belied it in His sepulchre—if the threatened future which has held mankind in awe, and the promised future which the good have taken as

their inheritance, be—the one as well as the other—a dream ; and if this be the issue of the trial of the so-called inspired men ; and if these writers—the Essayists—have prepared themselves, as they ought to have done, with proof to this effect, then may we well demand of them, not only that they shall put away from them—which would be insufferable, the tones of jeering and of literary egotism, and of a petty pedantry, and of captious insinuation, but that they should present themselves in face of their countrymen in a manner indicative of their own inward distress, in finding themselves burdened with the duty of inflicting upon the Christian community a greater amount of moral damage than can be estimated or thought of. It would be fitting the occasion if each of the Essayists, in his turn, came on in dismay to make his protest against our faith in the Bible, with the doleful exclamation, ‘ Woe is me, that I am destined to preach *this* Gospel !’ The levity of *jesting* and ribaldry is one sort ; the levity of *heartless inconsiderateness* is another sort. The one is the fault of the ill-bred and coarse-minded ; the other is the fault of those who have mind and breeding enough, but who are wanting in soul.

Thus we must write, when the Essayists, *collectively*, are to be spoken of. Very differently, no doubt, if, on the ground of personal intimacy, our part were to make a report of the individual dispositions of this or that estimable man, who has taken his position among them. So it is in a hundred instances, that, under the sway, or at the inspiration of, a *system*, worthy men utter themselves in a manner which strangely misrepresents their personal character. Some of these ingenious and learned gentlemen—who can question it ?—would, if we were honoured with their friendship, show themselves to be seriously-minded, and honestly intent upon doing all the good in their power, whether in their parishes or in the wider range they may fill as popular writers. And some of them would be likely to affirm, in rebutting the imputation of *levity*, that their own mood of mind is far from partaking of that quality ; and in proof of it they would say, ‘ Only let good religious folks—the idolaters of the Bible—learn wisdom from us, and they may be happy enough, and pious enough too. Our course is this, we take whatever we find to be profitable and right in the Scriptures : we *use* all such passages, longer or shorter. As to what passes for *history* therein, none of it is of very solid quality ;—much of it we know to be fabulous, or legendary, or mythical, and therefore we leave it all where it is : it shall not disturb our meditations. If you demand of us our opinion, in particular, as to the resurrection of Jesus—understood in any literal sense—we regard it as a “ speculative

point," unimportant either as to the practical or the spiritual life. On *this* ground we have found peace, and can only wish others to make trial of the same method. We repel the imputation of levity;—we are quite serious in propounding to the religious community a *faith in Christ* which has disengaged itself from antiquarian and ambiguous discussions of every sort. Christ is our Master *now*; and, in truth, we do not perplex ourselves with the question, whether the Jesus of the Evangelists ever lived and died as an historical person.'

It is manifest, that, if *this* be the ground on which the imputation of levity is to be repelled, it involves contradictions so egregious as well as offensive, that those who take position upon it will be driven by the frequent and urgent necessities of so incoherent an argument, to conceal their embarrassment in a style of

EVASIVENESS, which, at every step, or at each sharp angle, saves them from propounding an inference which they obscurely suggest, and yet dare not, or will not—put into words. In this instance are we advancing an accusation which we should fail to substantiate? *Substantiated* in one sense our allegation could not be; for the evidence to be cited is negative—it is a *hiatus*:—it is a vacuity on every page, or at the close of every line of argument. Let the reader say what has been his feeling in coming to the close of the Essays, Sermons, Pamphlets of the writers. The natural and the inevitable inference!—Where is it?—has the printer dropped a page from his parcel of copy? Never does the reader find what his own honest reason has shown him *must be*, if it were outspoken, the conclusion of the writer's train of thought. Why is it so? There may be room for two or three surmises in searching for an answer to this question. No such delicate reticence belongs to the practice of the Essayists' masters—the German Rationalists. *These* have said what they had to say, with a manly frankness. Why should not their English disciples practise a similar honesty?

This usage of evasion should, perhaps, be attributed to a thoughtful tenderness toward the infirm religiousness of the English mind: does it not spring from a discreet recollection of our educational prejudices? If this be it, then we say aloud to the Essayists, that if they understand their countrymen in one sense, they utterly misunderstand them in another sense. Yet this is a species of misunderstanding which those are very likely to fall into whose egotism has not received its due correction by a free intercourse with the open world: it is part of the illusion of cloisters; it is the doting way of men who have spun out their manhood within the dimness of venetian blinds, and have been used to look out only upon the pavement of college quad-

ranges. Is it so indeed, that we—Englishmen as we are, fronting all dangers in all climates, and daring all enterprises in the worlds of thought as well as of mechanic industry—must now be dealt with so tenderly? Are we indeed babes in understanding? Let these gentlemen—the Essayists—know it, henceforward let them know it—that their countrymen are tough-skinned enough in mind to listen to even the boldest things they can say; and, moreover, that we all shall think better of them *after* they have thus spoken out, than we can do now, while they wear the mask.

But if, after all, these Essayists will not be plain-spoken, we must be so for them. There is another mode of accounting for this evasiveness which has become the characteristic of their writings. We touch here the disagreeable point of the subject before us; and as there is no imperative reason for insisting upon it, a word shall be enough. It is quite impossible to imagine that any one of these clerical writers can be blind, either to the infelicity of his position as a minister of the Church of England holding such opinions, or to the ominous fact that his persistence in that position will render him the object of *English resentment*, which, slow of utterance as it is, shall at length compel him to retreat from it. Has this evasiveness had its rise in a forethought of this inevitable consequence? We do not know—on the origin of the evasions we have done; but must yet say something of the evasions themselves—spring they whence they may.

The *motives* impelling writers to resort to equivocations or concealments may be various; but the *evasion itself* is likely to result, by a logical necessity, from the nature of an argument; and it is so in every instance in which a false position involves contradictions of so enormous a kind, that no ingenuity can avail to place them face to face in formal propositions. The indication that a fatal sophism is underlying an argument is, this cropping up of an evasion always at certain points of the surface. It is the case with the argument of those who, while labouring to retain their hold of Christianity, refuse to admit what is an inseparable part of it. Evasions, multiform and interminable, are the inevitable attendants upon that species of Christianized disbelief upon which the Essayists have lately taken their stand. German disbelief is not thus driven in upon subterfuges; for the Christianity which it retains does not possess substance enough to support a logical contradiction of any sort;—a bottomless mud, upon the surface of which things may float, but not stand. Our English Essayists are evasive, inasmuch as they are ranged a few steps further in upon solid Christian ground. But now what does the evasion mean? There is before us, say, a certain train of events which has, or which is presumed to have, a twofold aspect—it has an aspect

historical, and it has an aspect *spiritual*. No problem arises in such a case, if it be so that the faculty of historical verification may take its own, entire, from beginning to end, without leaving a residuum—thus allowing the faculty of spiritual perception, or of faith, to come in and take its own also out of the *same facts*, without disturbance of the parts or confusion of the elements. Thus it is in the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation—all is simple and clear *to the senses*; and all is also true and perfect in the eye of faith, after consecration of the elements. But now comes a problem which Christianizing rationalists have never yet been able to deal with, otherwise than by aid either of evasions, or by persisting in a dead silence. A course of events is in view which apparently belongs throughout, to this faculty of ‘historic verification;’ but which, as to its latter portion—a half of the whole, or, it may be, a third, or less—is affirmed to be cognisable *only* and *exclusively* by and to ‘the faculty of spiritual perception,’ or faith. Perplexing questions then thicken around the subject, as we shall see in an instance or two. It must be asked, Does the ‘historic faculty’ insensibly shade off into the region of the spiritual faculty? or does the one go on and lap over the other? or does the one faculty stop short of the other, leaving an interval, a neutral inch or so, which is claimable neither by history nor by faith? Is there no way of clearing a path through these perplexities? We think there is; but then it involves the painful necessity of bringing the most sacred subjects into contact with an argument which itself must be offensive to right religious feelings. We must not just now be blamed for this unavoidable indecorum.

No ‘miracle,’ no ‘violence,’ we are told, has ever been done, or could be done, to the ‘order of nature’ in any one instance. The supposition is absurd; the thing supposed is strictly impossible. Nevertheless, our faith as Christians may, it is said, be conserved, and our consistency, too, as churchmen, may be saved! How is all this to be done? It may be done by help of a subterfuge, which is so offensive to common sense as well as to piety, that those who the most urgently need to have recourse to it have not hitherto dared to put it into plain English. Let the reader bear this in mind, that a series of events, from beginning to end, does not cease, as to its later portions, *to be of historic quality*, because, if real, these events demand the hand of God to effect them. The subterfuge of the Essayists rests upon this sophism—that the historic quality of ostensible facts is changed whenever the supernatural is affirmed or is implied. This will be all fair and coherent if only we choose to say, that, as the supernatural is impossible, we therefore reject the entire narrative as a fiction. This is the ground of some German rationalists,

but it is not that of their English disciples, who assure us—and they try to think it themselves—that the latter half of a *connected series of events*, which, if real, would be supernatural, and which, if *unreal*, is *false*, and ought so to be plainly spoken of as false, is yet to be retained as a proper object of ‘the spiritual faculty,—true to faith, and yet neither true nor (amazing incoherence) false to reason!—spiritually real, historically unreal!

Bring this evasion to the test of common sense in that one instance, which, in truth, carries the whole burden of the Essayists’ theology. The Essayists—what thanks do we owe to Tacitus!—admit the historic reality of the narrative of the Evangelists *up to a certain point*, or up to a certain hour or moment; or, otherwise stated, a red cross on the margin of my Greek Testament stands there as a beacon warning the ‘faculty of historic verification’ thus far to go, and not a step beyond! Nevertheless, at this turnstile the privileged ‘faculty of faith’ or of ‘spiritual discernment’ shows her ticket, and hears the comfortable words, ‘Yes, you may go on.’ Are we trifling on this sacred ground? Let none think so. God forbid we should trifle here! But Essayists must now be compelled to say out what it is they mean. The *crucifixion* is granted to be real; and there are few, we think, *now* who would profess to adhere to the desperate surmise that the *death* was *not* real. Nor can it serve any purpose either way to call in question the narrative of the embalming and the entombing. Thus, then, we come well agreed to the close of the Friday evening. But may not the historic faculty have leave to look into the sepulchre some time in the course of the Saturday? Who shall warn it to draw back at the proper moment, so as to give place to the faculty of faith? A trembling moment is this surely for the two powers: the one is curious, and would stay, yet is afraid to linger; the other is impatient of the presence of its uncongenial companion, and is asking to be left alone until daybreak of that Sunday morning!

Now let us ask the Essayists for a few words of intelligible English. Their German teachers will give us their German; but that will not meet the occasion. If the supernatural is to be wholly excluded from our Christianity, then there was no resurrection of the dead on that morning; and then the ensuing evangelic narrative is *wholly false*;—it is not partly true and partly false; it is absolutely *false*. It will serve no purpose to say, ‘Yes, Christ rose from the dead; for He thenceforward rose in the affection and reverence of His followers, who at length had come to understand’—who shall say what? If, indeed, their Lord did not rise from the dead *in the sense in which they affirmed Him to have risen*, then the affection and the

reverence of His followers were grievously misplaced. Never have the deluded adherents of an impostor fallen into a delusion so frightful as was that of the 'hundred and twenty' that were 'of one accord' assembled in 'an upper room' on that Sunday evening!

We stop here, but shall have occasion to return to this critical subject before we have done. If the Essayists would put into an intelligible form, their own hypothesis, carried out into its inevitable consequences, as related to the promulgation of the Gospel by the apostles, they would find themselves confronted with suppositions which every instinct of reason and of piety must compel them to disavow. Hitherto they have screened themselves in a prudent reserve; but this must be abandoned before long. Evasions in controversy have what may be called their *natural* history, which is concerned with the various motives that may impel men to have recourse to concealments; and they have also their *logical* history, by which we intend that inherent property of a capital sophism, which forbids the bringing propositions face to face otherwise than by aid of subterfuges. The evasiveness of the Essayists has thus its natural history, and it has also its logical history. Denied evasions, how shall they *live*? Denied evasions, how shall they write?

It can scarcely be needful to repeat, in this place, our disclaimer of any intention to impute disingenuousness or evasiveness, or want of candour, to the individual writers, as *personal qualities*. This is the very proof of the falseness of a system, that it drives the most honourable minds upon subterfuges.

We have named above, as a third count in the indictment of the Essayists, this, that these writers show themselves throughout to be struggling in the meshes of A SHALLOW PHILOSOPHY.

But who is it now that shall presume to speak of 'shallow philosophy,' when the profound things of German philosophy are in the offing? With the profundities of that philosophy, or of any other, we have no quarrel—in truth, no concernment at all—so long as the 'profound' keeps at home in the abyss wherein it was born. What we have actually to do with is, the slang—repeated on almost every page of the Essayists' writings—about 'modern science,' and 'our recent triumphs in natural philosophy,' when, in fact, modern science takes no bearing whatever upon the questions that are at this time in debate. The physical sciences can neither help nor hinder us on this ground; or they help us more than they hinder us; but these writers show themselves to be bewildered among the sophisms of an undefined theory, which, as often as it is brought into contact with the real world, or with matters that are determinable on other grounds,

breaks down. The Essayists have not (so far as we are aware) put forth, in form, a Philosophy of Human Nature; and they may well think a labour of this sort superfluous, inasmuch as their belief on subjects of this class has been sufficiently represented in the works of those writers who treat of man as chief of the mammals, and who say they find no vestiges of a Creator in the creation. Nevertheless, in place of a formal philosophy of human nature, we have before us, fresh from their pens, a theology and an ethical system which, in their esteem, is fully adequate to every reasonable requirement of this human nature, and provides for it, as to its hopes, its fears, its immediate wants in a world of trouble, and its more remote welfare, if indeed man needs at all to speculate concerning a remote welfare! It must always be fair to take a system of theology as the counterpart, or as the representative, of the philosophy of those who propound it. These writers think their theology is BELIEF ENOUGH for the human mind, according to their own estimate of its religious capacity; and they also think that their moral scheme is powerful enough, as to its motives and its sanctions, for the work it has to do in the training, and in the restraining, and in the governing of men in their personal and their social relationships.

But now, does this theology of Essayism and this ethical system—does this religion for the real world—does it invite our respectful regard by its exterior semblance? Is it manifestly a religion of power? has it a robust aspect? Is it apparently available for the work it will have to do? Let the reader who has made acquaintance at large with the writings of the Essayists, say of what kind those impressions are which a perusal of these negative and nugatory compositions has spontaneously produced, in suggesting to him the habits and the qualifications of the writers. We here presume that the reader to whom we appeal knows nothing, as *we know nothing*, of these writers, otherwise than as they have exhibited themselves in their books. Prejudice and surmise apart, the reader feels that he is conversing with men who, whatever their accomplishments may be, are such as have had very slender experience among the grave and arduous realities of life. They are gentlemen, and they are scholars too, no doubt, who have looked out upon other men's strenuous courses of action, upon other men's hard lots, upon the wants, the woes, the distracting cares, and the heavy griefs of others, and have shrugged the shoulder, and have blessed themselves in the recollection of their exemptions and their comforts; *a-trim* they are, from morning till night of every day: how can we believe that men of intelligence whose philosophy of human nature had received its depth from a near-at-hand concernment with the terrible and deep things of the world, such as

it is, can have put forward a theology which is as thin as air, and can have propounded an ethical scheme which they deny to have *any* authentication, which has no definite sanctions, has no ascertained hopes, has no terrors ! How can we imagine that a religion which is a figuring upon gauze, can have come from heads and hearts conversant with human nature as it is ? This cannot be ; so flimsy a religion, and so powerless an ethics, must have had their rise in, or must have been suggested by, A SHALLOW PHILOSOPHY. Will not this appear if we look into it ?

All the religions in the world, we are told, stand on the same ground as to their claims, or their *authority* ; some are better, some worse—some are malign, some are benign—some pure, some foul. But now among these various religions there is one, and there is only one, which in a *good sense* deserves to be spoken of as a religion of power ; there *is* one religion which, whether it be true or false in its pretensions, has shown itself to possess a *force* to which human nature yields itself for the better ; there is one religion that has had its martyrs by thousands without fanaticism ; there is one religion that has sustained purity, self-devotion, noiseless virtues, in thousands of homes ; there is one religion that, while it has made tyrants tremble, has made their victims patient, peaceful, triumphant. There is one religion now extant in the world, which, while it sorely perplexes sophists, civilises savages. There is anear us, whether it be true or false, A RELIGION OF POWER. It is so by confession of all men.

The Essayists, who are the promoters of a carefully concocted scheme—prepared years ago—come forward to try their hands upon this one religion—they say to amend it. They well know that they have nothing in their bag that is better, or that is of more value, than the stale and done-with drugs of a foreign market. Thus provided, the course they take is this—They flatly reject the credentials of this religion ; they declare its authentication to be spurious ; they designate its sanctions as antiquated fables ; they release vice from its fears ; they rob virtue of its stay and its hopes ; they affirm that, in the early triumphs of this religion, it drew its motives from a delusion or a fraud. A word, then, is enough ; the Essayists, to the extent of their influence—and wherever they are listened to—deprive of its power this only religion that has any power for good !

And yet who shall find fault with them, if indeed the case be as these writers affirm it to be ? If it be so, then the religion of the Bible is the last fruitless struggle of the human mind to provide itself with a belief that should be *commensurate with its wants and its woes*, and that should reclaim it from its wanderings. If, then, it be so, and if this be the dismal issue of this argument, then this human nature itself must be spoken of as all

an outside affair. Man—vain and helpless, would best be represented by a figure of great height, and breadth, and pretension—cut out in pasteboard, and painted as a harlequin. As for man—there is nothing *in him*; and there is nothing *for him*: his last dream of immortal greatness is over; his last confidence in God is gone!

If, now, the reply of the Essayists be this, ‘You are working up an exaggeration for a purpose in argument;’ and if they say that they intend nothing so deplorable as what we impute to them, then we are driven in upon our conclusion—that if, *in their view*, a religion that is without authority, and without sanctions, be *sufficient* for the needs of human nature, their knowledge of human nature can be theoretic only; and their philosophy of human nature must be—as we have said it is—a shallow philosophy.

There are, however, other grounds upon which the Essayists give evidence of the superficial quality of their modes of thinking. A noted writer of this school says, ‘We *know* that there are no such beings in the universe as demons.’ We ask, how do you know it? have *they* told you so? Another says, ‘The Jewish notion about angels, as real existences, is to be traced to its rise among Chaldean superstitions.’ As to a separate state, or a *region* for the dead, such as the sheol of the Hebrews, ‘We *know* it is impossible; our modern science has *demonstrated* the falsity of this, as of so many other Jewish fables: the interior of the planet is’—what is it? We shall be glad to know. As to a resurrection of *the body*, ‘Our chemistry and our geology alike agree to reject the supposition as an absurdity. As to an imagined transit of beings from this planet to any other, or to a celestial region, *it cannot be*:—think of gravitation, which even the fine tails of comets obey!—and think of the extreme cold of the celestial spaces, so many degrees below the freezing-point!’ Or, to say all in a word, modern science rejects altogether the supposition of any spiritual existence, or of anything that is pretended to be out of sight, out of hearing, and beyond touch of our fleshly fingers.

This is a field upon which persons of easy-going intellectual habitudes reckon themselves sure of a triumph: ‘Who is it, in this age of scientific triumphs, that dares to profess his belief in ghosts, apparitions, witches, angels, demons, or devil? A man must be bold indeed who persists in his adherence to obsolete superstitions concerning an unseen world! It is true that the authors and preachers of Christianity were themselves the victims of these vulgar errors, but we are not so.’ Nevertheless, there are other modes of thinking on subjects of this class. To dismiss, in a word, the cant—a thousand times repeated, about ‘our

modern physical science,' it is enough to say, that the question (if it be a question) concerning the reality of an unseen world, is, *by the very terms of the averment*, altogether foreign to the range of physical science. Physical science can establish nothing on this ground: if it could, the spiritual would cease to be spiritual:—it can disprove nothing thereto relating. Which of the sciences, *in particular*, is it that opposes itself to the belief that the material universe is but a half of the universe? Go to the professors of the modern chemistry, or geology, or physiology, and if they are wise, they will tell you *they* know nothing that is contrary to such a belief; and if they are *philosophers* also, they will further say, that the wonders disclosed by the most recent of the sciences have taught them modesty, and have shown them the folly of pronouncing this or that to be incredible or absurd, which is not understood, and which is unknown.

We boldly say, that minds more evenly balanced than the minds of the Essayists, and of greater depth, and of more modesty too, will follow another method on this ground. The facts we have to do with here are these:—A belief in spiritual existence, unseen, and yet near to humanity, and concerned in its concerns, has been *constant to human nature*. This belief has developed itself in the thousand forms of superstition, gay, sensuous, horrific, and pernicious: a world of delusions is before us. What, then, is the *philosophic* inference? It *may* be this; that where delusions have so much abounded, all is a delusion: the belief has *no* foundation; or, on the other hand, it may be this—the universality of the belief is *strong presumptive evidence* of a reality as its source. Superstition is wrong in its *forms*, in its exterior guise; but it is right in its origin. Monstrous in its fashions and visage, there is a life beneath that grim countenance! This hypothetic inference from the facts is at the least as probable, and it is as consonant with philosophy, as is the contrary inference; and we hold it for certain, that a flippant rejection of it, and a precipitate adoption of the alternative, is proof conclusive of the shallowness of the philosophy which prompts it.

A thoughtful and calm-minded reader of the Scriptures—Old and New Testaments—finds, on this ground, as on other grounds, the clear indication of *a restraining influence*, a silent control, effective and uniform, in the instance of each of this series of writers. Biblical affirmations, or allusions, to orders of beings other than the human, and which are ordinarily unseen, are distinct; they are sharply defined; they are brief, and abstinent of imaginative expansions or decorations; they are just adequate to the occasion, and nothing more; they satisfy no prurient curiosity; they refuse to entertain the sensuous fancy: these allusions are precisely such as we should look for on the

twofold hypothesis, of the *truth of the facts*, and of the *purpose of revelation*.

The blunderings of our English version (and of other modern versions not less) on this ground, from which too many of us are indolently content to accept our confused beliefs concerning the unseen and the future world, need to be removed in *mass*, before an attempt could be made to bring into view what it is which the inspired writers have affirmed, and have indicated, and have assumed as certain, in relation to these several subjects. In truth, our Christianity at this moment is—we might say—groaning under the weight of these inveterate misinterpretations of its own documents. These pages can be no proper place for entering upon subjects so grave, so difficult, so wide in their extent as these are. A passing allusion to it is warrantable, only on the plea of its presenting itself in course, while we are specifying the grounds on which we speak of that slenderness and surface-going style which is characteristic of the writings of the school now in question.

Frivolous in their notions of human nature, and of its needs—flippantly frivolous in their scepticism concerning the Unseen, these writers give proof, in a still more conclusive manner, of the same rate of their intellectual habitudes, when they approach subjects that touch the mysteries of the Divine nature, and of the ways of God toward man. Here again—and still more in this instance than in the last—the subject surpasses all limits, and also all proprieties, of this place and occasion. It has been a commingled levity of apprehension as to human nature, and an audacity in their reasoning concerning the Divine nature, that have prompted these writers in their rejection of that FIRST TRUTH of the Gospel—the vicarious death of Christ: but we draw back. Among the several subjects which would here claim a place, in a formal treatise, we take up one only, which is precisely of the kind to afford a criterion—no uncertain criterion—of the measure of the minds that entertain it. Religious argumentation quite out of view, we should never hesitate to accept the result of an experiment on this ground, if the purpose were, for instance, to gauge the intellectual compass of a candidate for honours in mental philosophy. The progress of the physical sciences, we are told, and the advanced position of thought, at this time, concerning the stern and inviolate order of nature, ‘absolutely condemns and rejects the doctrine of what is called a Particular Providence, and its companion superstition, concerning the efficacy or utility of prayer.’ We say to such a candidate: Is this your meaning? Do I understand you as intending to say, that, if we are fully persuaded of the invariable sequence of all events in the world of nature, we must, if we

would be consistent, utterly reject the Christian doctrine of a Particular Providence; and must also abandon our belief in the efficacy of prayer? If this be your meaning, and you say that no reasonable being can think otherwise, then the most friendly advice I can offer you is this—that henceforward you should not trouble yourself with matters of this quality. Betake yourself to one of the professions, and leave metaphysics alone.’

It need scarcely be said that the doctrine which is clumsily intended by the modern phrase, ‘a Particular Providence,’ and the consequent belief of the proper efficacy of prayer, are BIBLICAL PRINCIPLES—affirmed, assumed, illustrated, relied upon, from first to last, throughout the canonical writings. This doctrine, and this belief, are the *one purport* of all Biblical history; they are the *very ground* of the devotional Scriptures, the Psalms especially; they are the *peculiar subjects* of Christ’s teaching; they are the *end* of many of His apologues; they so form the *basement of His ministry*, as that, to reject them, is to reject Christianity absolutely and in every sense. These peremptory averments will scarcely be called in question on either side.

There follows another averment which is equally exempt from reasonable contradiction. It is this—That what may be called a spontaneous, instinctive, *irresistible* belief in the speciality of the providential government of human affairs, as toward the individual, and a corresponding confidence in the reality and the effectiveness of prayer, belongs to every human mind which, whether in a better or a worse sense, is open at all to religious sentiment or feeling. If the force of this religious belief does not make itself manifest ‘in all time of our wealth,’ it fails not to come up from the depth of our hearts in the ‘times of our tribulation,’ ‘in the hour of death,’ and in every day of trembling and of woe. Spite of captious reasonings, we all of us thus believe in God, when we are *made to feel* that in HIM only there is hope; and to Him, therefore, at such times, we make our requests known.

More than this may be said; and the sad experience of many religious persons at this time would, if uttered, attest its truth—That in every instance in which, either from the inroad and mastery of worldly ambitions, or of animal passions, or, quite as often, from entanglement in sophisms such as those which just now are in question, the belief or *sense* of the Divine Providence toward the individual has lost its hold of the mind, and when, as consequent upon this loss of faith, prayer and praise have lost their meaning, or have become lifeless forms—there, and in *every* such case, not only has Christian peace, but religious sentiment also died away—it has become extinct, all

is gone. On this ground, therefore, at once of Biblical affirmation, and of instinctive feeling, and of religious experience, we take, as certain, the doctrine in view, and also its inference—the reality, the effective force of prayer; and this, as well in relation to the *earthly* welfare of the individual, as to his spiritual advancement. This, then, is our ground: the very opposite is the ground of the Essayists, ambiguously or openly professed.

What, then, do we here propose to do? Assuredly we are not attempting an apocalypse of the mystery of the Divine government of the world! Assuredly we are not propounding a theory of Providence, or giving demonstration of a truth, which involves the attributes of the INFINITE. Not so: but this we intend, so far as it may be done within the compass of a page or two—to show that, *taken on its own ground*, the objection now so much insisted upon by the Essayists, and by all writers of their stamp, is a nugatory objection; that those of them who are indeed conversant with the physical sciences can scarcely have failed to know that it is nugatory; or, if not so, and if this difficulty stands in their way as a *bonâ fide* perplexity, then, that the philosophy of these writers must be—as we are now again affirming it to be—a shallow philosophy: as thus:—

We must just now assume that those who so often speak of ‘modern physical science,’ are indeed in some fair measure themselves conversant with these subjects; at least, they are so as far as is now usual among college-bred and educated persons. We must also assume this—That whatever may be the difficulties that oppress them in admitting the belief of a *Creation*, and of a CREATOR, they do recognise, and they admire too, the ten thousand instances of the wonderful adaptation of means to an end—those instances of *design*, of intelligent contrivance, which meet the physiologist at every step of his progress in opening out the structure of vegetable and animal organizations. *All* is adaptation of means to an end—*all* is a relationship of parts, or a sequence in functions, as we say. Now animal and vegetable structures are just such combinations of parts and functions as the human contriver and mechanist would bring together, *if he could*; but it is only within narrow limits that he can thus contrive and create.

To an extent which is indeed admirable, human skill, aided by modern science, is effective for the contrivance and the construction of mechanisms, which, in some instances, go near to awaken, in the spectator, the wonder and admiration that we properly reserve for the works of the SUPREME MIND. Machines might be named that are highly complicated in their parts, that are astonishing in their products, that are unailing in

the fulfilment of what is expected from them. But there is a limit which they never pass; and it is *precisely at this impassable boundary* that those instances occur of which just now we are in search. It is trite to say of human machineries, that they have no *life*—no interior power of growth and development, they have no self-acting functions, they have no directive consciousness, or variable spontaneity. Yet this is not all; nor is it *that one broad distinction* between the works of GOD and the works of man, which should teach us the lesson of humility which we have need of, and which, if duly learned, would meet and *refute* the sophism now in view.

Human mechanisms—we do not now recollect an exception—however complicated they may be in structure, or however multifarious in the functions they fulfil, are always of that order which may be designated as *organizations of a single intention*. There are indeed machines which, beginning with the raw material, finish with the perfected article ready for the market. So it is in the cotton manufacture, and many others, not needful to name. But in all such instances, the structure of the machine must be *proportionably complicated*:—the several contrivances run on *in series* from the beginning of the process to the end. There is no human contrivance which we can now call to mind of which this might be said—That a complicity of parts and of functions, *wanting nothing* that should belong to it for effecting any of its purposes, and containing nothing that is *superfluous* in relation to any of those purposes, subserve *two, or three, or more* purposes, which are *of unlike quality*, and which are *altogether independent*, one of the others. If space were at our command, we could name *a few* instances in which human ingenuity has approached this limit; but there is not one (or we do not remember one) which fully reaches it. *Complex* organizations are, indeed, attainable by human skill. But organizations which, *within and upon the same structure*, provide for the requirements of two, three, or more *independent functions*,—these are the prerogative of INFINITE INTELLIGENCE. It is just at *this border* that, although the finite reason suffices for *understanding* the work, it can never imitate it. It is here that we find the very MARK of the CREATOR—a mark that is never fallacious, and which distinguishes whatever is of God, whether in the moral or the material world.

Now when, as in this place, we affirm the doctrine of a Special Providence, which is related to the welfare, and to the moral education of the individual man—what we have in view is a work or product of the same INFINITE INTELLIGENCE; and therefore *we expect to find upon it—and we do find there—the well-known MARK OF GOD*—the very same stamping as that which signal-

izes so many of the organizations of the material world. If the reader has not hitherto given attention to subjects of this class—obvious as they are, and familiar to physiologists—we ask his attention to an instance or two among hundreds, which, although they are less complete than some others, are of a familiar kind, and may therefore the more readily be understood. The telescope, and the microscope, and the chronometer, and the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny and the power loom, the telegraphic apparatus and the photographic camera, are severally mechanisms having a *single intention*, or one purpose only to subserve. If in any instance more is required of a machine than its primary intention provides for, an apparatus, *supplementary*, is subjoined to it, as an appendage: thus it is, when a steam-engine in a factory is required to do drudgery of a domestic kind; or when the telegraphic apparatus is made to *print* its own signals, or the calculating machine to do the like. In such cases, the appended apparatus is *wholly superfluous* in relation to the principal function of the machine. Now take an analogous instance in the animal organization: The eye, with its marvels of adaptation to its purpose, is a mechanism of single intention—namely, it is formed to admit and to transmit light, and to give distinctness to the images that fall on the retina. And so is the ear as to sounds; or, if we take the head of the animal as the one organ of external cognisance, then each species has its apparatus to itself—the eye, the ear, the olfactory, the gustatory organs. This holds as to the animal orders throughout. But in the *human* organization several instances present themselves—one only of which is available in this place with propriety—in which we find a *complicity of purposes*, or intentions, so combined as that the same parts or members, the same muscular and nervous adjustments, and the same secretive glands also, are made to subserve independent and *unlike purposes*. The human mouth, and pharynx and larynx, and the appendages of both, are of this kind. This structure in man, and in the inferior orders, is the upper, or extreme apparatus of the process of nutrition—adapted to the reception, trituration, and chemical elaboration of aliment, and to its mechanical transmission, by the œsophagus, to the stomach. But in man, the same structure—osseous, and muscular, and vascular, and the same secretive organs, constitute also a musical instrument which is complete in its parts, for the double purpose of articulate speech and of musical intonation: cheeks, lips, teeth, tongue, the detached bones, the larynx, the saliva—all are as proper parts of *this* musical instrument, as they are of the alimentative apparatus. If any one of these provisions be wanting, or out of order, both functions, although so unlike, and so irrespective the one of the other, show cause of complaint. Is it not so as to the lips, the

teeth, the palate, the tongue, the saliva ? Without this secretion, food cannot be manipulated ; without it, the patient cannot even tell you his grievance. Easily we might fill pages—nay, big volumes closely printed royal octavos—with instances, many of them the most amazing, in illustration of what we mean in thus speaking of this MARK OF GOD—this *genuine* vestige of the CREATOR, which abounds on every side—in the structure and functions of the animal and vegetable orders—in the dependencies of these orders upon each other—in the functions of the atmosphere and of the ocean, mechanical, chemical, meteorologic—in the manifold offices of light and of electricity : but we must stop.

What we intend, then, by this illustrative argument is just this,—We say that the ever-recurrent characteristic of the Divine operations, as these are distinguished from the products of human ingenuity, is this *Complicity of Intentions*, wrought out upon, and by the means of, one and the same structure, or combination of parts and movements. It is not (we pray the reader to mark this)—it is not as if here or there, by curious quest, and to subserve a purpose in argument, one lone instance, or two, might be hunted up, and might be made to fit into its place in that argument ; on the contrary, these instances—so full of meaning as they are—meet the physiologist at every step in making his acquaintance with the material world—the world wherewith ‘ our modern physical sciences ’ are concerned. Our purpose in thus, in this place, making this hasty allusion to a subject so voluminous will be obvious—a special, or call it, a particular providential ordering of all events, greater and less, for purposes related to the moral and religious welfare of men individually, is, if the doctrine be true, the work of GOD ;—it is a *mechanism*, it is a contrivance, it is a combination of parts and of movements, governed by an ulterior intention. Yet these *same parts*, and these *same movements*, while they are thus subserving an occult moral purpose in the treatment and the training of the individual man, are *also* parts of a vast physical apparatus—they are the inviolate movements of a natural and of a moral scheme of things, which is going on always in its own silent way, and which is never deflected from its path ; otherwise than by miracle : it is constant, unbroken, sure : on the side of this material and visible mechanism there are *no dislocations*—there is nothing irregular or *unorganic*. But then, on the side of the providential scheme, there is nothing wanting, or faulty—nothing casual—nothing that has not been provided for.

Now, with the inconceivable wonders of the material world full in our view, are we prepared to reject this hypothesis of a Providential scheme, on account of that vast complexity of parts, and of functions, and of intersecting movements, which it

supposes? What we have here to do with is—THE INFINITE INTELLIGENCE; and if we stumble on the threshold when we are about to enter where this Intelligence displays itself, we give a sure sign of that arrogance which springs up where there is the least depth of soil.

Yet let us not be misunderstood. We are not pretending to theorize upon the doctrine of Providence, nor are attempting to open up its mysteries, nor are going about *to prove it*. The proper demonstration of this doctrine must be drawn from moral and religious sources. Nevertheless, we say this—That a more extended and a more thorough knowledge of THE MATERIAL WORLD than some writers have troubled themselves to acquire, brings into view innumerable and impressive instances, *any one* of which would be enough for quite annihilating the nugatory objection against the doctrine of Particular Providence which is drawn from the constancy of the order of Nature on *single lines* of causation. That objection, so much boasted of, is all of a piece with the slender and unsubstantial beliefs and the non-beliefs of the Essayists, and alone it would bear out our arraignment of them as themselves the professors of a shallow philosophy.

If we might so speak, the paradox of the Christian system is this—that, while propounding to men a bright immortality, the prospect of which might seem likely to make them indifferent to the interests and affections of the present life, it does indeed cherish, and it gives its explicit sanction to each of those vivid social instincts, and to each of those powerful emotions, which connect us with the ever-changing events of the passing moment. And now, within the circle of the Christian's daily life, what is it that *must* be taking place? The Christian life is—nearness to God; and the daily and hourly liturgy of this spiritual intercourse is the offering of praise, the uttering of prayer, the earnest supplication and entreaty that find their occasion in every day's enjoyments—in home blessings, in the cares, fears, griefs, joys, of ordinary life:—We say, the very substance of the Christian life, if only the *social* affections, as well as the *religious* affections, are both in full play, and if the Christian man or woman be neither the mystic nor the ascetic, turns upon and requires this instinctive belief of the reality of a special Providence, and of the availing force of prayer. Destroy this belief, and then the Christian life goes with it: the man becomes a callous selfist; and, whether or not he professes Pantheism, his daily life has become smitten with the death which that delusion ever brings with it. At this time, a sophism which is utterly unsubstantial in itself, and which stands refuted *on its own ground* by a larger induction, has, no doubt, mastered the religious convictions of

very many. It has been the easy triumph of the Essayists to effect this mischief, and to this instance might be applied, by accommodation, the passage—‘And the name of the star is called wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.’

We have given so much space to this subject—the doctrine of Providence—from the conviction that the cobweb sophism concerning the immoveable order of Nature, might be taken as the *core-principle* of modern disbelief, even of this Essayism; and, moreover, because there is reason enough to believe that perplexities, springing out of this illusion, have taken hold of very many intelligent but undisciplined minds. From these entanglements have resulted a dead, cold formalism, in public and family devotions (no doubt in private devotions also) a deadness which makes itself conspicuous in the tone and style of religious conversation—not to say in the tone and style of sermons. We believe, and wish formally to profess that belief—That, in hundreds of instances, among young persons especially, infidelity has eaten for itself a way into the soul *on this side*: manifest it is, that the doctrine of Providence, and of the efficacy and reality of Prayer, are *fundamental* in the religion of the Scriptures: with that doctrine, and with that practical consequence, Christianity *stands or falls*; with its rejection, all piety dies away from the soul—ceases from the lips—disappears from the daily and domestic usages. But if indeed the doctrine involves, or rests upon, a *demonstrable impossibility*, we must take our leave of it, and of our Christianity, and of everything, present and future, which intervenes between us and a sensual atheism. On what plea, then, is it that we are required to make these sacrifices? It is on the ground of a sophism which itself is the shallowest product of a shallow philosophy, and which, without calling in the aid of moral reasoning, is contradicted and refuted by ten thousand voices of the material universe, now in these last times made audible by those very triumphs of the physical sciences to which the Essayists have made an ill-advised appeal.

The Essayists, as we think may easily be shown, have quite misunderstood the function of criticism as applied to the canonical Scriptures. Their fault, on this ground, may be designated as —A MISDIRECTION OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

No fault can be found—need we say it—with these learned persons, or with any others, who are seeking to know, and who use all available means for knowing, whatever it is that may be known concerning the books of Scripture, whether on philological and strictly critical grounds, or on grounds of historical

elucidation and verification : this is perfectly certain. Nor can inquiries of this order be interdicted by any imagined restraints or reluctances of religious feeling. Such reluctances, on the part of religious persons, will always be found to have had their rise in confused modes of thinking, or in superstitions, or in some hypothesis concerning inspiration which receives no warrant whatever either from reason or from piety. And here, in fairness, it should be acknowledged that much of the petulance and of the unseemly irreverence which offend the religious reader of the Essayists' biblical criticisms, have been provoked by the unreasoning prejudices of a conservative party on the extreme right. These writers, the Essayists, have not attained the magnanimity which should enable them to treat these prejudices with indulgence, or to pass them in silence.

The case being as it is—superstitions and inherited prejudices on the one side, and a petulant and vexatious assault made upon them on the other side—the *blameworthiness*, whatever it may be, must, in equity, be evenly shared between plaintiffs and defendants ; and each party must be left to pay their own costs in the suit. The product of this ill-understood litigation—and for realizing which in time we confidently look to the Church of England—will be, the bringing out, and the accepted establishment of a principle or doctrine of biblical criticism, which shall rid the Church universal of these nugatory altercations.

Between the ultra-conservative theologian on the one side, and the sceptical critic on the other side, two assumptions are allowed to pass as good, neither of which is, in fact, maintainable in the sense in which it is admitted on either side. The first of these assumptions is this : that the Bible, claiming as it does to be, or to contain, a revelation of the mind of God, attested as such by supernatural interpositions, ought not to be found to affirm doctrines or principles that are at variance with our instinctive beliefs or convictions as to the Divine Nature and attributes. The second of these assumptions is this : that a book, or collection of books, pretended to be from God in a sense altogether peculiar to itself or to them, must show itself to be without flaw or imperfection, of any kind.

On the part of the sceptical objector, or—just now, call him the plaintiff—it is urged that, as to the first of these canons, he finds much in the Bible which contradicts his theistic intuitions, and which, therefore, forbids his accepting this book as from God in any peculiar sense, and which, therefore, compels him to reject its supernatural attestations, even apart from, or anterior to, a critical examination of the evidence in detail. The defendant in this suit replies, and properly replies, to this plea, that we—neither plaintiffs nor defendants, are competent to give judgment

in this case *à priori*. We do not possess the knowledge requisite for such a judgment; and, besides, we are interested parties, and ought to be conscious of a bias, this way, and that way, in relation to the Divine attributes, and to what is fitting in the Divine administration of human affairs. On this ground no issue will ever be obtained, no verdict agreed to; the parties must leave the Court as they entered it.

On the ground of the second of the above-named assumptions—that a book, or collection of books, purporting to be from God in a sense peculiar to itself, and sustained in that belief by supernatural attestations, ought to be without flaw—ought to be in every sense *faultless*—an issue undoubtedly is attainable, and a verdict may reasonably be looked for; and it is our confident belief that the present critical agitation within the pale of the Church of England will lead the way toward, and will bring about, so desirable a result. But an issue on this ground must involve an abandonment of an untenable position on the part of ultra-conservative theologians; and on the part of the plain-tiffs, as now represented by the Essayists, it must end in their retirement, with damages and costs, nonsuited on every plea.

If we say that a book, such as the Scriptures, taken collectively, must not be accepted as from God, unless it can show itself exempt from flaws or faults, we assume vastly more than we shall be able to make good. We must pretend to be able to define or describe what we mean by such faults and flaws as, if proved to exist, must be regarded as fatal to the claims of these writings. We must profess to be masters of the inscrutable mystery of the conveyance of the Divine Mind to the human mind; we must know—what we never shall know—what are the conditions of any such conveyance or impartation, ruled as these conditions must be, on the one side by the Divine attributes, on the other side by the capacities and the necessities of the recipients. When the conservative theologian professes his adherence to this assumption, he listens to various influences,—to religious anxieties which should be respected; to modes of thinking which are of a remote age; and still more, to that overweening passion for *the logical*, which has wrought so much mischief in dogmatic theology. The remedy will come of itself; it will spring out of the now-present agitation. Untenable assumptions will crumble away, no man caring to inquire what has become of them.

The Essayists might convince themselves that they have wholly misunderstood the function of criticism, as applied to the Scriptures, if they would give attention to what follows from pursuing *an analogous course* in any other—we should say, in *every* other department of thought to which such a course may,

or might be applied. In any instance in which a Positive Principle, or system, or body of belief, is subjected *in detail* to an exceptive criticism, with the intention, and with the foreseen result of establishing a negative principle, the issue is the same; which is—the dispersion or annihilation of the positive elements, and the substitution—not of a contrary positive, but of a blank vacuity, a no-one-can-say what, which we may gaze at in dismay until we are tired; as, for example, in these instances:—It is a positive principle that the material universe is a *creation*—that it is the product of intelligence—of a *MIND* fitting the means to the end, throughout its parts and functions. The human mind, unless debased and vitiated, accepts this doctrine as manifestly true. Nevertheless, when the purpose has been formed to destroy this belief, and when, by putting contempt upon the doctrine of final causes, and by otherwise explaining in detail this, and that, and another imagined instance of design, progress enough may be made, and often has been made, to build up a standing place for atheism. A mind sophisticated by a practice of this kind—long continued, becomes actually incapable of apprehending the theistic doctrine: it is lost in the darkness itself has courted. What is the remedy? There is no remedy for the miserable victim. The remedy for those who are not thus lost, is this—*Circumspect!*

It is a positive doctrine, that the material universe is the work of *HIM* who is not only wise and intelligent, but *GOOD* also—is beneficent; and this belief, also, is accepted as certain by all minds that are not grievously perverted; and yet the history of speculative philosophy offers a long series of counter enterprises, carried on in the same mode of exceptive criticism, against the Theistic principle, and in support of a negative inference, fraught with dismay and horror. And true it is, that, to minds of infirm constitution, these inferences, strengthened as they seem to be by many facts belonging to the world of animal life, take effect, even now, to an extent that is fatal to piety. Those who, in this instance, take upon themselves to work the engine of *exceptive criticism*, do so with so much success as that they strew the ground about them with ruins. Meanwhile our Theism stands firm, sustained as it is by overwhelming evidence on the positive side; and so it is that we continue, with a right mind, a good conscience, and a loud voice, to repeat the Creed, and say—‘I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things, visible and invisible.’ So it is, notwithstanding a thousand or more exceptive instances to the contrary, that we go on repeating our form of thanksgiving every Sunday, and bless God, ‘the Father of mercies, for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life;’—and acknowledge the

same God as the fountain of 'goodness and loving-kindness to us and all men!'

It is in a still more decisive manner than this, that this same *misdirected exceptive criticism* has shown its quality in the region of the moral sentiments, and of the warm and powerful social and domestic affections. Put yourself now under the guidance, on the one hand, of philosophers, such as the author of the 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind' (James Mill); and, on the other hand, listen to the 'Maximes et Réflexions Morales' of Rochefoucauld; and between the two—the man of abstractions, and the man who knows the world, male and female—you shall come to convince yourself that all the fine talk of moralists and romance writers about genuine and generous emotions, and about self-devotion, and disinterestedness, and generosity, and pity, and gratitude, and love—all is an illusion. Nothing is there in all these fair semblances of virtue—nothing better than so many phases, or masks, of simple, intelligible selfishness; or call it egoism. The philosopher for his part, and the duke for his part, give us their word of honour for it, and they say—We have carefully analysed the entire contents of our own hearts; and we find nothing there—no, not a fragment in a corner—that may not, if analysed, be shown to be pure selfishness. Quite true. Then what is the remedy? there is none as to writers and thinkers of this class. Argument will not help them. Logic will not put into them that which Nature has not put into them. Cold sophisms to the end, must be the portion of cold sophists. The *employment* of such minds will be, to apply their exceptive criticism to every phenomenon, in turn, of the great moral system, until all things on earth have been dispersed, or reduced to ashes or a dry powder, and they then go on to try their hands upon the things of an upper world; and, by a fatal necessity, which, in certain cases, converts a depraved tendency into an engine of awful retribution, the man advances until, in his own miserable conceit, he has driven God from His universe.

Other instances, strictly analogous to these, might easily be named, if it were needful so to do, or if space permitted. In stopping the course of this exceptive criticism, when it applies itself to the work of dissipating whatever it is which has been held sacred in Holy Scripture, or of dispersing the authoritative element therein, it should be well understood (so that time and vexatious controversy may be saved) that, as to the leaders of this criticism, *there is no remedy*:—there are no means available for giving a counter-direction to a tendency of mind which has already become an inveterate habit. What is it, in fact, but a fatal bent which deprives the mind of its power of apprehending at all what is great and real in the worlds of nature or of feeling.

So it is that the material universe is looked at, until it can no longer be seen, or seen only as a vast confusion. A figure forces itself here upon our notice—The spider is a first-rate workman in spinning, and weaving, and patching, and darning cobwebs; but he can think of nothing except the catching of flies; and when he has well emptied out the abdomen of a fly, he hangs the torn wings and the legs upon his curtains, in front of his tabernacle, and looks upon them as proud trophies of his skill in fly-catching! Yet in those sparkling diamond eyes of his, upward turned as they are, there is no speculation for this bright and large world, beautiful as we think it. There is no remedy—it is grievous and afflictive to think so—there is none for this ill-habit of mind in the instance of those who have surrendered themselves to the infatuation; there is no stepping back on this road—it is a steep decline; it must seem so if we look at the instances.

At this moment a company of accomplished men—banded together, or not banded together, as colleagues in a plot, are seen posted at different distances in advance from the line whence they all started years ago: some are a little way gone on, some stand at a mid distance; some have neared the edge, some have gone over the edge. No one of themselves knows where he intends to stop. If we think of them assembled for conference, one says to another, 'How many of the miracles of the Evangelists do you admit to be true?' 'Twenty.' 'And you?' 'Fifteen.' 'And you?' 'Three.' 'And *you*, reverend brother?' 'Not one!' Toward this issue—'not one,' all will be carried—carried by irresistible impulse; and carried also by logical consistency, if indeed this exceptive criticism is their premiss. The logical difficulties of the respondent who says, 'Not one,' are less, and are more easily disposed of, than are the hopeless incoherences of those who say, 'Three,' or 'Five,' or 'Ten.' This might soon be shown, if it were worth the pains to show it.

In respect of the mass of Christian people, the sound-minded, the right-hearted, the well-intentioned, the thousand to one of well-informed and professedly Christian men, there is a remedy; there are means available for staying the deluge of disbelief at this time. It is no preliminary to the use of this resource, or to the putting oneself under this course of treatment, to shun, or to stop the ear against, whatever it is which a well-learned and rightly-directed criticism has to say concerning the books of Scripture in any sense whatever. To the Essayists, one and all, we say, We are as list of hearing as yourselves in the class of biblical criticism; but our biblical studies we reserve for times thereto devoted.

If now it were our part to advise any who had become per-

plexed on this ground (and if only such persons will be true to themselves) our advice would be of this sort—Take at once the bold course, and this is the humble course too, if we know what we are, and what we need. Draw near to Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory; converse in heart, by help of the word of truth—converse with Him in daily and hourly meditation, who is God and man. Become familiar with His blessed style, with His manner, His words; think of Him, not in the earthly modes of a sensuous fancy, but think of Him as Saviour of the world, Propitiation, Mediator, Judge, Redeemer. Be not afraid to take Scripture *as it stands*, and to accept it in its own bright amplitude of meaning. Fear not to read your Bible as God Almighty has given it you. HE gave it you—not to lead you astray, not to mock you, not to bewilder, not to destroy you. Holy Scripture, trusted to, will lead you up to the world whereof it speaks. Holy Scripture, daily read, and *used in life*, and ingeniously relied upon, will lead you to Christ; and when you are near Him, and are filled with a consciousness of His grace, majesty, love, and power, you will be safe in the deluge. In what manner *now* do these inanities of this exceptive criticism affect you? The truest impulses of the moral nature, the renovated spiritual consciousness, give you confidence in rejecting them as impieties.

There are those who say—we cannot accept advice of this sort until *after* we have sifted every particle of the contrary evidence, which, for aught we know, may contain what would be fatal to the pretensions of a religion professing to come from God. Such persons, as we have said, misunderstand their own competency, as well as the office of criticism, in relation to any Positive System which commends itself to unsophisticated minds. Let such persons make trial of the same rule of caution, as applied to the visible world, and especially to the vast scheme of animal life: this rule adhered to, will give them Atheism, or Manicheism, as its product. If it be applied to the great moral system, it will give them, for their home, a hermit's cavern on the flank of an iceberg. But if, in truth, such persons demand consistency and coherence in any system to which they are to surrender their convictions—if, in sincerity, they ask for a sure and intelligible guidance onward, whenever they are invited to advance—then if Christianity does not content them, let them lay hold of the skirts of these Essayists, even of these masters of modern intelligence, and follow whithersoever they may thus be carried. In place of the stumblingblocks and occasions of offence which impede our progress on the path of Biblical criticism, we shall find, as we have alleged, that sort of

INCOHERENCE, resting at the very heart of that scheme, which

not merely offends common sense, but which is too egregious—is too astounding—to admit of a statement of it in a formal manner, even by the ingenious master spirits of the movement. This should be understood. It is with reluctance that we bring forward at all, in this article, the Seven Essayists; yet it is here unavoidable so to do; for it must be shown that the incoherence which we impute to the system at large, attaches, in the most flagrant manner, to this, the last and the most mature enunciation of it.

The first of these Essays has been regarded as quite innocuous or inoffensive by readers who heavily impugn each of the Essays following. We may safely regard it as *intended* to introduce what is to follow with advantage, by avoiding any collision with the religious reader's prejudices. What is affirmed is advanced with a forethought of the after part of the great argument. If the several writers persist in denying any such premeditation or concert, they presume much too far upon that easiness of belief which they impute to the believing community. That the volume is the product of *combined thought*, will and must be believed: is it indeed *accident* that has given Dr Temple the *first* place, and Mr Jowett the *last*? An incredible hypothesis is this. First an amiable vacuity, meaning little, to entice the reader: then a great reputation, a tenderness of feeling, a justness and weight of truth, for his comfort, and for the healing of his hurts, in the closing Essay; and yet the first and the last alike are availing for the purpose in view—the levelling of all those distinctions which mark off the Scriptures from other writings. We must deal with the Seven Essays as a concocted mass.

The accomplished—and no doubt he is a sincere Christian man—the author of the Essay on 'the Education of the World,' brings before us, with beauty of language, and as the very hinge of his argument, this doctrine—that, in the life, and behaviour, and teaching of Christ, the world was to be taught anew, and taught a higher lesson than hitherto it had learned; and was to be led to contemplate in Him combined, the loftiest wisdom, and the purest virtue, and the most devoted piety. The early Church, we are told, had 'a keenness of perception which we (of this age) have not, and could see the immeasurable difference between our Lord and all other men as we could never have seen it.' . . . 'He came in the fulness of time, for which all history had been preparing, to which all history since has been looking back. Hence the first and the largest place in the New Testament is assigned to His life four times told. His life we emphatically call the Gospel.' . . . 'Our Lord was the Example of mankind, and there can be no other example in the same sense.'—(Pp. 24-26. *Second edition.*)

plexed on this ground (and if only such persons will be true to themselves) our advice would be of this sort—Take at once the bold course, and this is the humble course too, if we know what we are, and what we need. Draw near to Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory; converse in heart, by help of the word of truth—converse with Him in daily and hourly meditation, who is God and man. Become familiar with His blessed style, with His manner, His words; think of Him, not in the earthly modes of a sensuous fancy, but think of Him as Saviour of the world, Propitiation, Mediator, Judge, Redeemer. Be not afraid to take Scripture *as it stands*, and to accept it in its own bright amplitude of meaning. Fear not to read your Bible as God Almighty has given it you. He gave it you—not to lead you astray, not to mock you, not to bewilder, not to destroy you. Holy Scripture, trusted to, will lead you up to the world whereof it speaks. Holy Scripture, daily read, and *used in life*, and ingenuously relied upon, will lead you to Christ; and when you are near Him, and are filled with a consciousness of His grace, majesty, love, and power, you will be safe in the deluge. In what manner *now* do these inanities of this exceptive criticism affect you? The truest impulses of the moral nature, the renovated spiritual consciousness, give you confidence in rejecting them as impieties.

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We have already complained of the evasiveness of the Essayists, and have said that this suspicious quality attaches to their writings at large; but peculiarly so does it appear at certain nodes of their orbit in argument. This evasiveness has, of course, the effect of rendering any attempt to bring out their real meaning at once difficult and precarious. An equivocating witness will ever be turning upon those who conduct the cross-examination:—‘You misunderstand me; whatever my words might seem to mean, I intended to say no such thing.’ Not dismayed by this difficulty, we shall attempt to gather the meaning of the second, and then of the third, of these Essays, so far as they bear upon the purport and professions of the first Essay. With its author we shall have no quarrel; no doubt he has his own mode of reconciling his position before the world as leader of Essayism, with the notorious opinions of his colleagues. What this means of reconciliation may be, we neither inquire, nor wish to know; it is better for us and for others not to know it. The case is not of that sort to which refinements or a nice near-going casuistry are applicable. Refinements and ingenious casuistry are prejudicial always to public morals. On the ground of the incoherences of Essayism, there is now an outcry of common sense; and if the plain understanding of men of sound mind is not equal to the occasion, then indeed there is no hope for us in any of the perplexities of ordinary life.

The author of the Essay on ‘The Education of the World’ commends himself to the esteem of the reader, not only by his intelligence, but by the indications which appear in it, of candour, breadth of feeling, and of religious sensibility. We are bound also to suppose that it is a sincere profession of orthodoxy which he makes as to its prime articles. *Therefore* he believes that Christ, the great Example of virtue and wisdom, was, in *some sense*, a Divine Person—He was more than human. If now the evangelic records of Christ’s discourses are not to be relied upon as in the main authentic, then this ‘Example’ can be no example to us; for we can know nothing certainly of what it was, what it included, or what it propounds to us for our learning. But if these records are in the main trustworthy, and if the ‘Example’ stands before us *authentically represented* in the four Gospels, then it is certain that Christ, from the first hour of His public ministrations to the last hour of His treading the earth, made His mission to rest upon the prophetic Scriptures, upon the testimony of Moses and the prophets, from the earliest to the latest of them. This is a trite subject, and those passages in the Gospels which attest this averment have of late been so often cited and appealed to, that they ring in the ears of the religious-reading public. There could be no good in repeat-

ing these texts in this place. They constitute the substance of the evangelic and apostolic testimony: this testimony has every variety of form, in adaptation to particular occasions, which could be needed for placing it beyond the reach of captious exceptions. The prophetic testimony, we might say, is not the corner-stone of the Gospel, but its foundation, throughout its length and breadth.

How, then, do we propose to deal with the fact, which admits of no evasion. The question is *not* this, whether commentators, ancient or modern, admitted or rejected the Messianic import of the prophetic Scriptures. We care not to know what Origen, or Jerome, or Newcome, or Ewald, or Coleridge, or Bunsen have thought upon these matters. The one point before us is this—In what terms did the Divine Person—the bright Example of virtue, truthfulness, and wisdom—in what terms did He speak of the prophetic testimony relating to Himself, and His mission, His teaching, His miracles, and His sufferings? This is the only matter with which we are concerned; and the Essayists are loudly challenged to declare what it is which, on *this* ground, ‘they think of Christ.’

In the second of these Essays, and within the compass of ten or twenty pages from the page on which Christ is declared to be the ‘brightness of the Father’s glory, and express image of the eternal attributes,’ we are assured that *the entire mass* of the imagined Messianic testimony is unsubstantial—is unreal—the belief in it is an illusion,—it is a superstition which modern intelligence and a better understanding of Hebrew dissolves and discharges. In citing detached passages, we can incur no risk of misrepresenting the author; for the book itself is now in everybody’s hands. ‘Coleridge,’ whom the author applauds in this instance by implication, ‘threw secular prognostication altogether out of the idea of prophecy.’ . . . ‘Declamatory assertions, so easy in pulpits or on platforms, . . . have not only kept alive, but magnified with uncritical exaggeration, whatever the fathers had dreamt or modern rhetoric could add, tending to make prophecy miraculous.’ . . . ‘In Germany there has been a pathway streaming with light, from Eichhorn to Ewald, . . . throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive, whether secular or Messianic, has been lowered.’ . . . ‘When so vast an induction on the destructive side has been gone through, it avails little that some passages may be doubtful;—one perhaps in Zechariah, and one in Isaiah, capable of being made directly Messianic; and a chapter, possibly, in Deuteronomy, foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem. Even these few cases, the remnant of so much confident

rhetoric, tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry!' 'It is time for divines to recognise these things, since, with their opportunities of study, the current error is as discreditable to them as for the well-meaning crowd, who are taught to identify it with their creed; it is matter of grave compassion.'¹

At this point we are emboldened to speak a word on the behalf, and in the name of, the 'well-meaning crowd,' whose error, in relation to prophetic Scripture, is 'matter of grave compassion.' '*We are of the crowd*;' we are also sure that we are 'well-meaning,' however ignorant and superstitious we may be; but, with an English sturdiness of resolution, we here demand of the Essayists that they should tell us, in terms thoroughly unambiguous, what their choice is among the two or three suppositions which may be entertained concerning the 'Divine Example' of all virtue and wisdom—the Christ of the Evangelists. As thus—it may be said that Christ, along with his countrymen, and the thousands in all times who have revered the Bible, was Himself in ignorance of the true meaning of the prophetic Scriptures. He believed them to be what they are not—Messianic predictions, centering in Himself, and foretelling His work as Saviour of the world. If not so—that is to say, if He was not Himself the innocent victim of a national error and superstition, but was well aware of the fact which is now ascertained, that *two passages, and two only*, of the prophetic Scriptures are *capable possibly* of such an interpretation—then, nevertheless, in full cognisance of the truth in this matter, finding the men of His age disposed to grant Him this false ground of advantage, He availed Himself of the popular delusion: He used, for His purposes, this mass of error; and on the most solemn occasions, He spoke so as He would have spoken if He had Himself believed that to be true which He knew to be false. Between these two suppositions, a third might perhaps be constructed, allowing us to imagine a case—of which there have been many melancholy instances—of mingled illusion, delusion, imposture, within the compass of which the moral consciousness of the man, his sense of truth and rectitude, has become, might we say, reduced to a pulp, inorganic, and yet beating with life.

To exclude evasions on this ground, it should be said that Christ's appeal, on His own behalf, to the testimony of the prophets was not an incidental utterance in accordance with popular notions: it was formal, it was solemn, it was authoritative in tone—it was constant, it was various as to its applications—it was *one appeal*, on the ground of which He claimed regard as

¹ These citations, amidst much more to the same effect, occur between pages 65 and 77. *Essays and Reviews*. Second Edition.

the Christ of God. Among these suppositions—the first, the second, or the third—what becomes of the Christ spoken of by the first of these Essayists? where is this high example of Divine excellence? We say at once, that if the loftiness of His pretensions be considered, a far greater damage is done to universal morality by holding up the example of Christ, than has ever resulted from the holding up the example of Mahomet. And yet this is not the most enormous of the wrongs done to common sense by the Essayists; for there is a worse case to come, and as to the mischievous tendency of which the author of the first of the seven Essays will be held by the world to be indirectly responsible.

The opinions of the author of the *third* Essay have long been notorious: no reading man can plead ignorance of them. A few lines will be enough to state the case—a case standing far beyond the range of argument or explanation. The Essay on the ‘Study of the Evidences of Christianity’ must be read along with the same writer’s Essay, some while ago published, on ‘The Order of Nature.’ Taken together—the one supplying what may seem wanting in the other—the distinguished writer’s meaning cannot be mistaken. Miracles, he says, never have occurred, and are, in the most absolute sense, *impossible*. No testimony could avail to persuade us that some one had seen two and three making more than five or less. ‘In nature, and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*.’ . . . ‘If miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main *difficulties* and hindrances to its acceptance.’

Multiplied citations from these Essays—those of Baden Powell—cannot be needed. No reader can be so obtuse as to misapprehend this perspicuous writer’s intention. But if his meaning be clear, why did he hold back from declaring the inference which stands fronting us on this ground?—why not, in plain terms, set forth the consequence of these confident affirmations, as touching the foundation fact of the Christian religion—the resurrection of Christ? If the ‘Order of Nature’ never has been, and never could be, interrupted, nor the eternal succession of physical causes and effects ever arrested—then Christ is not risen from the dead; and then is it certain that the first preaching of the Gospel took its bearing upon a delusion, a falsity? Nay, not so, say the Essayists: there is a distinction here to be carefully observed;—although the resurrection of Christ did not take place *as an historical event*—like His crucifixion—yet it *did* take place, in the region of faith. Reason quite condemns the supposition of any such event as is narrated by the Evangelists;

but Reason willingly retires from this sacred ground, and resigns it to Faith. This is, in a few words, Baden Powell's doctrine, and it is a doctrine accepted, generally, by the Essayists. A man so eminently clear-headed as he, must well have known that, if he had put this subterfuge before the world in perspicuous propositions, as related to the resurrection of Christ, the robust common sense of the British people, religious and irreligious, would have made short work of it. Not so many, who, not clear-headed as he, find the need of a mystification of some kind, which shall help them to make patchwork of their clerical professions, and of their Essayist disbeliefs. This subject brings us round to that with an allusion to which we set out: a few words must suffice for it, namely, the probable issue of this critical movement, as it affects the well-being of the Church of England.

The mystification, which is indispensable for screening from view the prodigious contradictions of Essayism, will find a large number of the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church only too well prepared to accept and welcome it. It saves them;—it is—shall we call it?—a godsend. The English *laity*, ten thousand to one, rejected the mummeries of Tractarianism; and the more intelligent of the clergy were themselves soon sick of it. Ritualism, after its novelty is gone, is adhered to only by the inert, the mindless, the *feminine*; but while it prevails, it is sure to open the door to infidelity. Those upon whom it does not take effect as a narcotic, become, under its influence, morbidly sensitive toward disbelief. The exploded Tractarianism left very many of the clergy in a mental condition of exhaustion; they felt their peril on the side of universal disbelief, even with atheism on the path in front of them. Coleridge, and then the always well-meaning Mr Maurice, and a train of writers following this same sentimental guidance, came in to the rescue; they saved the invalids from their fears. But this was done by shedding over the entire field of Christian belief a thick mist—a mist, we venture to say it, through which no clear-headed reader of this class of books has ever been able to make his way; it is a cloud, it is an impenetrable fog, beneath the shadow of which you may lie down and sleep, or may wander in despair until nightfall. In the mysteries of this style of mystification, very many of the younger clergy of the Church of England have long been schooled. Within and beneath this shadow their religious and their intellectual early years have been passed. But the Maurice-mist will not avail, when, as now, the rough east wind of Essayism comes with tornado force, sweeping the field: a tougher material is now needed; and the Essayists come forward to meet the occasion. They advertise a cloak that will stand any weather: they say—If you would keep your Chris-

tianity, and keep your clerical *status*, you must keep both *dry* under our patented mackintosh. Be sure that Reason and Christianity can never again walk side by side. Hold them apart, then. Let the one never confer with the other; ruin to the weaker of the two may ensue, even from a five minutes' chat. How is this to be done? Learn to think of Christianity altogether as *an idea*, a beautiful phantasy! Learn to disengage your thoughts from the *historical*, with which faith has nothing to do. On Sunday and saints' days, and always when you wear the surplice, be *spiritual*, be unreasoning; isolate yourself from *the real*; live (during those sacred hours) live in the region of faith!

A proposal of this kind, made at this moment to the younger clergy of the Church of England, is full of danger. Already by many it has been welcomed, and it will be welcomed by many more—by the more intellectual among them—unless speedily a new turn should be given to the course of Christian thought. But who shall originate any such much-needed revolution or renovation? Not, we fear, not the Church authorities—the men in high places at this time—whose earnest protests against the Essayists' errors, are, nevertheless, to be much commended. But these seniors, in high position, are little likely to understand the case in an intimate manner; *their* training has been wholly of another sort. Nor yet, we fear, shall those do it who stand well—deservedly well, with the country as the evangelical party;—faithful and laborious men. Clergymen of this stamp seem to want sympathy with *psychological cases*; and—must we say it?—too few of them are known to the world as accomplished, thoroughly-bred, and free-minded Biblical and classical scholars; and without qualifications of this order, nothing effective will be done. Certainly, it is not the men, or any of that class, who have wrought this mischief, who will remedy it. Infection breathes from every page of the writings of their school.

What, then, is our prospect? As to calculable human instrumentality, we think it is quite probable that, as in relation to Tractarianism, so now, in relation to Essayism, the plain good sense of the Christianly-minded LAITY of the Episcopal Church will so be roused, will be so provoked, by the offensive and enormous impieties of this scheme, and will so utter itself, as shall scatter the folly to the winds; and in a year or so it will cease to be heard of.

More than this—and looking now beyond the range of human instrumentality—we profess individually, our confidence in the permanence, the renovation, and the world-wide destiny of the Church of England, as leading the van of evangelic doctrine at home and abroad. Thus believing, we look with a settled hope to

the working of that Divine Providence in its behalf which shall expel the poison now running in its veins, and, as so restored, shall fit it for its work.

Already the number of publications, greater and smaller, which have been called forth by the 'Essays and Reviews' is very great. To note, or to commend, or to criticise these publications, has not been our purpose in this article. Our readers may, however, wish just to see the titles of some of them—some being as they are deserving of special attention; but we decline the invidious task of attempting to pronounce upon their respective merits. Two or three may perhaps claim attention at some future time. Such are the forthcoming 'Aids to Faith,' by several contributors; 'Scepticism,' by Lord Lindsay; 'The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology,' by the Bishop of London; 'Essays and Reviews Examined,' by Rev. Dr Buchanan; and we may properly name in the same connection, bearing as it does upon leading points in the present controversy, the valuable recent work of Rev. Donald Macdonald, 'Introduction to the Pentateuch.'

Among the *pamphlets* bearing upon this present agitation a front place should perhaps be given to Dr Rowland Williams' 'Earnestly Respectful Letter to the Lord Bishop of St Davids,' and his 'Critical Appendix' upon the Bishop's reply. Then come Bishop Connop Thirlwall's 'Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams, D.D.,' and his lordship's Two Charges to his Clergy—the sixth and the seventh: *that letter*, worthy of the author's reputation, is as *conclusive* as it is temperate and dignified.

This imperfect list should include the following publications:—

'Neology not True, and Truth not New.' By Rev. Charles Hebert, M.A.

'Negative Theology, an Argument for Liturgical Revision.' By Rev. C. Gridlestone, M.A.

'Idealism Considered.' By the Rev. Wm. Gresley.

'Some Notice of Prof. Baden Powell's Essay on the Study of the Evidences of Christianity.' Oxford.

'The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, Constancy in Prayer,' etc. By Chs. A. Heurtley, D.D.

'Rationalism and Deistic Infidelity; three Letters to the Editor of the *Record* Newspaper.' By the Rev. A. M'Caul, D.D.

- ART. II.—1. *De la Démocratie en Amérique*. Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Membre de l'Institut. 13e Edition. 1850.
2. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, de l'Académie Française. 4e Edition. 1860.
3. *Oeuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville, publiées et précédées d'une Notice par Gustave de Beaumont, Membre de l'Institut*. 1861.
4. *Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française*. Par le R. P. H.-D. LACORDAIRE, des Frères Prêcheurs. (24 Janvier) 1861.
5. *Discours de M. Guizot, Directeur de l'Académie Française, en réponse au Discours prononcé par M. Lacordaire*. 1861.

Two things give a present interest to the name of Alexis de Tocqueville. One is the impending disunion of those American States which were the subject of his famous political treatise. The other is the recent publication of his literary remains and correspondence by the friend of his whole life, the companion of his American travels, M. Gustave de Beaumont.¹

Born in 1805, De Tocqueville died two years ago, still young, as we reckon the years of public men. Of an old Norman family, whose patrimonial manor lies not far from that great naval arsenal reared opposite our shores by the continuous efforts of successive French Governments, he had an hereditary title to the opinions of a Legitimist and an aristocrat. The value he set upon hereditary monarchy as an institution made him regret the interruption once more made by the fall of Charles X. in the old line of kings. But his regret never made him judge this event as other than a righteous and inevitable retribution. He had a strong sense of the social and political advantages of an aristocracy. But aristocratic prejudices may safely be repudiated on behalf of the author of the *Démocratie*, Foreign Secretary during four months under the Republican Government of President Louis Napoleon. In his letters, we find the refinement and chivalrous high breeding which belonged to his birth; but his social position was to him only an additional means of judging opinions and men. It is interesting to notice, that, through his mother, he was the great-grandson of Malesherbes, the brave old man who stood beside Louis the Sixteenth, as his advocate at the bar of the National Convention. The relationship between De Tocqueville and his maternal ancestor seems to have been something more than mere family descent. Both were

¹ We hear with pleasure that Messrs Macmillan, of Cambridge, are about to publish an English translation of M. de Beaumont's volumes, with the valuable addition of notes, by M. Guizot.

aristocrats by birth; both had the largest sympathies with popular suffering and popular rights. In the political opinions of each there is much which the other would not have disowned.

M. de Beaumont's short but most interesting memoir informs us, that in 1831 De Tocqueville and himself obtained a joint mission from Government to study the penitentiary system adopted in the prisons of the United States. The two commissioners were little more than twenty-five years of age. One result of their travels was an official report, not requiring any consideration here, the product of their joint labour. The other was a book written by one of them, and now known in every European language. The first part of the *Démocratie*, specially relating to the political institutions of America, was published in 1835; and the second part, showing the effect of these institutions on American manners, morals, feelings, intellect, and literature, appeared five years later. The success of this book, written by an author scarcely turned of thirty, was at once brilliant and enduring. 'We have seen nothing like it,' said the veteran Royer Collard, 'since the days of Montesquieu.' The name of De Tocqueville was then placed, and has since remained, in the very front rank of modern publicists.

What is a publicist? The word is not yet in such familiar use as to make a passing explanation superfluous. Probably a concrete account of the matter, by reference to certain proper names, will convey a clearer notion than any abstract definition would do. Plato was a publicist when he wrote the *Laws* and the *Republic*; Aristotle was a publicist when he wrote the *Politics*; too much as a publicist, he wrote the *Nicomachæan Ethics*; Machiavel was a publicist in the *Prince*, Hobbes in the *Leviathan*, Montesquieu in the '*Esprit des Lois*.' The term is wide enough to include not only the writer on abstract questions of political science, but also the writer on the political topics of the day,—De Tocqueville, and the editors of our leading journals.

The success of the *Démocratie* resolves itself into these very simple elements,—ability of the highest order treating from a point of view which had all the charm of novel experiment, a question more or less present to the mind of every thinking man in our generation. The progress of democracy is emphatically the problem of our times. Before turning to De Tocqueville's solution of it, let us for a moment consider the problem itself.

The term democracy is no favourite in this country. It is not ostensibly adopted as the watchword of any considerable party. Its associations belong either to the old world of Greece and Rome, the Agora and the Mons Sacer, or to the Jacobin excesses of 1793. We use it as a technical term in the science of politics, or as a term of reproach. Our democrats do not

commonly talk about democracy. Rather do they proclaim the necessity of giving the people their just rights, the intelligent artisan his fair share in the national representation. Not so in France. 'Democratic' and 'liberal' are in common use there as convertible terms,—a convertibility not accepted either by the Legitimists or by those thoughtful statesmen who, like M. Guizot, think that the all but universal worship of democracy in France has hitherto prevented in that country the permanent foundation of any Government on the just equipoise of liberty and order. Politicians who belong to neither of these schools always assume the progress of democracy as equivalent to the progress of civilisation. There is some truth in that opinion: it could not, consistently with human nature, be so generally accepted as it is, and yet be altogether false; but, as commonly happens, a portion of the truth has been mistaken for the whole of it.

No fact bears more unequivocal signs of its providential character, than the inequality of conditions among men. It is a law universal and unchangeable as those which govern the world of matter. A pure aristocrat contends, that this economy of nature should be strengthened by civil laws; that the proper function of the legislator is to keep asunder the various orders of society, by perpetuating a wide and inseparable gulf between them. Against this the pure democrat rebels as a perpetuation of injustice. With him, the true civil polity is that which continually recalls to the general level the inequalities continually surging above it from individual ability and industry. In the very nature of things, society must consist of high and low, of rich and poor. The denial of this fundamental truth inevitably leads to the wildest dreams of an impossible communism. Let the various orders of society subsist; but let them, though distinct, be open. The democrat is right when he insists that no artificial bar shall stand in the way of personal merit. But the richest rewards of personal merit are robbed of half their value, if in all cases they must be limited to the lifetime and personal enjoyment of the man by whom they have been won. In democracies, the cry of justice to personal merit often ends in the sacrifice of personal merit to the selfish tyranny of the many. We are but too familiar with combinations of workmen, democracies on a limited scale, in which the ablest and best must submit to an enforced equality with the idlest and worst.

This is the social aspect of the question. Its political aspect may be made equally clear.

The extreme aristocratic view cannot be more pithily expressed than in the dying protest of stout Richard Rumbold, when about to expiate his share in the Rye House Plot. 'He never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready

booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.¹ In this we are all agreed. But the pure democrat fails to see that justice and wisdom alone have any divine title to govern society; that in the hands of every man, or of one man, political power is always a public trust, and never a private right. With him, on the contrary, the right to govern is as private and personal a matter as the right to use and enjoy his own property; a right for which the payment of taxes is the purchase money. Power, for the sake of power, is pure tyranny in one man, or in many men; the number of its holders being merely an accidental circumstance, modifying its application no doubt, but leaving individual rights and the rights of minorities defenceless. Let the best and wisest bear rule with a continual sense of their accountability to the intelligent classes of society, taken as trustees for all; this is the theory which representative government, with due allowance for the necessary imperfection of human institutions, has hitherto sought to realize. Responsibility much more than representation is its first principle, though representation is naturally its practical result. Particular interests, no doubt, have actual representatives in Parliament, as a security that their interests shall not be unjustly dealt with in legislation. But this is not in any sense nor to any extent an affirmation of the democratic theory of delegation, the necessary outgrowth and complement of universal suffrage. What universal suffrage leads to we all know; fortunately, by the experience of others. In a society accustomed to self-government, universal suffrage ends in the habitual exclusion of the most enlightened citizens from any share in the administration of public affairs; in a society not accustomed to self-government, it is a mere tool in the hands of a despotic ruler, the democracy of America or the democracy of France.

These two alternatives are ever present to the mind of De Tocqueville. Judging American institutions, he always remembers the democracy he has left on the other shore of the Atlantic, held back at that time by constitutional restraints, but tending even then to the result which we now see, and which he always feared. To his keen sense of the contrast between democracy in France and democracy in America, his opinions owe much of their peculiar interest, and much of their peculiar value.

The dominant idea of his work on America is not that democracy is the best possible government; no man is less than he a convert to that opinion. But there are, he thinks, signs by which Providence prepares mankind for the advent of a new order of things in which democracy will hold the chief place. Equality, which is democracy socially considered, as democracy

¹ Macaulay's *Hist. of England*, i., 562.

is equality politically considered, is steadily advancing to the conquest of European society. The lines which divide the various orders of men are becoming fainter; governments tend more and more to become merely another name for the will of numerical majorities. This movement is universal and enduring; it escapes all human control; it gains strength from every change. Instead of a vain struggle against the evident will of Providence, let us study this great fact, this power which sooner or later must rule over us, and must overwhelm us if we are not prepared for it. Is it, as its enemies say, unmitigated evil? Has it not, on the contrary, great capabilities of good? May not large communities grow rich and happy under its sway, without ceasing to be free? These questions have not been fairly tried in Europe; there have been amongst us disturbing causes not sufficiently taken into account. When an inquirer in physics makes an experiment, he isolates the body on which he is working from its habitual influences; he shows it such as it would be, or become, were those influences absent which disguise its true nature. Just so with democracy in America. It is left there to its natural tendencies, free to move according to its own laws of progress. Let us study it there, because there only we can do it justice.

He has done it justice so fully, so anxiously, so sincerely, that his book is read with equal eagerness by the foes and the friends of democracy, with the rare result of a hearty admiration on both sides. The democrat likes to see in these thoughtful pages the assured advent of his political millennium. It is a stronger thing for democracy, that De Tocqueville not loving it, should have deemed it inevitable, than it would have been, if loving it, he had pleaded for its inauguration. In this light his views are precious to the democrat as the concessions of an illustrious opponent. It is at once a consolation and a triumph for politicians of a different school, that although De Tocqueville has written much to show the peculiar advantages of democracy, it never can claim him as a convert. For the conclusion fairly deducible from his whole work is, that, for such measure of success and endurance as it has enjoyed in America, democracy is not so much indebted to its essential merits, as to the entirely exceptional history and position of the North Americans; their traditional habits of liberty and self-government; the wide sea which divides them from Europe and its political complications; the wide territory ever open to the indomitable energies, the ceaseless overflow, of its teeming population.

We have no thought of reviewing in detail a work so long in the hands of all readers, but only to retrace some of its leading features.

Foremost of all is its author's love of truth. One is often led to hesitate as to what may be his settled and final conviction; it is always plain that a settled and final conviction has been anxiously sought. He did not write to please any political sect or party. Had he wished to please aristocrats, he would not have called America the freest and most enlightened of nations. Had he wished to please democrats, American or other, he would not have asserted, at some cost of consistency, that in no country is there less independence of opinion, less freedom of discussion. He did not write to support any preconceived theory. Even though saddened at the result of his investigations, he does not reject that result because it is distasteful to him. Satisfied that it is the true result, and never doubting the existence of Providence, he endeavours to ascend to such a point of view as shall enable him to see that the progress of equality is really the progress of civilisation; and that since God has so willed man's destiny, it must be for the best. The last pages of his work are entirely written under the influence of this feeling; they are his defence against the charge of fatalism, naturally arising from a perusal of its first pages. If democracy be inevitable, if democracy lead to the rule of the majority, if the rule of the majority lead to an endless vicissitude between the tyranny of many and the tyranny of one, then there is a law at work in the course of this world's history which ensures the misery and degradation of the human race. To believe this is pure fatalism. Therefore, towards the close of his work, De Tocqueville, not as a figure of rhetoric, but speaking from an earnest faith, asks us to trust in Providence, to believe that a new order of things is beginning, and exhorts us to fit ourselves for that new order of things. He bids us meet the future with that salutary fear which may teach us to watch and fight, and not with that craven and idle terror which can only unman or weaken us for the coming dangers.

His settled belief in the coming rule of pure and uncontrolled democracy, rising like an universal tide above all existing political and social landmarks, forbade his acceptance of mixed government as an ark of safety. Mixed government, according to him, is a mere chimæra; belief in it a mere delusion. There is not, there never has been, any mixed government, in the proper sense of that term, except in those moments of anarchy which precede national dissolution. England, even after the Reform Bill of 1832, is not a mixed government. It is an aristocratic commonwealth, in which the people are sacrificed to the aristocracy. Our juries—whom, by the way, he studied rather in the abstract legality of Blackstone and the Statute Book, than in the concrete reality of Westminster and Guild-

hall—are an aristocratic institution. If, from the countries where an aristocracy still exists, we turn to those who have none, a good word might be expected from De Tocqueville on the government of the middle classes. No form of government has been more emphatically lauded by Aristotle; none has been more successful in modern experience. Scarcely an allusion to the government of the middle classes will be found in De Tocqueville's whole work, except as a new form of aristocracy, infinitely harder, infinitely less restrained by the principles of philanthropy and justice, than its predecessors. The manufacturing aristocracy of our day, after impoverishing and brutalizing the men whom it uses as its tools, casts them out in any crisis to be fed by public charity. There is exaggeration here, no doubt; but it is plain, that, except at the peril of a worse retort upon his own class, Mr Bright must not quote De Tocqueville as an authority for his favourite dogma, that we are a people oppressed, trampled upon, and taxed by a selfish aristocracy.

Indeed it is rarely safe to quote the author of the *Démocratie* as an authority; never without examination of all that precedes and all that follows the bright keen sentence with which you propose to slay your antagonist. His subtle intellect is fond of fine distinctions, which often lead him to the verge of contradiction, if, indeed, the verge be not sometimes crossed. The story of the shield, which was silver to the knight approaching it on the one side, and gold to the knight approaching it on the other side, will often suggest itself to his reader. Such a shield is more than once set up in his pages, to be claimed by opposing combatants. It is at once a testimony to his great qualities and to one of his defects, that when in any controversy he is quoted at all, he is commonly quoted on both sides. But there is another and a better explanation of this peculiarity; one which has already been given. In his anxiety to do justice both to the faults and virtues of democracy, he has supplied both its friends and its foes with offensive weapons and defensive armour.

His horror of commonplace sometimes leads him into paradox and exaggeration, often the mere disguises of commonplace. Here are a few examples:—In the New World, he says, the vices of men are almost as useful to society as their virtues; and he congratulates the New World on that account. He tells us that the Americans of the United States daily exterminate the Red Indians by the force of mere philanthropy and humanity. He states the difference between the civilised man and the uncivilised, so far as justice is concerned, to be this, that the one argues against justice, while the other violates justice without argument. Probably no darker picture of European civilisation in the nineteenth century was ever drawn than in his Introduction: religious

men have become the foes of freedom ; noble and generous spirits defend slavery ; low and servile spirits are the eulogists of independence ; honourable and enlightened citizens resist all progress ; men at once unpatriotic and depraved are the apostles of civilisation and of light. With the same exaggeration, he declares, in another part of his book, that between the license of the press and slavery of the press there is no middle term. Many similar instances might be given of excessive theorizing and too rapid generalization. These are characteristic, not accidental blemishes ; but they are blemishes in a work destined to the reverent perusal of all generations of thinking men.

By the Americans, De Tocqueville must ever be honoured as the most philosophical expounder of their constitution, alive equally to its excellences and to its dangers. As we watch the events now taking place on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, we must not invest him with a function of prophecy, which he expressly disclaims. One feature in the revolution of which we are now spectators he did not anticipate. The agricultural interest of the Southern States, the manufacturing interest of the Northern States, are, in his judgment, as certainly they should have been in point of fact, a bond of union, not a probable cause of separation. But, in the presence of the black race on the soil, he foresaw, as we have been all accustomed to foresee, the most formidable danger to the future of the Great Republic. The Federal Union he considered as a mere accident, not likely to survive any difficulties which would seriously bring it into question. The separate commonwealths themselves were, in his opinion, alone charged with the great destinies of the Anglo-American race. He beheld the Union losing instead of gaining strength with years, and alone in peril from the coming events of which he only lived to see the shadows cast before.

The name of De Tocqueville naturally suggests that of his predecessor in a wider field, Montesquieu. With some resemblances between them, there is at least one conspicuous difference. De Tocqueville, though far from indifferent to literary glory, wrote as an ardent inquirer after truth, anxious to benefit the human race ; Montesquieu, though far from indifferent either to truth or the public good, wrote chiefly for the sake of fame. The *Esprit des Loix* will always remain a landmark in the history of political science, the chief monument raised by the eighteenth century in that field of knowledge. No one before Montesquieu had judged the political constitution of England with such thoughtful admiration, or traced out with greater sagacity its influence on our manners, morals, and literature. The learning of Savigny and Guizot has not rendered obsolete what he has written on the legislation of the Goth, the Burgundian, and the Frank, and on

the feudal laws of the earlier French monarchy. But he is ever mindful of display. He must needs sprinkle his work with prodigious travellers' tales, which make it at once less philosophical and more entertaining; he must needs show his vast and curious reading by recounting the three shades of colour among which the Emperor of Morocco selects his wives, the eccentricities of Japanese legislation, the queer customs at the court of the Chinese Emperor or the King of Bantam. Then he writes with the conscious dignity of a President of the Parliament of Bordeaux. He polishes his periods into epigrams, which justify the famous criticism of Madame du Deffand;¹ he shreds down his reasoning into chapters short and antithetical as a maxim of Larochefoucauld. Scarcely could he be restrained from beginning his book with an invocation to the muses. Contrast with all this the earnest self-forgetful manner of De Tocqueville. It is Bacon's distinction between learning as 'a tower for a proud mind to raise itself upon;' and learning as 'a rich storehouse for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.'

Let us not leave what De Tocqueville has written upon America, without reference to two charming papers in which he has recorded his impressions of an excursion with his friend De Beaumont from New York to the north-west as far as Saginaw Bay or Lake Huron. They are in M. de Beaumont's first volume. One of them is entitled, *Course au Lac Onéida*; and the other, *Quinze Jours au Désert*. M. de Beaumont justly says, that these fragments will show De Tocqueville in a new light, adding that intimate friends alone will ever know how much sensibility, poetic feeling, and tenderness were in him united to an intelligence so clear and so deep. Here are a few extracts from the last-mentioned paper:—

'We had crossed the whole State of New York, and travelled a hundred leagues on Lake Erie; we had reached at last the very confines of civilisation; but we were quite ignorant what direction we ought now to take. To learn this was not so easily done as one might think. To make one's way through impenetrable forests, to cross deep rivers, to brave marsh fevers, to sleep under damp trees,—these are efforts which an American easily understands if a dollar is to be gained thereby, for that is the point. But that one should do and suffer all this to gratify curiosity is a notion which his mind refuses to admit. Besides, he is an inhabitant of the desert, and therefore prizes only the work of man. He will readily send you to visit a road, a bridge, a fine village; but that one should set any store by large trees and a lovely solitude, is to him absolutely unintelligible.'

To get the information they wanted, the travellers had to

¹ *De l'esprit sur les lois*—wit upon laws.

throw out vague hints about the purchase of land. The land-agent appointed by the United States, Major Biddle, then understood them, and gave them all the information of which they stood in need. In the course of their travelling they unexpectedly met with a red descendant of a fellow-countryman :—

‘We come down from our horses and await what will happen. After some minutes a slight noise is heard, and something is nearing the bank of the river.

‘It was an Indian canoe, ten feet long, and hewn out of a single tree. The man who was crouching at the bottom of this frail vessel wore the dress and outward appearance of an Indian. He spoke to our Indian guides, who, at his word, hastened to take the saddle off our horses, and to place them in the canoe.

‘As I was preparing also to go on board, the pretended Indian advanced towards me, placed two fingers on my shoulder, and said, with a Norman accent, which made me start : “Ah ! vous venez de la vieille France. . . . Attendez, n’allez pas trop vite, y en a des fois ici qui s’y noient.” Had my horse spoken to me, I do not think my surprise would have been greater.

‘I looked full at the speaker, whose face shone like a copper-ball in the rays of the rising moon. “What are you ?” said I. “You speak French, and you look like an Indian.” He answered that he was a *bois-brûlé* (burnt-wood), that is to say, the son of a Canadian and an Indian woman.

‘Following the counsels of our countryman the savage, I sat at the bottom of the canoe, balancing myself as well as I could ; my horse, which I held by the bridle, entered into the river and swam beside me, while the Canadian plied his oars, singing in an under tone, to an old French air, a song of which I only caught the two following lines :—

“Entre Paris et St Denis
Il était une fille,” etc.

We reached the opposite bank in safety, while the canoe returned for my companion. I shall remember all my life the moment when, for the second time, the boat neared the bank to which I had crossed. The moon, which was then full, was rising right over the prairie we had traversed, half her disk alone appearing above the horizon, like a mysterious gateway through which shone the light of another world. Her rays lay across the stream, a sparkling line of light ending at my feet. In the midst of that trembling splendour advanced the Indian canoe. The oars were neither seen nor heard. It glided rapidly and without effort, like an alligator of the Mississippi stretching toward the shore to seize its prey. Perched on the front of the canoe, Sagan-Cuisco, our Indian guide, bent his head over his knees, and showed only the shining tresses of his hair ; at the other end the Canadian rowed silently, while behind him De Beaumont’s horse drove the water of the Saginaw before him with his powerful breast.

‘There was in this spectacle a wild grandeur, which then made and has left a deep impression on my soul.’

Here is the interior of a log-house :—

‘We entered; the master was not at home. Sitting in the midst of the room, her legs crossed on a mat, a young woman was busy making moccasins. With her foot she rocked in its cradle a child of which the copper complexion betrayed the double origin. This woman was dressed like one of our peasants, except that her feet were bare, and that her hair fell freely over her shoulders. When she saw us she remained silent, with a kind of respectful fear. We asked her if she was a Frenchwoman. “No,” said she, smiling. Are you an Englishwoman, then? “No,” said she again, and, casting down her eyes, she added: “I am only a savage.”’

In the course of their wanderings through the forest on the shores of Cass River, De Tocqueville is visited by a sudden reminiscence of the Old World. The lines in which he records it are the conclusion of this interesting fragment :—

‘In the midst of this profound solitude we suddenly remembered the revolution of 1830, of which we had just reached the first anniversary (29th July 1831). I cannot describe the violent rush with which the recollections of the 29th July invaded my whole thoughts. The cries and smoke of the battle, the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the yet more horrible clang of the alarm bell, all that day with its atmosphere of flame, seemed to rise out of the past, and to replace itself like a living picture before my eyes. It was but a sudden illumination, a passing dream. When I raised my head and looked around, the apparition was gone. Never did the silence of the forest seem more icy, its shade darker, its solitude more complete.’

In 1835, a few months after the publication of the first two volumes of the *Démocratie*, De Tocqueville came to England. His fame, which had already crossed the Channel, secured him a complete ovation in political and literary circles. Called to give information as to the machinery of the French electoral law before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, he afterwards received the characteristic honour of being cited as an authority on both sides of a Parliamentary debate. In the following year he contributed an article to the April number of the *London and Westminster Review*. The article, which was translated into English by the editor of that journal, Mr J. S. Mill, was an anticipation of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. In 1839 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1840 the second part of his work on America was given to the world. Here his political life interrupts his literary life for fifteen years.

M. de Beaumont does not claim the first rank for his friend's powers as an orator. With some of the principal qualities of a statesman, De Tocqueville lacked some conditions of success as a

speaker. He expressed himself with ease and elegance ; but his voice was sometimes feeble. His habits of literary composition were, to some extent, an obstacle to his success as a speaker. In the *Démocratie* the amazing abundance and fertility of his thoughts, rising in serried ranks one out of another, are often a serious strain on the reader's attention, notwithstanding their originality and depth, and the ease and felicity of his style. As a spoken style, it could not have succeeded. There is no rule of public speaking so certain as this, that the attention of the listener must be made easy to him, or the speaker fails. In spite of these disadvantages, De Tocqueville obtained some brilliant oratorical successes, his personal influence and authority being ever of the highest. During the reign of Louis Philippe he preferred the responsibilities of constitutional opposition to those of government, and persisted to the last in this line of public conduct. The turn of his thoughts gave him a keen insight into the democratic and socialistic tendencies of his time and country. He saw these blind forces surging up against the restraints of a constitutional royalty, to which the country was by no means zealously attached ; he felt how delusive was the common belief in the stability of institutions undermined by such foes. Under the impression of this feeling he spoke in that last stormy debate which immediately preceded the fall of the House of Orleans. Read by the light of subsequent events, his words seem to shine with the inspiration of prophecy. They were uttered on the 27th of January 1848 :—

‘ You maintain, said he, that there is no peril because there is no open riot ; you say that because the surface of society shows no material disturbance, therefore revolution is far from us.

‘ Gentlemen, allow me to express my belief that you are mistaken. There is, it is true, no disorder in the course of external events ; but disorder has deeply sunk into the minds of men. See what takes place among the working-classes, who, I admit, are tranquil now. They are not, to the same degree as formerly, excited with political animosities ; but do you not see that these animosities, instead of political, have become social ? Do you not see, slowly gathering among them, opinions, ideas, which tend not merely to overturn this law, that ministry, or even that form of government, but society itself, shaking the very foundations on which it is built ? Do you not listen to the words daily spoken among them ? Do you not hear them repeating that the upper classes are incapable and unworthy of bearing rule ; that the existing division of riches is unjust ; that property itself exists on no equitable foundation ? And do you not think that, when such opinions take root, when the spread of them is almost general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses of which the bulk of society is composed, they must sooner or later bring about, I know not when nor how, the most formidable revolutions ?

‘Such, gentlemen, is my profound conviction. I think we are sleeping, even now, on a volcano [*exclamations of dissent*]. . . . I am convinced of it [*agitation*].’

He beheld the fulfilment of his prophecy on 24th February 1848, with the sorrow common to all the wisest and most thoughtful of his countrymen. Anxious to save from ruin such elements of liberty and order as still survived, he became what, in the political slang of the time, was called a Republican of the Morrow, and a supporter of General Cavaignac. He was elected a member of the Constituent, and afterwards of the Legislative Assembly. With Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Premiership of Odillon Barrot,—a ministry which endured from June till October 1849. As such, he must bear his share of the responsibility of the French expedition to Rome during that year. When the President dismissed his ministers on 31st October, he would willingly have retained De Tocqueville. But our publicist already saw that democracy in France was rapidly pressing on to its inevitable issue. When the blow of 2d December 1851 was about to be struck, he was at his post as a member of the National Assembly. With the leading statesmen of the time, he was seized in that eventful night, and sent to the State Prison at Vincennes. Released a few days afterwards, he felt that his political career was over. As his biographer remarks, it ended when liberty ceased to exist in France.

Not by what he did during his short ministry, or by his parliamentary labours, will he be chiefly remembered. He was essentially a man of thought rather than a man of action. Once more restored to his books, he bethought himself of fulfilling the outline given in the paper he had so many years before contributed to the *London and Westminster Review*. In 1856, the first, unfortunately the only, volume of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* was given to the world. Like his former great work, it has been translated into English by his friend, Mr Henry Reeve. Two additional chapters, belonging to the period which ushered in the Consulate of Napoleon, are included in M. de Beaumont's present publication,—the only portion of the intended second volume which had received the final revision of the author. The second great work of De Tocqueville is therefore a fragment. We regret this the more, that we perceive in this fragment a ripeness of thought, a simplicity and strength of style, which in these respects at least would have placed it far above its predecessor.

If we were seeking for an example of a nation's life, suddenly and violently rent asunder into two distinct portions, with no surviving tie but their common nationality, we would naturally cite

the French Revolution of 1789, as the most conspicuous instance of such a historical solution of continuity. Two opposite shores, once united, now divided by a sea irrevocably flowing between them,—such is the usual metaphor. Well then, if in two such opposite shores a geologist should trace the strata common to both as the result of their common origin, he would fulfil a function precisely analogous to that of De Tocqueville writing *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. Certain lines, which seem to begin on the hither margin of that sea, do not really begin there; their origin will be found on the other side of the Channel, if you will but cross over and look for them there. Certain institutions, certain doctrines, political and administrative, commonly lauded by modern French publicists as among 'the achievements of the Revolution,' were not achieved by the Revolution at all. They are not of its children, but rather of its progenitors; they prepared the way for it, it did not prepare the way for them. The book has thus a double relish: it refutes commonplaces implicitly believed and emphatically asserted on all sides; it refutes them completely, victoriously, and for ever.

The materials with which he wrought were the *cahiers* of the three orders represented in the States-General of 1789, containing their statements of grievances to be redressed; the correspondence between the central Government and its officers during the middle and towards the end of the eighteenth century; the petitions of provincial assemblies to the Crown during the same period; and the writings of contemporary observers, among whom the shrewdest and most impartial, as well as the nearest in date to the great crisis, was our countryman Arthur Young.

As an example of the results he has attained, take centralization. We knew before De Tocqueville's book that the policy of successive French governments, from Richelieu downwards, had been to destroy any power intermediate between the Crown and the nation. But this policy, we also knew, did not fuse the nation into a homogeneous mass; it left the various provinces of France as distinct from one another in their civil laws and political administration as the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Now we see a perfect uniformity, the central Government having precisely the same administrative machinery in operation at either end of the French territory,—in Normandy and in Languedoc. Accordingly, in the days of parliamentary debating in France, it was an oratorical commonplace to talk of administrative centralization as that splendid achievement of the Revolution which all Europe looks upon with envy. 'Let us admit,' says De Tocqueville, with a tinge of sarcasm, 'that administra-

tive centralization is a splendid achievement; let us concede that it fills Europe with envy; it is not in any sense an achievement of the Revolution. On the contrary, it is a product of the *ancien régime*; indeed, the only part of the political constitution of that older state of things which the Revolution has not destroyed, being the only part which would accommodate itself to the new social orders which the Revolution created.' Then, as now, Paris was everything, and local self-government nothing. The King's Council and the Comptroller-General were in the capital; in every province was the *Intendant*; in every district of a province was the *Sub-délégué*. It is just the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect, and the Sub-prefect of our own times. The names have changed, the thing is the same. Not merely the official machinery, but the official language, is identical. As De Tocqueville pithily puts it, reading a Prefect, you read an *Intendant*.

Here is another instance. No historical proposition is more commonly believed than this, that the great subdivision of the soil in France is the result of a civil code born of the Revolution. It is not so, however. There was a numerous peasant proprietary before 1789. With infinite pains constructing for himself a sort of Domesday Book of the old *régime*, De Tocqueville has drawn from it this clear and certain conclusion. Arthur Young, as he has shown, bears wondering and hitherto unnoticed testimony to the same fact.

No part of the book is worthier of note than the picture it draws of the old French nobility in this their season of decay. Lord Macaulay, in a passage which all the readers of his history will remember, points out a peculiar feature in our English aristocracy. 'Any gentleman,' he says, 'might become a peer; while the younger son of a peer was but a gentleman.' From this continually descending, and occasionally ascending movement, our peerage has ever been more closely intertwined with our national life than the peerage of any other nation. What De Tocqueville says of the French *noblesse* is exactly the converse of this, and its complement. In the eighteenth century the French nobility had ceased to be an aristocracy in the political sense of the term; they had become essentially a caste. They closed their ranks against any ennobled *roturier*; all their own descendants enjoyed the same privilege of nobility as themselves. They had no political function whatever; the power of the Crown had long ago absorbed any for which precedents might be found in old national traditions. Their wealth had been gradually absorbed by the industrious classes of society, to which they would not stoop to belong. Their political nullity, their impoverished condition, rendered still more odious and intoler-

able the iniquitous exemptions from taxation which they yet possessed. And so they fell, and with them was lost even the possibility of services which an aristocracy like ours might have rendered to the cause of liberty in France.

We repeat by way of summary the leading thought of the book. Modern French statesmen, who, in name of the 'principles of 1789,' have laboured to invest the State with powers fatal to individual rights, are convicted by De Tocqueville of having reared up again an administrative tyranny, against which the principles to which they appeal were the most solemn and memorable protest known in history.

The style of the book is in every way worthy of its matter; it is stronger, simpler, clearer than that of the *Démocratie*. There is no exaggeration, no paradox; none of that crowding of propositions one upon another which in the older work are often a strain on the attention of the reader. Even the semblance of a contradiction disappears. Unfinished as it is, it is a noble example of the historical school of Guizot, doing for the later years of the French monarchy what the History of Civilisation in France did for the earlier, revealing to us the inner life of society when we had been accustomed to notice only the outer events of ordinary history.

The volume published in 1856 ends with a society ripe for revolution. An interval occurs. The two fragments now published for the first time by M. de Beaumont show a society sick of revolutionary change, and longing for the hand of a master:—

'It is difficult even in our day to realize the excessive fatigue, apathy, indifference, or rather contempt for the commonweal, into which a struggle so long, so terrible, and so vain, had cast the souls of men. Many nations before this had presented the same spectacle; but as each nation brings to a situation in which, in common with others, it has been placed, its own distinctive characteristics, so the French now showed a kind of impassioned vivacity and joy in their own self-desertion. Despairing of escape from their own wretchedness, they undertook to put it out of their thoughts. The pleasures of Paris, says a contemporary writer, are not for one moment disturbed by any actual or expected crisis. Never were the theatres and places of public amusement better filled. At Tivoli Gardens people say that things are getting worse and worse; *la patrie* (fatherland) is spoken of as *la patraque* (crazy old machine), and then they dance. . . . Never did fashion hold a more extravagant or changeful sway. Strange to say, despair had brought back again all the frivolity of our ancient manners. With some addition however; for manners had become odd, savouring of disorder and of revolution, so to speak; things frivolous, like things serious, had escaped all limit, had broken through all control.

‘Political establishments are like religions, in which the outward ceremonial commonly outlives the inward faith. It was strange, in the midst of this nation which cared no more for liberty and believed no longer in the Republic, and whose revolutionary fire had become ashes, it was strange to see the Government persisting in all the revolutionary routine. In May, Government devoutly went to the Feast of the Sovereignty of the People; in spring, to the Feast of Youth; in summer, to the Feast of Agriculture; in autumn, to the Feast of Old Age. On the 21st of January, Government gathered the public functionaries round the altar of Fatherland, to swear fidelity to the constitution and hatred to tyrants.’

Here is a bit of the revolutionary style then in use :—

‘When we read the orations of that time, it would seem as if nothing could be said in simple terms. Every soldier is a warrior; every husband, a spouse; wives are faithful companions, and children are pledges of love. One talks not of honesty, but of virtue; one is always prepared to die for one’s country.’

De Tocqueville pronounces this severe judgment on his countrymen :—

‘The character of our nation is so peculiar, that a general study of humanity is quite insufficient to make that peculiarity intelligible. We are a nation which surprises continually even those who have made it the subject of their special study; a nation better endowed than any other in aptness to understand extraordinary things, and in zeal to rush at them, capable of all things which require but a single effort, how great soever it may be, unable to remain long very high, because we are a nation having sentiments and no principles, and instincts far superior to its morality; a people civilised among the civilised communities of the earth, yet in certain respects nearer the savage state than any other community; for the characteristic of savages is to decide on the impulse of the moment, without memory of the past, and without thought of the future.’

What were the public expectations towards the close of the year 1799?

‘Everything being ready for a new revolution, it must not be thought that men had a clear idea of the coming change. There are moments when the world is like one of our theatres before the rising of the curtain. You know that you are about to behold a new spectacle. From behind the scenes comes a note of preparation; the actors are at hand, but unseen as yet; and the drama is unknown. It seemed impossible for such a state of things to continue; equally impossible seemed any issue out of it. In all the correspondence of that time the ever-recurring phrase is, “This cannot last.” That was all. The wearied imagination of men was sick even of hoping and foreseeing.

‘Left to itself, the nation, full of terror, but of helplessness as well,

turned its eyes indolently hither and thither to see whether any one was coming to its aid. People saw that the expected deliverer would come from the army. Who was to be the deliverer? Some thought of Pichegru, some of Moreau, others of Bernadotte.

‘Withdrawn in the country, and living in a remote corner of the Bourbonnais, M. de Fie  e says in his Memoirs: “Only one fact which I noticed recalled me to politics; every peasant whom I met in the fields, the vines, and the woods, stopped me to inquire if news had come of General Bonaparte, and why he delayed his return to France. Nobody made any inquiries about the Directory.”’

These are the last words of De Tocqueville’s last work.

Once more in England, in the summer of 1857, he was received with esteem and respect by our most distinguished men, and with affectionate regard by his numerous English friends. His own account of his reception is in a letter to his friend, De Beaumont, written after his return home:—

‘I have been received in England with tokens of esteem so numerous and so marked, that my feeling has been almost as much one of confusion as one of pleasure. The whole political world there overwhelmed me with kindness and attention. . . . Lastly, Sir Charles Wood learning that I lived near Cherbourg, and was returning thither, placed at my disposal a small Government steamer, which took me straight from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, on Tuesday last, to the great stupefaction of the natives, who expected to see nothing less than a royal personage step ashore, and beheld only your humble servant.’

Of his correspondence, which fills the greater part of these two volumes—much more remaining unpublished till a fitter season—M. de Beaumont says that his friend wrote, not *because*, but *although* he was an author. His letters have all the best qualities of his other writings, together with a personal charm which in these would have been out of place. In his communications with such intimate friends as Kergorlay, Stoffells, and De Beaumont among his own countrymen; Mr and Mrs Grote, Lady Theresa Cornwall Lewis, Mr Senior, Mr J. S. Mill, and Mr Reeve, among ours; one can see how loveable a man he was, as well as how worthy of his fame. In him was conspicuous that moral thoughtfulness which Dr Arnold used to think the chief criterion of value in boys and men. Here is an instance of it, in which we behold, as it were, the whole moral stature of De Tocqueville:—

‘The more I advance in life, the more I see it in the light which I at one time attributed to the enthusiasm of youth; as a thing in itself of small account, valuable only so far as used in the fulfilment of duty, in the service of mankind, and in taking up one’s place in their ranks. In the midst of my greatest troubles, I find in these thoughts the spring which lifts up my heart.’

After the 2d December 1851, his letters are filled with bitter thoughts on the present prostration of liberty in France, and, above all, on the general satisfaction with which the nation bears the loss of so essential an element of national worth and greatness. No sympathy for such thoughts as these can be looked for from those liberal politicians among ourselves, whose liberalism stops on this side of the Straits of Dover, and who, in answer to any expression of regret as to the present state of public affairs in France, victoriously appeal to the contentment with which Frenchmen themselves view the loss of their liberties, and the substitution of men like Billault, Baroche, and De Morny, for men like Guizot, Remusat, and Montalembert. De Tocqueville enjoyed in his private life one exquisite compensation for his sorrows as a public man. Setting at naught the conventional rule of French marriages, which requires on either side a certain stake of money, and social position as required by the fitnesses of things, he married a young English lady, for no better reasons than these,—that he loved her, and that she returned and was worthy of his love. Thus he writes of her a year after marriage :—

‘I can scarcely describe to you what happiness in the long run one enjoys in the daily companionship of a woman in whom any good of your own is reflected, and returned to you improved by the reflection. When I say or do anything which appears to me quite right, I read immediately in Mary’s face a feeling of happiness and pride, which raises me up also ; and in like manner, if my conscience blames me for anything, I immediately see a cloud in her eyes. Though I have obtained the mastery of her soul to an extent quite unusual, I see with pleasure that she intimidates me ; and so long as I love her as I do now, I feel sure that no wrong thing will have dominion over me. We have been a year married ; and not a day passes without my thanking Heaven for having placed Mary on my path, or without a renewed belief, that, if happiness be attainable on earth, it is with such a companion. You have asked me, my dear friend, to speak of myself and Mary ; I have just opened to you the very bottom of my heart.’

This element of happiness was fated to endure twenty-five years, and to be the consolation of his latest hour. In those last scenes at Cannes in spring 1859, the most touching are those which show the unbroken affection between the dying husband and the sick and suffering wife.

De Tocqueville died on 16th April 1859. By his death a seat became vacant in the French Academy, that great literary College founded by Cardinal Richelieu, almost the only institution in France which has preserved its independence throughout all political changes. The honour of admission into its ranks is a distinction that Government influence can neither give nor

withhold. Elected to succeed De Tocqueville, Father Lacordaire, on 24th January last, spoke, according to custom, in praise of his predecessor. The oration was worthy of the theme, and worthy of one whom his admirers rank as second to none but Bossuet. It must have been suggestive of a contrast between old times and new, to see and hear an orator clad in the white dress of a Dominican, praise the great Protestant democracy of America, for having, unlike the democrats of Europe, preserved their love of freedom without forsaking their faith in the Gospel. To M. Guizot, as chairman of that learned assembly, fell the duty of reply. We note specially in what he said the following allusion to *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*: 'Had this book preceded instead of following M. de Tocqueville's political career, it would perhaps have had some influence on his public conduct; perhaps he and I should have understood one another better, and been drawn nearer to one another, than our respective fates decreed.'

If you should go to Cherbourg, you will no doubt admire the harbour, docks, and arsenal, the steel-clad frigates, the huge break-water, begun by Louis the Sixteenth and finished by Napoleon the Third. Metaphysicians tell us how trains of thought are set in motion by association and by contrast. In the midst of these tokens of war and international rivalry, you will perhaps remember, that not many miles away, in the parish churchyard of Tocqueville, lie the remains of a great thinker, an illustrious writer, an earnest and true man, one who loved his kind and his country well, and whose memory has a special claim on the reverence of the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

- ART. III.—1. *Men and Women*. 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1855.
 2. *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day*. A Poem. Chapman and Hall. 1850.
 3. *Poems*. 2 Vols. New Ed. Chapman and Hall. 1849.
 4. *Sordello*. A Poem. Moxon. 1840.

It appears improbable that any great poet will, in our time, pass from amongst his contemporaries, as Milton did, without seeing the dawn of his epic fame; or, as Shakspeare left his play-fellows, with so few of them really knowing what manner of man and majesty of mind had been with them. The true poet is pretty certain of a more immediate recognition in our time, and no great genius is likely to go down to the grave unknown. The recognition may be but partial. Yet the writer will be known to a chosen few who will stand by him, as did the friends of Tennyson in his day of need.

These friends, in the course of time, come into power, and occupy the old judgment-seats from whence the adverse verdict used to be given. They now write for thousands in sober certainty, what they before talked to one another in the intoxication of their young enthusiasm. The writer's merits are pointed out and set forth to win their widening way. The chances are also increased, from the fact that we have so many channels of literary opinion, and that no one organ can now either permanently make or mar the true fame of any worthy writer. Our criticism is higher and nobler. But for the well-known modesty of our craft, we might repeat what Emerson, in his 'English Traits,' says of criticism in this country. Undoubtedly we are improving. We do not permit all the work to be done by the merely classical critic who judges according to Greek canons; nor by the merely 'Queen Anne' mind that judges by the traditions of its Augustan era. We have here and there a mind in the lists that is also creative, and not shut up in the past, but, being open to all life, is open to any new life of the present, and can push forward to keep abreast with those who are forerunners of the age. Also, in the broader illumination of knowledge spreading over the land, there must be a continually increasing number of readers of poetry who are waiting eagerly for what the announcers may say of a new poet.

We may concede, then, that a true poet has a better chance of a more immediate recognition in our age, than in any bygone century. Yet, we still hold, that the more immediately popular writers of any time will seldom be the men for all time, and that

the deepest thought cannot be immediately popular. The greatest fame must still be of slow growth, for it has to endure long! We are suspicious of all sudden reputations, and quite satisfied that the great enduring element is wanting to the fame of some of our foremost men. We do not wake up in the morning and find full-grown oaks where saplings stood over-night. And we doubt whether any man will, in his life time, attain to the fame which we call immortal. We think, too, that there are writers even in our time who will pass away with but a very scanty recognition, whose after-fame will majestically rise and over-top many earlier reputations. And of all our living poets we believe that Mr Browning is about the likeliest to win his least fame and fewest readers in his own life-time.

The spread of intelligence has necessarily covered a much larger surface with what we may term the reading mind of the present, which is acute and sensitive to all the fleeting glow of novelty; but, if fairly gauged, will not be found to have much increased in depth. We live in what has been called the Mudiæval era. A time that is well calculated to produce a run-and-read sort of mind; or rather, a mind that may run-and-ride at the rate of forty miles an hour! The haste in which so many people live and move and have their being, tends to foster a shallow and snatchy habit of mind, and to utterly destroy that attention which is so absolutely necessary for the appreciation of deep thought and subtle poetry. Much of our modern reading mind is a good deal like a bran-new house, built in the most recent style, and furnished for show. There is a great scarcity of all natural growths about it. Everything was done in a hurry, and run up in haste. Compo puts on a bare-faced look and tries to stare you into a belief that it is stone. Oak graining and veneer smirkingly try to pass themselves off for the real wood. Tinsel and lacquer take the place of metal that will stand ringing. But all will not do. It cannot improvise reality, nor put on the stately air of the past. The leafy luxury, the depth of solemn shade and immemorial quiet are wanting without! And the solidity, spaciousness and choiceness of mellow-hues—with which all the fragrant flowers and perfect fruit of Time come to their ripe perfection—are wanting within. Haste is its great bane. Attention is the great desideratum. Sir William Hamilton used to tell his class that it was better to read one good book ten times over, than to read ten good books only once. So much attention is necessary to get all the good out of a good book; and only in this way can it be got out. Many people fancy that they are acquainted with our best authors, as a matter of course, who have never fathomed to one thousandth part of their meaning. Perhaps only those who

write, adequately know how much attention it is necessary to bring to bear on all books that are worth knowing. These writers, when they have read and read, and written on the subject, will then begin to learn how little they know about it after all. It happens that a good deal of the poetry produced in our time will require much more attention on the part of readers than the old familiar poetry of the past, which dealt more with action and objective circumstance. And it *so* happens, that the poetry of Robert Browning is pre-eminent amongst our nineteenth century poetry, for those subtle qualities of thought and feeling which demand the profoundest attention. With a most penetrating power of genius, his works have failed to reach any considerable number of people. The poetry of Alfred Tennyson was very long in obtaining the attention due to it. The present triumph of its popularity was only won by a thirty-years-long fight for it. And even now we think that one-half the sale of that poetry may fairly be set down to the fashionable fact of his laureateship. But the peculiarities of Mr Browning's poetry, and the peculiarities of our reading mind, as before specified, are so wide apart, as to make it very difficult for the two to draw together. We said the peculiarities of Mr Browning's poetry, because we do not lay all the blame on the age that his poetry is not more read. Want of natural affinity and incompatibility of temper are not the only reasons for the separation.

In the first place, Mr Browning scarcely seems at home amongst us. He is hardly an Englishman. He has English instincts. It is the body and voice of an Englishman, as we know by a home-yearning like this:—

‘ Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there ;

And whoever wakes in England

Sees, some morning unaware,

That the lowest boughs, and the brushwood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough

In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,

And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—

Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—

That's the wise thrush ! he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture !

And tho' the fields look rough with hoary dew,

All will be gay when noon-tide wakes anew

The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy mellow-flower.'

And again, by this thrilling of proud thought—

'Nobly, nobly Cape St Vincent to the north-west died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and
gray ;

" Here, and here did England help me,—how can I help England ?"
—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.'

But it would seem that into this English body of his the soul of some thirteenth-century Italian painter has got by mistake, and many of these poems are the signs it makes in trying to be recognised. Mr Browning says, elsewhere,

' Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'

Now, it is a wholesome prejudice with us, that if a man is to write for Englishmen, the first condition of national fame is that he be an Englishman ; and, if he opens his heart to us, we expect to read 'England' written there ; or, such of us as are Scotchmen, 'Great Britain,' at least. We who are proud of the old land, are proudest of those poets who are also the proudest of her. We find, too, that all the greatest poets have drawn most on the national life ; that Shakspeare, who was at home with all peoples and in all times, was never so mighty or so loveable as when delineating the heroes that moved around him in everyday life, and the sweet-natured English ladies, who became his 'Imogenes,' 'Perdidas,' and 'Helenas ;' or, dallying with his own country wild flowers, as his fancy wandered back through the green lanes into the leafy nooks of Warwickshire ; or in any way exalting his own land's heroic life and loveliness, majesty and power.

Then, if the great poet is to mirror back human nature, and bring it home to us clearly conveyed, he must have a great deal of common humanity, and show us how much may be hidden under the film of familiarity. Mr Browning, on the contrary, seems to delight in that which is peculiar ; something remote in interest that will permit of a recondite treatment. He loves a subject that gives full scope to the philosophic thinker, rather than one which calls out the emotional energies of the poet nature freely and fully. He dearly loves to worm his gnarly way to the dark heart of a good knotty problem that has not been hitherto

penetrated. He does not care to tread in the path where the footprints of others are in the least visible; or, if any one has been in that direction, Mr Browning will strike on a new clue, which leads him much further than others went, or saw. For example, in the story of 'King Francis and the Glove,' which De Lorge's lady dropped, to see whether her lover would face death for her sake. According to the ordinary version and common opinion, the lady was rightly served for her heartlessness when the knight, after leaping among the lions, recovered the glove and flung it in her face. Our poet, looking through the eyes of Peter Ronsard, sees differently. He caught an expression in her face such as told him she had tried the gold of her lover's fine speeches in the crucible, and found it mostly dross; and so she went out calmly amidst all the hooting and mirth, to find the truer love in one who would have died for her, and, like Curtius, jumped at the chance. While De Lorge sank into marrying the beauty that stood so high in the royal favour; and he would fetch her gloves, which she had always mislaid when the king called to see her. And when the king told the old story of the glove,

'The wife smiled—"His nerves are grown firmer;
Mine he brings now, and utters no murmur."'

Mr Browning's matter generally requires a minute and patient study, such as only comes of a loving disposition, whilst his manner is often the very opposite of that required to foster a kindly feeling. It frequently repels or irritates at first sight, instead of laying allurements on the reader for further acquaintanceship.

We once knew a lady who had the most tantalizing method of communicating intelligence. Whenever she stuck fast, and either did not know what she had to say, or how to say it, she always bridged over the break with a 'You understand!' Of course, you did not understand the least in the world; but the manner was so assuring as to make you pause to consider whether you did understand or not, by which time she had got over her little difficulty, though you had failed to surmount yours. Mr Browning seems to have this knack of handing his little difficulties over to the reader, and of passing them by as jauntily as though the most perfect understanding existed betwixt them. This manner is shown most provokingly just when the reader is in the greatest state of bewilderment. Again, he will propound all sorts of odd questions to the reader, and carry on a Socratic discussion; that is, if the reader can answer the questions. One piece concludes with two unanswerable questions. He asks—

'Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?'

For ourselves we merely reply, 'Hav'nt the least idea.' But we can imagine there may be readers who are not inclined to answer thus meekly. They will not know what to say to such a poser, and will feel rather like Byron's 'Jack Buntin' in a similar predicament. Not only does he take too much for granted in the way we have indicated, and pass on with the most chirping cheeriness; but, with his quick habit of leaping to conclusions, he often fails to carry the mind of the reader with him. There is a bright flash, a blank, and then a bright flash again; but all so sudden is the process, that the midway is not illumined. We are left in the middle, in the dark. The manner is so hurried, that the matter is not held in suspension long enough for solution. The meaning is not brought into sufficient relief, ready for the spectator. We see too much of the sculptor, hear too much of the hammer, with both hard at it, and chips flying. This, however, is only a natural impediment of Mr Browning's manner; he has one other, which seems to be practised wilfully. It is the odd way he has of twisting words into grotesque rhymes. This is all very funny and effective where the matter is humorous, as in the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' with the old Rat informing us how the Piper's jig-music affected his imagination:—

'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, "Oh, Rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone,
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, "Come, bore me!"
I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

But where the subject demands a serious treatment, these quips and cranks of rhyme seem to mock at our mood of mind. That curious mixture of grave matter and gay manner at the end of 'Christmas Eve,' constitutes a psychological riddle which many people cannot solve.

The first book of some writers—their stepping-stone to higher

things—is the stumbling-block on the threshold for most of their readers. There they remain: and the faster the writer's after progress, the farther does he get from those who do not follow him. They judge his new books by the evidence of the old; that was quite enough for them. Mr Browning's stumbling-block was his second book, 'Sordello.' We cannot understand how this could have succeeded the promise of 'Paracelsus.' A story is told of Douglas Jerrold and 'Sordello' on good authority—his own. He was recruiting his health at Brighton, and had been so low as to have books forbidden him. His wife, who nursed him, being out one day, he got hold of a book; it was 'Sordello.' The wit read, and read, but could make nothing of it. Soon the sweat broke out on his brow, and the horrible thought flashed on him that his mind was wrecked. His wife came in, and he thrust the book into her hand with a life-and-death look, bidding her to read. She had not read far before she exclaimed, 'Why, its gibberish.' 'Oh, thank God!' said Jerrold, 'then I'm not mad.'

We, too, have read 'Sordello,' and found it incomprehensible. 'Who will *may* hear Sordello's story told,' says the poet, again and again. We thank him for the permission, and find they *may* for anything he cares. Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, goes the cauldron, and the incantation keeps time to it, but the witchcraft works no miracle; no vision comes out clear and splendid. The ingredients did not mix, or haste has snapped the charm. Page after page is liberally sprinkled with Italian nouns; but to us they do not stand for things. Poetic phrases flash from many lines with a lustre like the burnished hues on a dove's neck; and a few pictures will arrest us, to wit:—

' A breadth of watery heaven like a bay;
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray
And star for star, one richness where they mixed,
As this and that wing of an angel, fixed,
Tumultuary splendours folded in
To die.'

And this of young and eager heirs watching for the profit and the pleasure that age must leave when they push into its place:—

' God help me! for I catch
My children's greedy sparkling eyes at watch—
"He bears that double breastplate on," they say;
"So many minutes less than yesterday."

And this strip of red sundown over dark woods:—

' A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flare turned

By the wind back upon its bearer's hand,
In one long flare of crimson ; as a brand
The woods lay black beneath.'

For the rest, we have not made it out. The fault may be ours. We are willing to think, with Jerrold, that it is so. We are of the blind ; but, as such, shall take the liberty of not trying 'Sordello' again until it is put into type for the blind. That would be a relief ! and we should be able to feel what we were reading. Yes ! on second thought, there is one other possibility of our attempting it. Should we ever go to Italy and get intoxicated with Montepulciano—just to see whether Redding be right respecting that wine—we may try once more. Perhaps, if we could see double we might do it. Till then, 'who likes *may* hear Sordello's story told.'

We have now made a fair and ample statement of all the difficulties that keep so many people from the poetry of Robert Browning ; and, having broken through their encrusting surface, shall show a few of the treasures that may be found in its wealthy depths. For it remains to be said that Mr Browning is one of the half-dozen original minds now amongst us who are fountain-heads of creative thought. His influence on the young writers of the present is second only to that of Tennyson ; often worth more to them in its suggestive matter, though not so easily identified as an imitation or plagiarism, because the manner is much less known. No other living poet has sounded such depths of human feeling, or can smite the soul with such a rush of kindling energy. Great and lofty and deep as Tennyson is, he has no such range. Indeed, without the least intention of making a comparison, we may venture to say that since our greatest dramatist wrote, no English poet has reached so wide a range of varied character as Mr Browning. He is not a great dramatist. His plays are not for the stage. It is doubtful whether he could clothe characters sufficiently in flesh and blood, sights and sounds, and keep them going with action and incident, so as to become a writer of acting plays. It is certain that he is one of the last men to stoop to some of the conditions which seem necessary in order that theatrical success may be insured. But he is a great dramatic poet. What a line of characters start into memory in illustration of our assertion ! Each sufficiently portrayed ; often exquisitely, and some with consummate mastery. 'Paracelsus'—half-king, half-quack ; the sunny little godsend, 'Pippa,' superb and haughty 'Ottima,' poor 'Mildred,' and 'Luria' the Moor ; 'Jules and Phene,' 'David,' glorious in his ruddy youth, charming away the madness from King Saul ; 'Blougram' the bishop, so catholic in his love of this world's good things ; and he, the sumptuous old sinner of St Praxed. The Duke and Lady of the

'statue and bust;' 'the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin;' 'Andrea del Sarto,' and loose, champagne-blooded 'Lippo Lippi;' little 'Evelyn Hope;' wise old pondering 'Karshish;' and many more whom we cannot stop to name. To mention one quality of Mr Browning's poetry, in which he is pre-eminent, we think out of 'King Lear,' no pathos can be found more tragic in its tenderness than that in the closing scenes of 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' or more tragic in its grandeur than the pathos of 'Luria.'

But, first, we would show how clearly our poet can break through all mist of mannerism in a lyric that marches straight to its object solidly as a column of infantry; doing the greatest amount of execution in the shortest space of time.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

'You, know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

'Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader, Lannes,

Waver at yonder wall"—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound,

Full galloping ; nor bridle drew

Until he reached the mound.

'Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy :

You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came thro')

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

' " Well," cried he, ' *Emperor by God's grace*

We've got you Ratisbon !

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,

Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

'The Chief's eye flashed; but promptly
 Softened itself as she touches
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eagle breathes.
 "You're wounded?" — "Yes," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said—
 "I'm killed, Sir." And his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.'

Equally clear, direct, and forcible is the brave, galloping ballad, 'How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix,' which has a ring in it as of horse-boots on a frosty road, heard in the hush of night. In the 'Confessional' we find a most striking lyrical energy:—

'It is a lie—their priests, their pope,
 Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
 Are lies, and lies—there! thro' my door
 And ceiling there! and walls and floor.
 There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled,
 Till spite of them, I reach the world.'

The poor victim goes on to relate how the confessor set her to entrap her lover to save his soul! And—

'He told me what he would not tell
 For hope of heaven or fear of hell.'

Next day, happy with the chance of saving her lover's soul in his own despite, she tripped to the church and told the father all the young man's patriotic schemes. That night, and the next, her lover did not come, and the morning after she hurried out and reached the market-place. There she saw the scaffold, draped in black for an execution, and her betrayed lover bound for the hangman's hands:—

'No part in aught they hope or fear;
 No heaven with them, no hell, and here
 No earth, not so much space as pens
 My body in their worst of dens,
 But shall bear God and man my cry—
 Lies, lies again, and still they lie.'

In 'Count Gismond,' again, Mr Browning shows us an intensity of feeling and a simple force of expression that would go direct to the heart of a people if he would write more in the same clear way:—

'He strode to Gauthier; in his throat
 Gave him the lie; then struck his mouth
 With one backhanded blow, that wrote,
 In blood, men's verdict there. North, south,
 East, west I looked. The lie was dead
 And damned; and Truth stood up instead.'

In an airier mood our poet can give us dainty lyrics, that match anything done by the old dramatists when they were lyrically inclined. These are full of fresh natural music, and bright with a gay grace. Here is a carolling little song that quite sings of itself, and, once it gets into the head, makes the brain a sort of music-box, that some sprite keeps starting off on a sudden :—

‘ There’s a woman like a dewdrop, she’s so purer than the purest ;
And her noble heart’s the noblest, yes, and her sure faith’s the surest :

And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i’ the harebell ; while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,

Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck’s rose-misted marble :
Then her voice’s music ! call it the well’s bubbling—the bird’s warble.

‘ And this woman says, “ My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,

Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark’s heart’s outbreak tuneless,

If you loved me not ! ” and I who (ah, for words of flame !) adore her !

Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—

I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,

And by noontide, as by midnight, make her mine, as hers she makes me.’

One other little lilt, quaintly beautiful, in which a lover’s soul leaps naturally into song, and then we pass on to our poet’s profounder utterances :—

‘ Nay, but you, who do not love her,

Is she not pure gold, my mistress ?

Hold’s earth aught—speak truth—above her ?

Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,

And this last fairest tress of all,

So fair, see, ere I let it fall.

‘ Because you spend your lives in praising ;

To praise, you search the wide world over ;

So, why not witness, calmly gazing,

If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her ?

Above this tress, and this I touch,

But cannot praise, I love so much !’

Mr Browning started on his poetic career with a great glow and glory of dawning power. His first effort was a noble one : a daring attempt to delineate a daring soul of the Promethean kind, that would snatch fire from heaven in the brave and blind old heathen way. Another page of the old, old story of rebellion

through pride of knowledge and of the sin whereby the angels fell. For this purpose he takes the Paracelsus of history, through whose grand failures the world learned so much, but refines and fills in the rude outline dashed on the historic wall.

We learn from Paracelsus, that one morn he woke up and ran over the seven grassy fields, startling the birds as he came to tell his friend Festus,

‘Leaping all the while for joy,
To leave all trouble for futurity,
Since I have just determined to become
The greatest and most glorious man on earth.’

And here he sits in the garden at Würzburg, in the year 1512, talking with his friends for the last time before he starts on his wondrous way. He promises they shall be very proud of him yet. A magnificent image of eagerness is set before us in a line descriptive of his look :—

‘That look :
As if where’er he gazed there stood a star.’

And so there does. Star after star of discovery already swims splendid into his vast vision of the future. Festus, whom love has made wiser by adding its ‘precious seeing’ to his eyes, has misgivings lest the motives of his friend be not sufficiently pure :

‘Man should be humble ; you are very proud :
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such.’

Festus fears there may be a plague-spot in all this sense of self and boastful self-reliance ; fears lest these bladders that float him so bravely now at starting may burst under him far out in the wild sea-storm ; that this yearning of the infinity within will strive in vain to embrace and clasp the Infinity without, and collapse in utter failure. He perceives in Paracelsus the force whose first and final necessity is to be fitly confined in its own proper limiting conditions, so that it may find its own law and keep it. For these limiting conditions supply compression for the overflowing strength, leverage and vantage-ground for the mounting footsteps, and rest for the soul that might otherwise beat its wings in vain against the prison-walls, and waste its powers in trying to step off the edge of its world. But Paracelsus is so full of might, and blind to all boundary marks, that his friend fears such self-reliance is of the kind that has so often tried to do without God in the world, soaring up in its enthusiasm to overlook the lines drawn by the finger of the Eternal, and ending in a fatal wreck. He will wipe out the footprints of all who have preceded him on the path of discovery, and accept nothing from the past of science. He yearns to save mankind,

and yet despises them. He would help them, but scorns to accept anything in return,—

‘Would gently put aside their proffered thanks :
Like some knight traversing a wilderness,
Who on his way may chance to free a tribe
Of desert-people from their dragon-foe ;
When all the swarthy race press round to kiss
His feet, and choose him for their king, and yield
Their poor tents, pitched among the sandhills, for
His realm ; and he points, smiling, to his scarf,
Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the East,
Where these must be displayed.’

Festus dares not probe this feeling too far, lest he should learn too much of his friend’s heart. He again warns him,—

‘Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes—for that sole obedience
Valued, perchance. He seeks not that his altars
Blaze—careless how, so that they do but blaze.’

In this first part of the poem, Paracelsus aspires to ‘know.’ He seeks knowledge for its own sake. He goes to prove himself. There are, he says,

‘Two points in the adventure of the diver :
One—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge ;
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl.
Festus, I plunge.’

Nine years afterwards he has attained—to what ? His youth is gone ; his brave hopes lie round him, dead or discrowned. The heaven-scaler sits in dust, with the fragments of his splendid dreams shivered and strewn about him. He has emptied youth of all its gifts,

‘To feed a fire meant to hold out till morn
Arrive with inexhaustible light ; and, lo !
I have heapt up my last, and day dawns not !
While I am left with grey hair, faded hands,
And furrowed brow.’

He has sat up o’ nights only to ‘fight sleep off for death’s sake ;’ paid down his life drop by drop in blood, piecemeal in brain, and has not even learned how to imprison moonbeams till they change into opal shafts. ‘Aprile’ appears. He personifies a love as rash as Paracelsus’ lust for knowledge was infinite. Paracelsus now perceives that he who aspires to know must also love, and possess faith ; and that he who loves must also know.

These twain must be wedded to bring forth the spirit nobler, happier, wiser than both. Knowledge without sweet human love is poor indeed.

He has caught up the whole of life, and staked it on a single throw; so far he feels that he has lost.

‘Still, this life of mine
Must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly earned.’

His feelings are so far modified that he will set about imparting to others such knowledge as he has gained. He becomes a professor at Basil; is famous for his miracles in medicine—a saviour to some, an impostor to others. Within himself the original flaw spreads wider and deeper, with its fracture and defacement. His fresh knowledge does not serve to set him right. He despises the fools that applaud his trickeries but do not appreciate his genius. He is dissatisfied with his present reputation, and grows bitterer over his disappointments. The radiant wings in which the strong and self-sufficient soul once sat pluming itself for a proud flight, are moulted now, and it is no more uplifted with the old exulting power. He tries to borrow wings of wine. In vain, in vain, he only sinks the deeper. The fire of life, that soared so gloriously, dies down in its ashes; life crumbles inwardly. That which he might have been stands more clearly revealed to him than that which he may be.

Here we meet once more with Festus, who has come, at his friend's call, to Basil, and tries to solace him and draw him up out of his sad condition with the cords of love. Paracelsus seems to sneer and mock at Festus, because he mocks at his own self so bitterly. Surely it is only a mask of simulated feelings he puts on to mock his old friend through, with painful satire and grim humour, wild words and ghastly laughter? Poor Festus is puzzled, but looks long with his serious, loving eyes, and strives to get him out of this mournful mood, and take him back to quiet Einsiedeln. Despise those who have treated you so badly, pleads Festus. But it is the curse of all who profess to despise mankind, that they are the slaves of the meanest, and wince at the word of the most despicable. It was so with Byron; so with Paracelsus. They who would despise the best are not permitted to despise the worst. As St Jerome says, in this respect—the proudest are the poorest; they brag outwardly, but beg inwardly.

In the fourth part the whole meaning of the poem is gathered into a little melodious allegory, being

‘The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.’

It is an immortal lyric, big with a meaning that most of us find out at some time or other. Alas for those who will find it out for the first time at the last day !

‘ Over the sea our galleys went,
 With cleaving prows, in order brave,
 To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
 A gallant armament :
 Each bark built out of a forest tree,
 Left, leafy, and rough as first it grew ;
 And nailed all over the gaping sides,
 Within and without, with black-bull hides,
 Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
 To bear the playful billows’ game ;
 So each good ship was rude to see,
 Rude and bare to the outward view,
 But each upbore a stately tent :
 Where cedar-poles, in scented row,
 Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine :
 And an awning droopt the mast below,
 In fold on fold, of the purple fine,
 That neither noontide nor star-shine,
 Nor moonlight cold, which maketh mad,
 Might pierce the regal tenement.
 When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
 We set the sail and plied the oar ;
 But when the night wind blew like breath,
 For joy of one day’s voyage more,
 We sang together on the wide sea,
 Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
 Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
 Each helm made sure by the twilight star ;
 And in a sleep as calm as death,
 We, the strangers from afar,
 Lay stretched along, each weary crew,
 In a circle round its wondrous tent,
 Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
 And with light and perfume, music too ;
 So the stars wheeled round and the darkness passed,
 And at morn we started beside the mast,
 And still each ship was sailing fast.
 One morn the land appeared !—a speck,
 Dim, trembling, betwixt sea and sky :
 “ Avoid it ! ” cried our pilot ; “ check
 The shout, restrain the longing eye.”
 But the heaving sea was black behind
 For many a night and many a day,
 And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;
 So we broke the cedar-pales away,

Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck !
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

Alas ! no sooner had they landed, and set up that statue of the soul which each in his own lifetime carves,

‘ When, lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
What laughter all the distance stirs !
What raft comes loaded with its throngs
Of gentle islanders ?
“ The isles are just at hand,” they cried,
“ Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping ;
Our temple gates are opened wide,
Our olive groves thick shade are keeping
For the lucid shapes you bring,” they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with a sudden start
From our deep dream ; *we knew, too late,*
How bare the rock, how desolate,
To which we had flung our precious freight.
Yet we called out, “ Depart !
Our gifts, once given, must here abide ;
Our work is done ; we have no heart
To mar our work, though vain,” we cried.’

In the last part of the poem we find Paracelsus on his death-bed, in a cell of the St Sebastian Hospital at Salzburg, 1541—Festus watching him, and anxiously waiting till the poor, lost, bewildered mind shall break from its surrounding shadows and drear phantoms, to recognise him once more. Gradually it feels its dark way back ; the spirit regains its throne ; there is fire in his eyes, music in his ears ; all is growing plain. He who stood at first where all aspire at last to stand, now stands at last where the Christian is enabled by faith to stand at first. He is humbled, broken, purified. The poem is brought to a climax in a long-sustained swell of noble poetry, and leaves us with the feeling that the shining fragments of this shattered mind will be united to form a wondrous whole in worlds not realized.

‘ Paracelsus’ teaches a great lesson, and from end to end there runs a brimming stream of rare poetry. Often it overbrims its banks from its abounding fulness, and runs to waste ; but it carries its freightage of purpose right on into haven. For us, each reading has brought out more meaning and fresh beauty.

It will be impossible for us to do any sort of justice to Mr Browning’s dramas by quotation or otherwise. Yet these alone ought to be sufficient to build up the fame of a true and great poet. ‘ King Victor and King Charles’ is a profound study of

statecraft and human nature, finely interwoven and as finely evolved. The 'Return of the Druses' is likewise most subtle and intense, with its perplexity of motives solved by passionate action, and the complexity of life made all clear by death. The conclusion of this tragedy is grand as a sunset. The Duchess 'Colombe' is one of our especial favourites; our 'play-queen,' so natural and so brave on her birth-day. And 'Pippa,' everybody's favourite, with her one day's holiday, going about like an unwitting missionary of heaven, doing good without knowing it. Imagining the life and world of others as so bright and beautiful, and then, as she passes them by—singing—she touches their world unconsciously with her own brightness, and lights it up with a sun-flash that shows the good their own happiness, the bad their life's hideousness, and both, that God is in His heaven. The 'blot on the scutcheon' is full of deep, moving power. The characters are living, breathing, loving and suffering human souls, real enough to stir the profoundest human feelings. By the nearest and dearest ties they are bound up in the dark web of a bitter fate. We see how they might be saved, but cannot save them. We behold them striving in the toils, and the great shadowing cloud overhead coming straight down big and black to bursting. Life and death are brought to the fine turning-point of a single word, and it cannot be spoken. Thus an interest is created intensely tragic. We have before mentioned the passionate pathos of this drama. The pathos of that last parting betwixt Arthur and Guenivere in Tennyson's fourth Idyl is very noble, but this is yet more piercing.

'Luria,' again, is a magnificent conception,—a Moor of nobler nature than 'Othello,' who can magnanimously forgive a great wrong. Florence has called on him to save her, and placed him at the head of her armies. He has led them in triumph up to the very eve of a final victory. But his employers, with the cruel and jealous traits of the Macchiavellian intellect, have set spies on spies at watch on every word, and in every way. Their own kith and kin have proved false to the commonwealth in the intoxication of triumph; how, then, should the stranger keep true with success? He may play false; why, then, he will. And so, on this assumption of his treason, he is being tried for his life at Florence, whilst he is fighting her battles so faithfully, crushing her foes so mightily, and believing in her, his heart's beautiful idol, so proudly! He learns what is their devil's-policy in time to have turned on them and trampled them in the dust. He is urged by those around him to do so. He looks and listens as one by one they turn on their various lights—the green and ghastly light of jealousy; the lurid blue light of suspicion; the blood-red light of revenge—but

accepts none of these. He has in his Moorish mind a glimmer of the great white light of God contending with the heathen gloom. No mean feeling can span the girth and greatness of his heart. He towers up sublimely above all the suggestions of evil, and saves Florence at the sacrifice of himself. The gathering great black thunder-cloud of his suffering soul, that hung a moment over Florence, charged with death, breaks into harmless tears of softest pity and generous blessing for her. There is an ineffable pathos in this Luria's life; an inexpressible dignity in his death.

The poetry of this drama is one great deep of beauty set with shining truths, and thick with starry thoughts. How the wave of feeling, too, rolls on and swells in these lines, till it bursts on the other shore:—

‘How inexhaustibly the spirit grows !
One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
With her whole energies, and die content,
So like a wall at the world's end it stood,
With nought beyond to live for,—is it reached ?
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under and extending further
To a new object ;—*There's another world !*”

Mr Ruskin, speaking of the poem, ‘The Bishop orders his Tomb at St Praxed's Church,’ has rightly said: ‘Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound. I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told as in these lines of the Renaissance spirit,—its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin.’ The bishop on his death-bed has reached Solomon's conclusion that ‘all is vanity.’ So he proceeds to specify his particular vanity in the choice of a tombstone. The lie must be as sumptuous in death as it was luxurious in his life. He tells his sons that Gandolf, his old enemy, who probably had their mother's heart, though not her hand, has cozened him at last by dying first and getting the pick of the whole church for his burial-place.

‘Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner south
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same !’

He bids them rear him such a tomb that old Gandolf ‘shall not choose but see and burst,’ for envy.

‘Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe,
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse,
Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him ! True peach,
Rosy and flawless : how I earned the prize !’

He promises them villas, and horses, 'brown Greek manuscripts, and mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs,' so they but do his bidding—

'That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need.'

Then he must have

'The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus with a vase or so,
The Saviour at His sermon on the Mount,
St Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off.'

So he shall lie for centuries in calm beatitude and perfect peace of mind, and be able to

'Watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was.'

This is quite perfect in its Pagan mixture. But Mr Browning is equally successful in revealing the inner life of a large number of varied characters, and always true to place and time. Now, he will tell you what a heathen contemporary of Paul thought and said. Again, he will show you what young David saw when, with harp in hand, and face like the dawn, he peered into the tent of King Saul:—

'At first I saw nought but the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all;—
Then a sunbeam that burst through the tent-roof showed Saul.
He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side:
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there,—as, caught in his pangs,
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind
and dumb.'

As an example of our poet's dramatic power in getting right at the heart of a man, reading what is there written, and then looking through his eyes and revealing it all in the man's own speech, nothing can be more complete in its inner soundings and outer keeping, than the epistle containing the 'Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician,' who has been picking up the crumbs of learning on his travels in the Holy Land, and writes to Abib, the all-sagacious, at home. It is so

solemnly real and so sagely fine. He has found 'three samples of true snake-stone;' and has discovered a happier cure for the 'falling-sickness' in

'A spider here
Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back.'

But, strangest story of all, which he blushes to tell the wise master, and himself tries not to believe: he has met with one Lazarus, a Jew:—

'And first—the man's own firm conviction rests
That he was dead (in fact they buried him),
That he was dead, and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
Sayeth, the same bade, "Rise," and he did rise.'

This is not an instance of trance, says 'Karshish;' the man is of healthy habit beyond the common!

'Think! could *we* penetrate by any drug,
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep!
Whence *has* the man the balm that brightens all?'

There was something in the look of Lazarus which made the physician watch him while lending an ear to his story:—

'*And oft the man's soul springs into his face,
As if he saw again and heard again
This sage that bade him "Rise," and he did rise.
Something—a word, a tick of the blood within—
Admonishes; then back he sinks at once
To ashes, that was very fire before.'*

Why not seek out the man who performed this miracle, and learn the secret that baffles all their knowledge?

'Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry.'

He was killed, as the sage conjectures, because he could not prevent the earthquake which befell at the time of his death. Of course it must be stark madness on the part of Lazarus, but it is well for him—Karshish—to keep nothing back in reporting the case to his master:—

'This man, so cured, regards the curer then,
As—God forgive me—who but God Himself,
Creator and Sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!
Sayeth that such an One was born and lived,
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know.'

He tries to put this story of miracles out of his head for matters calling every moment for remark, such as the 'blue flowering borage, the Aleppo sort, abounding, very nitrous;' but is still haunted with its strong interest, and muses on in a weird wonderment—

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself;
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"
The madman saith, *he* said so: it is strange.'

Most faithfully conceived; most tenderly felt; most beautifully expressed.

Mr Browning is nowhere more at home than with the old painters and their pictures. With more than the affection of a brother of the brush does he enter into their secret thoughts and hidden feelings, to tell us how life went with them hundreds of years ago, from the most unknown of them to the most famous. Their pictures are windows through which he sees into their souls, and can show us the colour of life's under-currents. His picture of 'Andrea del Sarto' is perfect as anything of that painter's, who was called the 'Faultless.' Here we find the beating heart belonging to the face that looked out on us so mournfully from a picture at the Manchester Art Treasures' Exhibition. Very perfect is the poet's interpretation of the well-known facts of the painter's love for a beautiful bad woman whose influence darkened his life, embittered his lot; dragged down the lifted hand, and broke the aspiring heart. We write with an engraving of one of Andrea del Sarto's pictures hanging in front of us. It is curious to read Mr Browning's poem and look up at the woman who held the painter in her 'strong toils of grace.' It is a bold type of face, physically fine, but a heartless nature lies couchant in the sleepy beauty of those slow eyes:—

'But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
God and His glory! never care for gain.
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God, all three.'

Many of our quotations have been made merely to elucidate our meaning, by the way. The following stanzas are given for their own sake. The subject is a picture by Guercino—'The Guardian-Angel.' They will bear reading and re-reading until their fine fatherly tenderness and peaceful desire of a gentle heart are fully felt :—

'Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me?
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

'Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
And suddenly my head be covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

'I would not look up thither past thy head,
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

'If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

'How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?'

Lastly, we have to speak of Mr Browning as a great religious poet. We have had too many poets who were endowed with the sense of beauty, without the fitting reverence for the Creator of all beauty; and there is too great a divorce between our poetry and religion for us not to rejoice over a poet who

possesses the clearest of all seeing faculties—religious faith. The poet's nature, of all others, most needs that high reverence which is to the spirit what iron is to the blood,—the very strength that prevents a relaxing of the moral fibre in the presence of beauty, and keeps the health sound. The poet's nature, of all others, most needs the revelation of Christianity, by virtue of its own peculiar temptations, doubts, and fears, obstinate questionings, and yearnings for the bosom of rest. Mr Browning has this reverence, and accepts this revelation. He is not, like some poets, half ashamed to mention God or Christ, though he never takes the name of either in vain. Nor does he set up nature for a kind of Pantheistic worship. His poem of 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day' is passionately alive with an intense desire for the most personal relationship, lowly of heart as it is lofty in awe. The text of the poem is, 'How hard it is to be a Christian.'

The poet has a tremendous dream. It is the Judgment-day. Through the black dome of the firmament

'Sudden there went,
Like horror and astonishment,
A fierce vindictive scribble of red
Quick flame across, as if one said
(The angry scribe of Judgment), "There—
Burn it!"'

And he stands 'found and fixed' in his choice. He has chosen the world. He tries to plead that it was so beautiful, so near—

'It was hard so soon
As in a short life to give up
Such beauty: I had put the cup
Undrained of half its fulness by;
But, to renounce it utterly,
That was too hard! *Nor did the cry
Which bade renounce it, touch my brain
Authentically deep and plain
Enough to make my lips let go.*
But Thou, who knowest all, dost know
Whether I was not, life's brief while,
*Endeavouring to reconcile
Those lips—too tardily, alas!—
To letting the dear remnant pass,
One day—some drops of earthly good
Untasted!*'

A voice tells him he is welcome to the world he has chosen. It is

'Flung thee as freely as one rose
Out of a summer's opulence,

Over the Eden barrier whence
Thou art excluded. Knock in vain !'
 'Welcome so to rate
The arras-folds that variegate
The earth, God's antechamber, well !
The wise who waited there, could tell
By these, what royalties in store
Lay one step past the entrance-door.'

His trust is gone from natural things ; henceforth, then, he
will turn to art, and there fix his choice :—

 "Obtain it," said the voice.
The one form with its single act,
Which sculptors laboured to extract,
The one face painters tried to draw
With its one look, from throngs they saw !
And that perfection in the soul
These only hinted at.'

What then ? Can the possibilities of the soul and the pro-
mises of God be judged by this ?

 'If such his soul's capacities,
Even while he trod the earth,—think, now,
What pomp in Buonarotti's brow,
With its new palace-brain, where dwells
Superb the soul !'

At length the pleading spirit gives up the world, intellect, and
art, and will choose love ; love of family, friends, country ;
dear human love. He looks up for the approval of the *form*
standing at his side. But its look is as the look of the headsman
who shoulders the axe to make an end. Love ? you trying to
be a Christian, and asking for love ? when HE so loved the
world as to give His own beloved Son to die for love !

 'And I cowered deprecatingly—
 "Thou Love of God ! or let me die,
Or grant what shall seem heaven almost ;
Let me not know that all is lost,
Tho' lost it be ; leave me not tied
To this despair—this corpse-like bride !
Let that old life seem mine—no more—
With limitation as before,
With darkness, hunger, toil, distress :
Be all the earth a wilderness !
Only let me go on, go on,
Still hoping ever and anon
To reach one eve the better land !"
Then did the Form expand, expand—

I knew Him thro' the dread disguise,
As the whole God within his eyes
Embraced me.'

It seems to us that Mr Browning has narrowly missed being the greatest poet living. But he has missed it, and Tennyson is crowned instead. Mr Browning has the wider range, and grasps more, but he brings less home to us. So much of his poetry wants releasing from an over-pressure. The reader is called in to the help of the artist. He has immense fertility of fancy and infinite tenderness, rare intuition; and his thinking is vivid and logically sequent in its profoundest depths. But his works do not come so clearly golden from the mint as do those of Tennyson, nor are they so calm with that repose of beauty which is the perfect harmony of restrained strength. His earlier poetry, more especially, was so profuse in riches, so tumultuous with thronging materials, so dazzling with many glancing lights, that half as much might have been made to go twice as far. Or rather, he had so much genius, as has been said of some one's wit, that he needed as much again to govern it. In later poems the art is choicer, and chaster. He may yet surprise us as Tennyson did when he finished his Greek studies, ranged his statues in their beauty and their majesty, and turned to pour the whole of his new life into English moulds. Mr Browning is two years younger than the Laureate, and it is not too late for him to get down nearer the roots of our English nature. He has lived long enough abroad, figuratively speaking; let him come home and dwell a while. The man who wrote that 'Scene in a Balcony' might have reproduced our Queen Elizabeth, of haughty visage and aching heart, surrounded with her chivalry. There are many characters in our history whose dim personality Mr Browning might evoke from their shadowy realm to kindle with the breath and light of life. There are many unsung actions worthy of setting to inspiring ballad music, so that the recital of them should beget deeds as noble in other times to come, and new heroism be created for the future, by looking on such heroes in our pictures of the past.

We wish that Mr Browning could be induced to look beyond the 'fit audience, though few;' we are confident that he can write such poems as shall bring his books home to many. Meanwhile, if we cannot bring the mountain to Mahomet, it is a great pleasure to help a little in leading Mahomet to the mountain, and to bear witness that these books are worth knowing; for, with all their shortcomings, they constitute one of the most precious gifts that our time will receive from the hands of Poetry.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester; with a Selection from his Correspondence and other unpublished Papers.* By the Rev. FRANCIS KILVERT, M.A., Editor of the Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton. London, 1860.

NOTHING can be more marked than the various intellectual epochs in the history of the Church of England. From the Reformation to the present time,—from the homilies of Cranmer and Ridley to the sermons of Dr Newman, or the notorious Essays and Reviews,—how many changes in religious thought and mental taste meet us! Every rise and fall of the national consciousness may be traced in the literature which has characterized and adorned the national Church. In an age of speculative and practical heroism, it is grave and solid in the weighty thoughtfulness and eloquent dignity of a Hooker; under the Stuarts, it is quaint, pedantic, and subtle in the sermons of Andrews and Donne, or mystical without spiritual elevation in the self-communings of Laud; it is again rich, passionate, and majestic in the pages of Jeremy Taylor; clever, scornful, and shallow in those of South; and clear, formal, and didactic in those of Tillotson,—all answering to definite conditions of the national temperament, and marking epochs in the intellectual development and religious life of the country.

Throughout the eighteenth century, this correspondence between the general mental life of the time and the literature of the Church is peculiarly marked and prominent; and from an obvious cause. Hitherto the writings of the great English divines have formed a literature, but also something more. They have mirrored the national feeling in its course, but they have mirrored also the faith of ages. They have loyally transmitted the dogmas of the creeds. But in the eighteenth century the literature of the Church of England ceases to be dogmatic,—we had almost said it ceases to be religious. It is polemical, it is moral, it is critical, it is philosophical, or pseudo-philosophical; but it has ceased to be positive, authoritative, and, in a word, evangelical in its utterance. The sermons have no longer a voice of authority. They are disquisitional, explanatory, or persuasive; but they have lost all the solemnity of Taylor, the vigour of Barrow, even the cold didactic emphasis of Tillotson. The age has, in fact, ceased to rest on the old and sure foundations of belief. These have been attacked and loosened, if not overturned; and the Church has been driven forth from its consecrated circle of faith to fight in the open field with enemies all

around *pro aris et focis*. This has imparted a certain worldliness to the theological literature of the eighteenth century, —sharpening many of its argumentative weapons, and strengthening them to inflict keener wounds, but also soiling them with a harder usage and rougher contact.

The outbreak of what was called Free-thinking in England, after the Revolution, is a curious and instructive phenomenon. It was the first manifestation of the rationalistic movement, which was destined to overspread a great part of Europe in the following century. Why England should have been the home of this movement, and English Deism should have prepared the way for German rationalism, and, in a less degree, for French infidelity, it would take a long inquiry to explain. Beyond doubt, one of the causes of the movement was the natural reaction from fanaticism in the preceding age. The outburst of religious feeling in the seventeenth century was all the greater from the long suppression of this feeling under the arbitrary formalism of the Church; so the license of rationalism was called forth the more readily from the previous excesses of the emancipated spiritualism. In some quarters, the place of reason in religion had been altogether ignored; the spiritual and emotional elements had wholly displaced the intellectual; till, among various sects, and pre-eminently among the Quakers, piety had become an ecstasy, and worship merely an inward communion of the soul with God. Such an excitement of the religious feeling, in the nature of things, could not last. The degraded Reason soon began to regain its place; and not only so, but, by that natural process of reaction which the history of human opinion exhibits throughout its whole course, to re-acquire, in its turn, an undue ascendancy, and to expel, by way of revenge, the emotional and purely spiritual elements from religion altogether. Deism was the extreme expression of this reaction. It was the enthronement of Reason in the sense of the natural light, or understanding common to all men, as the only source and arbiter of religious truth. The promoters of high spiritualism had at first entrenched themselves on the authority of Scripture, and drawn much of their earnestness from it; but the objective evidence of Scripture had been somewhat displaced by the very intensity of the spiritual forces which it had evoked. A tendency had appeared to substitute the inner light for the outward revelation; and it is obvious how naturally this inner and subjective light might pass into the self-asserting Reason or intellect. Opposite as Deism and Quakerism may seem in many of their characteristics, they have in reality a close affinity. In both, the individual soul is everything. The difference is, that in the one case the soul is recognised as the organ of special Divine communica-

tion; in the other case, it is recognised in its independent self-authority, as fitted in itself to know and explain the Divine. Practically, the result is usually very different; but the channel of religious impressions is the same in both cases. The very excess of the spiritualism of the Commonwealth, therefore, helped to evoke the rationalism of the Revolution.

Apart from this natural development of religious principle, the mere sway of the returning balance from the over-religious excitement of the preceding age, carried the national mind towards indifference, and then towards free-thinking. Men were wearied with the ferment of sects, and, in many cases, they connected delusion and imposture with their conflicting arguments and appeals. It was natural for them to think that the key to religious truth and peace must be in the very opposite quarter from that which had been productive of such lawless and wild disorders. What remained but Reason to guide and control men in the midst of all the disputatious religious confusion which had so long prevailed? Church authority had perished; it seemed hopeless to endeavour to raise it up, and place it anew on the pedestal from which it had been so violently cast down. Scriptural authority had been disparaged by the contradictory appeals of the most opposite sects, and the extreme interpretations to which it had been subjected. Reason urged her claims as an authority open to all,—intelligible by all. Her weakness, long since proved, her inconsistencies and contradictions, were forgotten; and men turned toward her as a rising luminary to enlighten and direct them.

This respect for what was considered Reason more than for Scripture, more than for Church, was of course, in its very nature, a power hostile to the established Christianity. The Deists, from Toland to Chubb and Morgan, were men outside of the Church, who defied its doctrine, and sought to displace it by their own speculations. But the spirit of which they were the extreme representatives, also infused itself into the Church, and modified it in various degrees. It had begun to do so before the close of the seventeenth century. It formed the intellectual atmosphere of the age of the Revolution, and no phase of the national culture can be said wholly to have escaped it. The philosophy of Locke, the learning of Bentley, and the Christianity of Tillotson and Burnet, alike partake of it. It shows itself in the sermons of Barrow. All indicate a deference to the rights of intellect, all own a necessity of vindicating their peculiar views in the court of Reason, and apart from both tradition and authority, which mark a new development of the national thought. Any reader who turns from the study of a writer,

even so intensely liberal as Milton in the preceding age, to the study of Barrow,¹ or of Locke, or of Tillotson, will be convinced of the truth of this observation. Amid all his liberalism, Milton, even in his anti-prelatical and political writings, moves in an atmosphere of authoritative dogma. His arguments are arguments, not merely in the face of reason, but in the face of prescriptions and authoritative data, that have a claim in themselves to intellectual assent and obedience. In Locke, all this has passed away: in Barrow and Tillotson, it can scarcely be traced. In all these writers, argument is a purely intellectual appeal. A doctrine claims to be accepted, not from authority, or from any right of prescription, but because it rests on sufficient grounds. The change is more marked than might be imagined, without special attention to the phenomenon.

This change continued to characterize the literature of the Church of England throughout the eighteenth century. All the great apologists of the earlier half of the century—Clarke, Butler, Berkeley, Warburton—show it in their writings in a remarkable degree. While standing forward in the defence of the faith, the weapons with which they make their defence are attuned to the spirit of the rationalism they encounter. They carry the cause of Christianity to the court of Reason, and shrink not from an open and unprotected pleading for it in that court. Different views have been held as to the extent of the concessions which this policy involved; in the judgment of many, these concessions were equivalent to the surrender of most important Gospel truth. But in their own estimation, they left the substance, at least, of the Christian doctrine intact, and their great apologetic arguments were, beyond doubt, successful at that bar of Reason to which both sides and all parties of the time alike appealed; yet the purely intellectual character, we may say (using the word in its etymological sense), the rationalistic character of the arguments made use of, will not be disputed. It is impossible to study Samuel Clarke, or Butler, or Warburton, and not feel that they are more intellectualists than theologians, in the old devout sense of the word. They do not write as men within the consecrated circle of the creeds, resting with a high confidence on a background of authority which forbids questioning. They have voluntarily abandoned the old enclosure of Faith, and gone forth into the world of Reason to fight the battles of the Lord against the mighty. That in this process they lost something, it would be impossible to deny; but that they were more than a match for the champions of Reason, and nothing else than Reason, that they beat

¹ Barrow, although his death only dates three years later than Milton, belongs, as a writer, altogether to a later age.

them at their own weapons in a fair encounter, there is no impartial student of the history of theological opinion can doubt. They may have soiled the simple purity of their cause in the struggle, but they remained victors on the field.

Consistently with the change we have described in the theological literature of the eighteenth century, its representatives are found more mixed up with the affairs of the world, its speculation, its literature, its manners, than in the preceding century. In great affairs of state perhaps they have less to do, because the times are quieter, and there is no need and no call for them in such a capacity. But in all that is going on in the world they are greatly interested, and cannot help being so, because there is nothing making more noise there than the inquiries and doubts afloat about Christianity. Questions as to the being of God, and the nature of revelation, and the validity of miracles and prophecy, were discussed everywhere—in the coffee-house, in the tavern, in drawing-rooms, in the Queen's closet. It was in the common talk of the day that Butler heard those objections which had so worked themselves into his intellectual conception of Christianity; and it was in the Queen's closet that he held many of the discussions which afterwards germinated into the *Analogy*. Yet neither Clarke nor Butler show the full development of this change. They are not dogmatic theologians; their tone is more speculative; their writings discover a wider horizon of observation, and a more general worldly philosophy than in the older divines, but the theological element is still prominent in them. In Berkeley and in Warburton, this element is much less conspicuous. The divine disappears in the one case in the philosopher, in the other case in the literary polemic; and in the friend and biographer of Warburton—Bishop Hurd—the change may be said to be complete. Hurd, although bred exclusively for the Church (in this respect unlike Warburton), owing all that he was and became to the Church and Christianity, and cherishing the most loyal and proud respect for the former, was yet more than anything else, in his intellectual activity, the *litterateur* and moralist. The fusion of the common intellectual life of the country with theology, which had begun with the Latitudinarians in the end of the seventeenth century, and which the Deistic movement, by carrying theological discussion into the world, and making it the theme of the coffee-room, had greatly promoted, is seen in Hurd accomplished. He is the literary divine, still more than Warburton. Like Blair in Scotland, his theology is the theology of worldly sense and graceful literary expression. In this view he may be said to be a representative man in the Church of England. He marks a characteristic point in its intellectual progress.

Our attention has been called to the life and writings of this prelate, by the volume of memoirs which stands at the head of our article. Mr Kilvert had previously given to the world the 'Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton,'¹ forming a supplemental volume to an edition of his works. His interest in Warburton, as well as a more personal feeling, seems to have led him to his present task. It was impossible to investigate the papers of the former without coming everywhere across the presence of his friend and biographer, to the study and exhibition of whose character, moreover, Mr Kilvert was prompted, as he tells us, by the impulse of the long-omitted duty of paying a deserved tribute to a distinguished relative, 'by rescuing his memory from neglect, and holding him forth, not as a faultless model, but as an example well worthy in many respects of the imitation of those placed in similar circumstances with himself.'

It cannot be said that Mr Kilvert has succeeded in imparting any special interest to his volume. The materials are carefully collected, but they are not fashioned into any coherent outline or picture. The style is good, but very level, without any light, or any felicity of touch. In our few remarks, we shall avail ourselves of his pages, along with other sources, to sketch Hurd, not exclusively, but as one of a group—Warburton, Balguy, and Mason the poet, who were his friends, and with whom he was in constant correspondence.

Hurd was the son of humble but very respectable parents, of whom he never speaks without great respect and reverence. According to his own statement, in certain brief memoranda of his life that he left behind him, he was the second of three children, all sons, of John and Hannah Hurd,—'plain, honest, and good people, who rented a considerable farm at Congreve, where he was born; but soon after removed to a larger at Penford, about half-way between Brewood and Wolverhampton, in the same county.' He was born on the 13th of January 1719-20. Writing to Warburton, thirty-four years afterwards, or in 1754, he commends, in very characteristic language, his 'excellent father and mother;' and Warburton's reply is perhaps still more characteristic. Both letters show how greatly things have changed in this, as in other matters, since the middle of last century. Scarcely any one now in the position of Hurd and Warburton would write as they did. The well-turned phrases of the one in commendation of his parents, and his begging pardon for troubling his great friend with 'this humble history,' and the undisguised flattery of the other, are alike obsolete.

¹ *Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton: A Selection from his unpublished Papers.* By the Rev. Francis Kilvert. London, 1841.

Men—prelates, we suppose, are not to be excepted—neither abuse nor flatter now as Warburton did. Think of this: 'Sir E. Littleton had told me great things of them (Hurd's parents); and from him I learned that virtue and good sense are hereditary amongst you, and are family qualities. And as to filial piety, I know it could not but crown all the rest of your admirable endowments. Pray make me acquainted with your good father and mother; tell them how sincerely I congratulate with them on the honour of such a son, and how much I share in their happiness on that head. Sir Edward often sees your elder brother, and speaks of him as the best companion he has,—indeed, in a very extraordinary manner of his abilities. Your other brother was, I was told, not long since among the trading towns of this neighbourhood, where he fell into company, at dinner, with some of our Somersetshire clergy, by whom he was much caressed on hearing to whom he was related.'

It is pleasant to turn from this high-flown relation of friendship to a genuine bit of nature, in a story told regarding this younger brother, so 'much caressed by the Somersetshire clergy.' He had contracted marriage, unknown to his parents, with 'a highly respectable young person, but in humble life, and of no great personal attractions.' Being on a visit to his parents, he was observed to be unusually silent and thoughtful, when his mother asked him, 'What ails thee, child?' The reply, in a faint voice, was, 'Mother, I've married.' 'Married!' cried the old lady, 'and where's thy wife?' (Reply, in a still fainter key), 'I left her in the cart-house.' 'Go,' rejoined his mother, 'and fetch her in directly.' The poor little woman, shivering with cold and anxiety, was accordingly introduced, and, to the credit of the parents, received a hearty welcome. The same 'plain, little woman' used, in after times, on her visits at Hartlebury Castle, to be led up by the bishop, with stately courtesy, to the head of his table, and, adds Mr Kilvert characteristically, 'proved the only medium through which the family was continued.'

Hurd was educated at the grammar school of Brewood. He appears to have been fortunate in his teachers, the memory of one of whom he has embalmed by a high encomium in the dedication to his *Horace*. The foundation of his classical scholarship was laid under this teacher, the Rev. William Budworth.¹ Very early in his fourteenth year he was admitted a Sizar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, although he did not go to reside till a year or two afterwards. Here he had the advantage, says his biographer, of being under a tutor—the Rev. Mr Hubbard—'of great judgment, of the most punctilious regularity,

¹ Nichol's *Lit. Anecdotes*, vol. iii., p. 332.

and a popular preacher.' To these characteristics of the tutor may be traced some of the peculiarities of the future Bishop of Worcester. He took his bachelor's degree in 1738-9; and in the following year, at the age of twenty, we find him engaged in a long correspondence with a friend in Shropshire, the Rev. John Devey.

One of the chief topics of his correspondence is Dr Delany's *Life of David*, which had just then appeared. The youthful graduate greatly admired it. 'It is,' he writes, 'a charming performance; if you have not seen it, I am sure it will please you;' but he is obliged to own to the justice of his friend's strictures, and his own 'bad taste and wrong judgment' in his hasty opinion. The *Life of David* was, of course, a favourite target for the sharpshooters of Deism, and more than one elaborate reply was made in the shape of *Lives of the great king of Israel*. Dr Chandler's *Life* is probably better remembered than Dr Delany's, which, if it may be judged from the specimens of its arguments contained in Hurd's letters, was more ingenious and dogmatic than intelligent and satisfactory.

In June 1742, Mr Hurd was ordained deacon at St Paul's, London, by Dr Joseph Butler, then Bishop of Bristol, and received the temporary charge of Reymerston, a small rectory between Thetford and Norwich. Later in the same year he took his Master's degree, and was elected Fellow of his College, to which he returned in the following spring. Here he appears chiefly to have resided for the next three years. His mind was naturally interested in the keen religious controversies whose excitement still lingered, although their main heat was past. His first attempt at authorship shows the bent of his thoughts. It was entitled, 'Remarks on a late Book, entitled, *An Enquiry into the rejection of Christian Miracles by the Heathen*. It is a short pamphlet, in which he criticises, in an ironical vein, the views advanced by the author, to the effect that the heathens had a low opinion of miracles, and that to this is to be ascribed their discredit of the Christian miracles. The raillery is here and there sufficiently pointed, but somewhat affected and obscure in the feebly emphatic manner characteristic of the time, and peculiarly characteristic of Hurd in all his writings. There is a conscious play of controversial skill in it, and an easy abundance of learning in the notes. The argument is not very weighty; but the book to which it was a reply does not seem to have called for anything more elaborate.

This slight publication was followed in 1749 by his well-known *Commentary and Notes on Horace's Art of Poetry*. This volume immediately established Hurd's reputation as a critic and *litterateur*. The opinion which he maintained, that the *Ars*

Poetica was designed to be 'a criticism, in the form of the didactic epistle, on the Roman drama in Horace's time,' had all the advantage of novelty; and there can be no doubt that Hurd showed great ingenuity in the maintenance of his opinion, while his notes are marked by a varied learning and refinement of critical observation. There is an excess, indeed, of this latter quality, both in this and his subsequent work (1751) on Horace's Epistle to Augustus. He is always on the search for hidden and elaborate relations of harmony or beauty. He is great in details. He can take to fragments, with the most formal nicety, the parts of a figure—as in his famous criticism of the allegory which opens Virgil's third Georgic, pronounced by Gibbon to be 'exquisitely fine'—and show their accurate adaptation, and the manner in which they conduce to form the complete image. But in the midst of all his formal and nicely balanced details and elaborate patchwork of criticism, one is not made to feel that he has any deep or comprehensive appreciation of his author, or that he is moved by any life of sympathy with him.

There can be no doubt, however, that his critical art was greatly admired in his day, and looked upon as something new and unexpected. The testimony of so competent a judge as Gibbon is decisive on this point. 'Mr Hurd,' Gibbon says, 'is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested learning he adds a clearness of judgment and a niceness of penetration capable of tracing things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. There are few writers more deserving of the great and prostituted name of critic.' At the same time he adds, 'His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions exotic or technical.'

The following brief definition of pastoral poetry may be taken as a specimen of his critical powers. It is considered one of his happiest efforts:—'A solution exact and complete, and which leaves nothing wanting to give absolute and entire satisfaction to the mind.' It shows very well the capacity and limits of his critical hand, his formal neatness without freedom or range. 'The prodigious number of writings called pastoral, which have been current in all times and in all languages, shows there is something very taking in this poem. And no wonder, since it addresses itself to the leading principles of human nature, the love of ease, the love of beauty, and the moral sense,—such pieces as these being employed in representing to us the tranquillity, the innocence, and the scenery of the rural life.'

But the chief result to Hurd of the publication of his *Commentary* on the *Ars Poetica* was his introduction to Warburton,

and the speedy friendship which ripened between them. He had complimented Warburton in the close of his introductory remarks to his Commentary. Warburton returned the compliment in a note to his edition of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It was impossible that two authors with such a discerning appreciation of each other's excellence should be long kept apart. Warburton was at this time in the very blush of his literary fame and dictatorship. The first volume of the 'Divine Legation of Moses' had appeared in 1738. In the following year he had collected and published his fugitive papers, which originally appeared in a periodical work entitled 'The Works of the Learned,' in defence of Pope's Essay on Man. He was in the full career of his combative energy, ready and zealous for a fight alike with infidels and bigots.

'Tis the sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petar,'

he writes to a friend, in reference to some attack upon the first volume of the Divine Legation. 'If it was he, never was there a more execrable scoundrel, who calls down the secular arm upon me. Can I outlive it? If I do, it will be in mere spight to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of bigots and zealots.¹ A second volume accordingly appeared in 1741, and his critical and editorial labours in connection with the works of Pope followed soon after. He then turned to his defence of the Divine Legation, and launched forth his 'Remarks on several Occasional Reflections,' in answer to Dr Middleton, Dr Pococke, Dr Richard Grey, and others. His famous edition of Shakspeare was added to his numerous literary labours in 1747; and a host of pamphlets followed up to 1749, when Hurd published his Commentary on the *Ars Poetica*. Warburton was at this time, accordingly, one of the most conspicuous men of his day in the literary and theological world. His paradoxes and outspokenness had raised a host of objectors and enemies, and he was more abused than any man. He seemed to rejoice in the abuse, and to toss it back with delight upon his foes. This very abuse was the means of attracting younger men like Hurd. He confesses as much in a letter written long afterwards to his friend. At first, he says, 'I heard little of your name and writings; and the little I did hear was not likely to encourage a young man that was under direction to inquire further after either. In the meantime I grew into the use of a little common sense. Still the clamours increased against you, and the appearance of your second volume opened many mouths. . . . The effect of all was, that I took the Divine Lega-

¹ Nichol's Lit. Anecdotes, v. 558.

tion down with me into the country. I read the three volumes (books?)¹ at my leisure, and with the impression I shall never forget. I returned to College the winter following, not so properly your convert, as all over spleen and prejudice against your defamers. From that time I think I am to date my friendship with you.'

There was something singular in the warmth and constancy of their friendship; for no two men could be in some respects more dissimilar than Hurd and Warburton,—'the one cold, cautious, and refined; the other warm, daring, and unguarded.' Hurd was all punctilio; decorum is stamped on every page of his writings. Warburton was all fire and fervour, without regard to the proprieties or decencies of literary art. The same love of paradox, however, marks both,—the former in a more modest and limited degree, yet no less unmistakeably. One who admired the Divine Legation as Hurd did, must, in fact, have had a great deal of the same wild ingenuity and logical inventiveness. In this, as in everything else, however, Hurd was more dignified and reserved. Although his judgment was not really sounder, it appeared to be sounder, from his being less adventurous and free in his disquisitions. While Warburton's sympathies ranged through every branch of literature, Hurd was delicate, and easily offended in his tastes. As one who knew both has said:² 'Hurd could read none but the best things. Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for basketfuls of all the trash of the town, and could laugh by the hour at the absurdities he had glanced at. The learned world could never guess from whence the bishop obtained so many low anecdotes; for his conversation, as well as some of his letters, were complete comedy.' Another instance of contrast between the two bishops, is equally characteristic in its way: 'The one would have gone from Bath to Prior Park on a scrub pony; the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character.'

It was to Warburton's good offices that Hurd owed his first promotion in the Church. On the recommendation of his friend, he was appointed by Dr Sherlock, Bishop of London, to be Whitehall preacher, in May 1750. To the same friend he was indebted for his introduction to the hospitalities of Prior Park. Mr Allen, of Prior Park, was the friend of Pope, and one of those men fortunately to be found in every age, who,

¹ This took place, Hurd says, in 1741, when only one volume was published.

² Mr Cradock—quoted by Mr Kilvert, p. 127.

without any pretensions to literature themselves, take a special delight in the encouragement of those who cultivate it. He was a man of 'plain good sense and the most benevolent temper,' who had risen to great consideration by his industry, and whose mind had 'enlarged with his fortune.' 'He is sincerer and plainer,' Pope says, 'than almost any man now in this world *antiquis moribus*.' His house, in so public a scene as that of Bath, was open to all men of rank and wealth, and especially to men of distinguished parts and learning, whom he honoured and encouraged; and whose respective merits he was enabled to appreciate by a natural discernment and superior good sense, rather than by any acquired use and knowledge of letters. In a letter from Bath, November 12, 1741, Pope writes to Warburton, that the worthy host of Prior Park invites him to share his hospitality in the strongest terms: 'You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man can serve us. There is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long, to walk in; and a coach, whenever you would take the air with me.' Warburton embraced the invitation; and the result was, that a warm friendship was formed between him and the owner of Prior Park, which terminated a few years later (1746) in Warburton's marriage to a favourite niece of Mr Allen, through whom he afterwards inherited the place. In his turn, he invited his friend to share in the comforts of the same pleasant retreat; and from this time, adds Mr Kilvert, Hurd 'continued to be a frequent visitor at that scene of elegant hospitality, where he enjoyed the best and most accomplished society, and secured in so great a degree the respect and affection of Mr and Mrs Allen, that he was engaged, by a promise, to perform the last offices of religion for them both, on their decease.'

It is pleasing to record the good deeds of such a worthy Maecenas as Mr Allen. More than Thrane was to Johnson, Allen appears to have been to Warburton, Pope, and others. He not only gave good dinners as the latter did, but showed an unaffected kindness and excellence of character—'good sense in conjunction with the plainest manners;' and 'it is interesting to notice, that there were those who shared in Mr Allen's kind hospitalities who had more need of them than either Pope, or Hurd, or Warburton. Hurd writes: 'I dined with him yesterday, where I met Mr Fielding, a poor emaciated worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery.' The glimpse of the great novelist is not a cheering one—we shall charitably hope that it is somewhat darkly coloured; it is at least gratifying to reflect that he had such a kind board as Mr Allen's to turn to, when in want, as he not unfrequently was, of a dinner.

It is at this period of Hurd's life that we come across another of his friends, with whom he held a lengthened correspondence, and who was a man of some literary and theological fame in his day,—Dr Thomas Balguy, author of one of the numerous answers to Hume, entitled 'The Divine Benevolence asserted against Ancient and Modern Sceptics.' Balguy was, according to Hurd, 'a person of extraordinary parts and extensive learning, indeed of universal knowledge; and, what is so precious in a man of letters, of the most exact judgment.' Dr Parr also testifies to his great ability,—his 'habits of the most exact and enlarged thinking, and solid learning.'¹ After Warburton, he appears to have been our author's most intimate friend and correspondent. It was at his suggestion that Dr Balguy undertook to reply to the scepticism of Hume's Dialogues. 'I agree with you,' writes Hurd in 1779, 'in the detestation of Hume's Dialogues, but not in thinking that no notice is required of them. On the contrary, I hold it fit, and even necessary, that they be confuted: and yet I know but one person that can do it to the purpose. I beg of you, my dear sir, to think seriously of this design. You understand the subject perfectly; and you have the art of representing, in few and clear words, what would set it in a just light.'

Balguy certainly possesses a clear, neat, and withal forcible style both of reasoning and of language. 'The Divine Benevolence asserted against Sceptics' is more the heads of an extended treatise, designed for subsequent expansion, than a complete treatise on the subject, worked out in its several parts. It is characterized, however, by great precision of thought and grasp of argument. There is no evasion of difficulties. On the contrary, they are strongly and prominently seized, and, perhaps, even in some cases unduly obtruded. 'It is your infirmity,' Hurd said to him, 'to see difficulties where there are none, or none insuperable.' This very characteristic, however, only gives force to his general reasoning; modesty on such a subject is strength: and if 'The Divine Benevolence Asserted' is not in all respects a satisfactory answer to the dark cavillings of Hume, this arises only from those inherent difficulties which make it so much more easy to start questions on such a subject than to answer them.

Long before this encounter of his friend with Hume, which did not take place till the dreaded sceptic no longer survived to defend himself, Hurd himself entered the lists against him. This he did, however, only at second-hand, Warburton being (under disguise) the real champion. He himself has told the

¹ Bishop Halifax's well-known edition of Butler's Analogs, as some of our readers may remember, is dedicated to Dr Balguy.

story in his Life of Warburton; and Hume, in his autobiographical narrative, entitled 'My Own Life,' has also made allusion to it in a manner not very complimentary to Hurd. After the publication of Hume's Essays in 1749—a 'hash of stale notions,' according to Hurd—Warburton, who was at the time just sending his 'Julian' to press, thought of adding some strictures on the Essays to the volume. 'He was tempted to have a stroke at Hume in parting.' But he was stopped with the query, 'Does he deserve notice? For if his own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.' Apparently he came to the conclusion that the Essays did not deserve his notice, for he did nothing further at the time. But on the appearance, eight years later (1757), of the *Natural History of Religion*, Warburton, 'provoked by its uncommon licentiousness,' entered on the margin of his copy, and on fly leaves attached to it, a series of criticisms. These he showed to Hurd; and it was agreed between them that they should be given to the public,—the latter adding what he thought fit, and embellishing the whole. 'If I have any force in the first rude beating out the mass, you are best able,' writes Warburton, 'to give it the elegance of form and splendour of polish.' Hurd, however, refrained his embellishing hand, and merely wrote a short introduction and conclusion to the 'Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion,' which appeared in 1787.

The performance is thoroughly Warburtonian throughout. Strong language is made too often to do the work of strong argument. Hume did not guess the secret of the authorship, but he detected the Warburtonian hand. 'I published at London,' he says, 'my Natural History of Religion, along with some other small pieces. Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr Hurd wrote against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance.' A hint here, perhaps, of a useful lesson! Neglect of his Treatise would have been far more painful to Hume than abuse was. In the case of such writings, beyond doubt, neglect is often the best policy,—the hardest argument. It is always better certainly, and more convincing, than abuse.

In the same year that the 'Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion' appeared, Hurd received from his college the presentation to the living of Thurcaston, in the county of Leicester. Here he settled, and devoted himself to the quiet studies so congenial to him. 'The situation is pleasant enough for the country, which, you know,' he writes to his old pupil Sir

Edward Littleton, 'is no paradise; the house good enough for a bishop, and in good repair; and the gardens, which to a bookish man, you know, is a matter of consequence, quite excellent. But what, above all, recommends this rectory to me, is, that it lies within a day's ride or so from my dear Sir Edward. I have calculated the distance. It would be very possible in a long summer's day to dine at Catton, and lie at Teddesley.' Here it was that the elegiac compliments of Mason followed him :—

'Him who, graced by every liberal art
That might best shine among the learned train,
Yet more excelled in morals and in heart,
Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurstaston's sequestered bower
She found him distant from promotion's view.'

It was here that Mr Cradock, 'a classical scholar, an antiquary, a wit, a dramatist, and no mean performer in private theatricals,' visited him, to whose gossip pen we are indebted for some characteristic and rather piquant glimpses of his life. 'At my vacations,' he says, 'I paid him occasional visits, and recollect, the first time I accompanied him on a Sunday to his parish church, he, after service, asked me what was my opinion of the discourse. "You are to speak freely," said he. I told him that I thought it was good, but I did not consider it his own; for it rather appeared to me that it was given from a printed book. "You are right," replied he, "it was one of Bourdaloue's, and I had only the French volume before me, with many marks and alterations." He recommended the practice to his young friends as a good way of acquiring the language.' On one occasion he said to Mr Cradock, 'I wish you had come sooner, for Mason has just left me. He got up very early this morning to plant these roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds. He boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted.' Hurd, adds our gossip, 'was a man of strict integrity, and very kind to those of whom he approved; but he was distant and lofty, and not at all admired by those who did not estimate him in a literary capacity. Indeed, he paid no attention to them; for, in one of his letters to Warburton, he made use of a common phrase of his: 'I am here perfectly quiet, for I have delightfully bad roads about me.' This is very characteristic; and the following instructions to his young friend on the eve of a visit to him are still more so: 'My young friend, we shall not reach you till after breakfast, and then you will give us, as usual, only a nice leg of your mutton, and some turnips, a roast fowl, and a plain pudding, or something only of that kind, as I do not eat anything but what is plain. I know you will expect me to drink the "University of Cambridge" in

a bumper of your old hock. After tea we want to have another walk, and return in the cool of the evening to Thurstaston. My young friend tells me he has adopted my tea rules from me. I like none so well as Twining's Hyson, at seventeen shillings a pound! By choice I never take any other, and indeed I never find it affect my nerves. . . . I do not wish to meet the Rev. Dr Parry; he is a good Hebraist, but he is devoted to some dignitaries who are the avowed antagonists of Bishop Warburton.'

Mason, whose strains commemorated his retirement to Thurstaston, and to whose fondness for rose-planting he alluded to Mr Cradock, was the well-known author of 'The English Garden,' the biographer of Gray, and the correspondent of Walpole. Hurd and Mason were warm friends and correspondents. 'You who love me so well,' says Hurd in one of his letters. There was a tranquillity of temperament in both, and a love of formal elegance, which drew them together, and made them delight in each other's society. Both were fond of the leisure and quiet of the country; and notwithstanding his Warburtonian predilections, the same calm and over-refined, and somewhat affected, spirit that breathes in 'The English Garden,' breathes in many of Hurd's writings. Mason's frequent correspondent, Walpole, it will be immediately seen, was far from sympathizing in the former's admiration and regard for Hurd's literary abilities.

Two years after his retirement to 'Thurstaston's sequestered bower,' he published his 'Moral and Political Dialogues.' As on the subject of criticism, so on the subject of dialogue, Hurd believed himself to have illustrated a new and more perfect literary method. As it was his boast in the former case, that he had, after the manner of his friend and master, Warburton, struck out a middle course between the analytic severity of Aristotle, and the panegyricizing admiration of Longinus, and the numberless tribe of commentators who had followed him; so, in the latter case, he supposed he had improved on the Dialogues of Shaftesbury, and Addison, and Berkely, his immediate predecessors, by the substitution of real for fictitious characters as the spokesmen in his compositions. The change was virtually an anticipation of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' which an eminent writer of our own day has rendered so well known. Waller, Cowley, Sprat, Addison, Dr Arbuthnot, and Bishop Burnet, are among the speakers that figure in Hurd's Dialogues. Cowley and Sprat, his biographer, discourse on the subject of 'Retirement,'—a topic naturally suggested to the quiet dweller in 'Thurstaston's sequestered bower;' Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Digby, and Mr Addison, discourse on the 'Golden Age of Elizabeth;' and Bishop Burnet, Sir J. Maynard, and Mr Somers on the

'Constitution of the English Government.' A pleasing vein of reflective moralizing runs through all the Dialogues, and there is much acute and intelligent discussion; yet there is certainly a want of life and reality in them, as we glance into them now. There is nothing to carry on the reader; there is an air of real conversation, and yet nowhere the interest of genuine talk. The speakers, although they are labelled Mr Addison, Mr Cowley, and Bishop Burnet, are not much better known to us at the end than at the beginning of the Dialogue. Walpole is unduly harsh in his glancing, hitting manner, yet he touches acutely the weaknesses of the Dialogues, as of Hurd's other writings. 'It is impossible not to own,' he writes to a clerical friend in 1760, the year after the publication of the 'Moral and Political Dialogues,' 'that Mr Hurd has sense and great knowledge, but sure he is a most disagreeable writer! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and these couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point in the Dialogues you mention he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon *his* word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give himself the least trouble to counterfeit any one of them.' If Walpole failed to appreciate Hurd, the author of the Dialogues could see nothing in the *Castle of Otranto* but absurdity. It is amusing to look behind the veil of their private correspondence, and see how naturally each disliked the writings of the other. Writing to his friend Dr Balguy, Hurd says of the *Castle of Otranto*, that 'the sort of composition, even according to his own idea of it, is an absurd one. 'Tis true he (the author) explains that idea in his preface most miserably.'

Two years later, Hurd published his 'Letters on Chivalry and Romance,' and a further 'Dialogue on Foreign Travel' in the following year. The 'Letters on Chivalry' formed an expansion of certain views enunciated in his Dialogue on the 'Golden Age of Elizabeth,' as to the happy results which had sprung from the system, and the spirit which it had fostered in modern society,—the 'gallantry, generosity, and religion' associated with it. He compares the heroic and Gothic manners, and maintains the superiority of the latter over the former.

Notwithstanding that his friend Mason conceived him, in the retirement of Thurcaston, removed 'far from promotion's view,' the eye of preferment ere long sought him out. Hurd's, indeed, was not a genius to remain hidden in such a time. His quiet sense and decorum, and the conservative moderation of his opinions, notwithstanding his reputation as a Warburtonian, were exactly the qualities to commend him for promotion

in the Church. His first step, however, from the rectory of Thurcaston, was due not to any public or royal influences, but to the friendly hand whose favour and help he had already experienced. In 1767, Warburton, now Bishop of Gloucester, appointed him his Archdeacon. This was followed in the next year by his appointment to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the argument in favour of Christianity derived from prophecy. The twelve sermons which he delivered on this occasion were published a few years later, and may be said to form the most important contribution of our author to the theological literature of the time. His remaining three volumes of sermons, which he delivered as preacher at Lincoln's Inn, are of a general and practical character, and cannot be said to add anything to his merits as a theologian. His sermons on prophecy, along with his Episcopal charges, enable us to appreciate better than anything else his theological position in relation to the rationalistic unbelief of his time.

There is nothing, certainly, in either that stamp Hurd as a man of comprehensive thought, and of any special capacity to deal with the religious difficulties of his time. He has the same confidence, and something of the same love of paradox, as his great master Warburton, without his clearness and agility of conception, his varied and exuberant learning, and his flexible and forcible style. Whatever may be the unsoundness of Warburton's judgment, and the extravagances of his logical conceptions,—which, that they might appear in all their prominence, he took a delight in exhibiting in syllogistic form,—he was always, in direct reply, powerful. He hits with vigour. The philosophy of his defence may be exaggerated and poor, but there is no mistake about his direct and detailed attacks. He grapples with his adversaries, and throws them without ceremony. Hurd has none of Warburton's pith or vehemence. He is cold, moralizing, and didactic. He expresses great scorn for his adversaries,—an intellectual contempt which they did not deserve, and which he certainly was not entitled to express; but behind this Warburtonian feature, there is little of that manly and vigorous intellectualism which Warburton never fails to exhibit, and which, if it does not excuse, yet harmonizes with, the bitterness of his scorn.

After the delivery of his lectures on prophecy, Gibbon addressed to Hurd an anonymous letter, setting forth the difficulties, as old as the time of Porphyry, as to the authenticity of the Book of Daniel. The letter, whatever may be thought of its reasonings—and they have no particular strength or novelty—is sufficiently courteous and dignified. Although it opens in a bantering manner, the argument is serious and formal. There

is but little to indicate the covert scoffing spirit so habitual to the author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Hurd obviously had no idea from whom it proceeded; and it was only after the publication of Gibbon's posthumous works that he was known to be its author. The opening may serve to give a good idea of the state of public opinion on the subject of religion, although allowances must be made for some liveliness of exaggeration. 'Some months ago,' says the writer, 'it was reported that Dr Hurd was preparing to expound the Apocalypse, and once more to prove the Pope to be Antichrist. The public were amazed. By the gay and by the busy world the very attempt was treated as an object of ridicule. Polite scholars lamented that you should be prevailed on to give up your more solid and liberal studies for such obscure and unprofitable researches. Your own brethren of the Church hinted that it would be far more prudent to observe a respectful silence with regard to those awful and invidious mysteries. A more than common share of merit was requisite to surmount such adverse prejudices.' He then proceeds to compliment Hurd on the success of his lectures in the face of such obstacles, the 'vastness of his plan, the harmony of the propositions, and the elegance of the ornaments,' notwithstanding 'a weakness in the foundations.' In his reply to the letter, Hurd preserves his usual quiet, didactic manner, and in some points makes a very effective answer; but in his comments afterwards, when he understood the authorship, he gives way to undue bitterness and violence of feeling. Admitting Gibbon's talents, he says, 'They were disgraced, and the fruit of them blasted, by a false taste of composition; that is, by a *raised, laboured, ostentatious style*; effort in writing being mistaken, as it commonly is, for energy, by a *perpetual affectation of wit, irony, and satire*, generally misapplied and always out of place, being wholly unsuited to the historic character.'

The sermons on prophecy themselves do not merit any particular notice. They present nothing new or striking in the way of argument. After clearing the subject from various false conceptions, he expounds the usual arguments from the predictions concerning the advent of Christ. He dwells at length, and with great particularity, on the prophecies concerning Antichrist, fixing upon the Papacy, according to the common Protestant view, as exhibiting their fulfilment. The most interesting and useful sermons are, perhaps, those in the prophetic style, in which the characteristic distinctions of symbolical language are pointed out. The field of literary criticism was Hurd's strong ground; and here, more than in any breadth of historical comprehension or force of theological argument, he excels.

Following the period which we have now reached, Hurd's life was a continued course of promotion, and quiet and dignified prosperity. He was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1775. In the following year he was called to be preceptor to the Prince of Wales. His life henceforth ran on in an even flow of episcopal duty and of court favour. The King is said to have taken immensely to him after his perusal of the dialogue on the 'Constitution of the English Government.' He continued, in the midst of his more public avocations, his warm interest in literature; and we get glimpses of his opinions of the current publications of the day in his continued correspondence with Dr Balguy. There is a curious interest in some of these opinions. Beattie is his favourite among Scotch authors, 'the best writer beyond comparison that Scotland has yet produced.' In this respect he shared his royal master's predilections. Hume is his detestation, the 'enemy of all godliness.' Robertson is spoken of with contempt. There is 'a deal of prate in his history, according to the Scotch way of writing history, and, indeed, everything else. His civility to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume.' Ogden's Sermons are his delight, as, some of our readers may remember, they were the delight of Boswell. And he is 'entertained' by a forgotten book, on the 'Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity,' by William Barron, Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the University of St Andrews. His friend Dr Balguy shows, in some respects, a deeper appreciation. He has enough of philosophic acuteness and comprehension to see that Beattie is no philosopher; and while he undertakes the task of replying to Hume, he yet feels the difficulties of doing so more truly than Hurd.

In 1781 he was transferred from the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry to that of Worcester, with which his name is more prominently identified. He immediately set about the repair of Hartlebury Castle, 'his noble episcopal residence,' and built a fine library attached to it for the accommodation of the books of Bishop Warburton, which he had purchased. It was here that, some time after this, Professor Mainwaring, of Cambridge, paid him a visit, of which Mr Cradock tells us rather a good story, illustrative of his somewhat captious and finical character. His peculiarities of disposition had no doubt grown with his worldly prosperity. Mainwaring was giving at dinner some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, when his lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork, 'Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret's Professor of Cambridge call it *émigrant*?' The company was struck with

astonishment when the professor coolly replied, 'My Lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin of *emigro* is long, but modern usage'— 'Nay, sir, if you come to modern usage, I can certainly say no more,' was the response of the startled dignitary.

Hurd's favour at court procured him, in 1788, on the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, the offer of the primacy. This he had the good sense to decline, as 'a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain, especially in these times.' He no doubt consulted his happiness in every respect in thus declining further promotion. His tastes were simple—all his ambition scholarly and literary—and his temper, as we have seen, peculiar and methodical; and however much he may have felt himself at leisure amid the decorous hospitalities of the court, he would have been fretted immeasurably by the many public duties of the primacy. His refusal was graciously received, and did not affect his familiar and happy relations with the King and Royal family. Madame D'Arblay, in her Diary, gives us some glimpses of these relations. 'On Christmas day, 1786,' she says, 'the prayers at the Chapel Royal were ended with a sermon by the Bishop of Worcester. The sermon was excellent—plain, simple, devout, instructive; written evidently for royal ears, yet carefully and without disguise levelling them on this holy occasion with other creatures of the dust. The Queen sent for the Bishop, and ordered him tea in the concert-room that he might be more at hand. He is, and justly, most high in her favour. In town she has his picture in her bed-room, and its companion is Mrs Delany.' She continues her gossip in a not very reverend vein, although nothing is further from her thought than the slightest irreverence. 'Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, "the Beauty of holiness."'

In occasional visits to court to preach a Christmas sermon, in executing episcopal duties in his diocese, in calm literary leisure and correspondence, the days of our good Bishop wore away. The only two events of prominence in his life from this time were the King's visit to him in the summer of 1788, and his publication of the *Life of Warburton* in 1795. From Cheltenham, where they had been sojourning, the King and Queen arrived at Hartlebury on the 2d of August, and, after inspecting the castle, 'they breakfasted in the library, and gratified the loyal curiosity of the country people by walking on the raised terrace in the garden visible from the park.' On the Tuesday following the Bishop had the honour of receiving the royal party at his palace at Worcester, on which occasion the King was pleased to acknowledge graciously an address presented to him by the Bishop in the name of the clergy. 'During the stay of their majesties at

the palace they set the good example of attending prayers in the chapel every morning, which were read by the Bishop.'

What appears to have been the last act of this really cordial friendship between George III. and his Bishop deserves a record. When, in 1803, all England was astir with the threatened invasion of Napoleon, Hurd placed one or both of his episcopal residences at the King's disposal, as affording a safe and suitable asylum for the royal family. The King replied to this kindly offer in the following characteristic letter:—

'MY DEAR GOOD BISHOP,—It has been thought by some of my friends that it will not be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think that the unhappy man who threatens will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us, but I thought it right to give you this information.—I remain, my dear good Bishop,
'GEORGE.'

The publication of his 'Discourse containing some account of the Life, Character, and Writings' of Warburton, by way of general preface to a new edition of his works in 1795, was Hurd's last literary production of any consequence. It gives an admiring and extended account of the life and literary labours of his distinguished friend. It is more of a didactic panegyric, however, or 'discourse,' as the author called it, than a life strictly speaking. Hurd's turn of mind, although it led him to delight in drawing formal outlines of character—of which his *Commonplace Book*, published along with Mr Kilvert's *Memoirs*, shows many examples—was unfitted for collecting and detailing those minute anecdotes and scattered traits which give us the true picture of a man and of his times. Warburton's was a life and character eminently admitting of such illustration, from his numerous relations with public men of his day, and his polemical earnestness both in literature and theology. Hurd has accordingly failed in imparting to his work the interest of which it was capable; but he gives us, in his biographer's language, 'a masterly view of Bishop Warburton's character and writings, judicious in its sentiments, and graceful in its composition.'

A volume of letters between Warburton and himself were printed by him in the latter years of his life, and left for publication after his death. The reader would probably gather from these letters a livelier impression of Warburton's real character; of the vigour, flexibility, and playfulness of his mind, and impulsive honesty of his character, under all his argumentative rude-

ness; of the earnestness of his theological convictions and the vehemence of his literary sympathies and antipathies, than he would do from a perusal of Hurd's Discourse. The careless freedom of the master mind, throwing off his thoughts as they strike him, contrasts noticeably with the cool moralizing turn of his pupil and friend. Hurd was a Warburtonian, if warmth of friendship and identity of theological opinion made him one; but in temper and in character he had but little of the Warburtonian vehemence.

In the dignified and luxurious retirement of Hartlebury our prelate's life was prolonged till 1808, when he died, full of years and honours, in his 87th year. 'No final close could be easier,' writes his nephew. 'He expired in his sleep without a groan or a struggle.'

In person Bishop Hurd 'was below the middle size, of slight make, but well-proportioned; his features not marked, but regular and pleasing; and his whole aspect intelligent, thoughtful, and, in later life, venerable.' His portrait is eminently clerical; every feature marks the Bishop; episcopal dignity, formality, and condescension beam in his eye, and shine forth from his copious forehead, straight authoritative nose, and prim decisive mouth. Notwithstanding that his health is said never to have been strong, there is almost a rosy fulness in his countenance. A hale and prosperous self-importance sits upon it, and looks out with a conscious benignity from the enveloping wig.

Without being in the least a man of genius, or even of fresh and enduring intellectual vigour, Hurd was distinguished by clear penetration, methodical aptitude, and considerable literary skill. 'He had a peculiar bent for tracing moral effects to their causes, and much ingenuity in framing hypotheses to account for phenomena.' He was also gifted with discrimination of character, and power in seizing its prominent parts. He had the analytic imagination of the critic, without any of the vivid and creative power which colours and fashions into impressive shapes original conceptions. His analytic expository tendency amounted to a weakness. As we have already said, he took to pieces and theorized over the component parts of a fine passage or metaphor, instead of illuminating his subject with one ray of comprehensive insight. Johnson has dwelt hardly on this feature of his intellectual character. He has also hit, in his rough way, Hurd's minute precision as a critic. 'Sir, he's a word-picker,' was the emphatic remark to his faithful Boswell. Even his admiring biographer allows that he partook of the 'fastidiousness and over-refinement which characterized Gray, Mason, and others of the same school; neither can he be cleared from

a share of that superciliousness which conscious talent is apt with some to engender, and of that arrogance and disposition to undervalue his opponents which drew so much odium upon Bishop Warburton.'

What will perhaps strike a modern reader most in his works is their want of interest. It is impossible any longer to read them save as a literary task. They mark an epoch in literary criticism, and in the eighteenth century theology of the Church of England. The school of formal rhetoric and of court theology are more markedly expressed in Hurd perhaps than in any other. The parallel at which we have already hinted strikes us as true. Very much what Hugh Blair was in Scotland, Hurd was in England. There are many points of resemblance between the two,—the same cold and formal elegance—the same over-analysis of the elements of literary composition—the same love for phrasing, hiding rather than expressing a clear meaning—the same finicalness, dignity, and professional grace. Had they been acquainted, which they do not seem to have been, they would have acknowledged each other's greatness. In both we see the appropriate expression of their time,—a time of narrow and meagre intellectualism—of polite, but formal and feeble, Christianity—of graceful sentimentalism—of literary activity without life or earnestness, or (with a few rare exceptions) enduring power. We have difficulty in realizing a time so different from our own. But only on this account the more, perhaps, does it claim our attention, as it may reward our study. In the midst of our high pressure, our too subjective philosophy, theology, and literature, we may perhaps gather from the calm moralizing, and the cool objective, if shallow thought of Hurd and Blair, some useful cautions and corrective lessons.

- ART. V.—1. *Railway Accidents; their Cause, and Means of Prevention: detailing particularly the various Contrivances which are in use, and have been proposed.* By Capt. MARK HUISE, Assoc. Inst. C.E. Edited by CHARLES MANBY, Sec. Inst. C.E. Lond., 1858.
2. *The Economy of Railways as a Means of Transit.* By BRAITHWAITE POOLE, Assoc. Inst. C.E. Lond., 1856.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Accidents on Railways, with Minutes of Evidence.* Lond., 1858.
4. *Report on the Proceedings of the Board of Trade relating to Railways in 1858.* By Capt. DOUGLAS GALTON, R.E. Lond., June 20, 1859.
5. *Report upon the Accidents which have occurred on Railways during the Year 1858.* By Capt. DOUGLAS GALTON, R.E. Lond., 1858.
6. *Reports upon certain Accidents on Railways in the Years 1860 and 1861.* Lond., 1860, 1861.
7. *On the Results of Trials of varieties of Iron Permanent Way.* By F. FOX, M. Inst. C.E. Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution, Feb. 19 and Feb. 26, 1861.

THE subject of railway accidents is one of universal interest. In every quarter of the globe where life is sacred, the history of railway disasters is perused like the pages of a romance, though the heart may recoil, and the blood curdle, under its fearful details. In all its forms, whether witnessed or described, death has an appalling aspect. Even amid the tenderest affections and the brightest hopes, the vital spark seldom departs with a smile. In the battle-field, death may be comely to the soldier's eye, even amid the agonies which make it welcome. When the earthquake swallows a village population in its yawning crevices, or when the foundering ship casts into the deep its freight of life, the suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe divest it of those phases of horror which are impressed upon excruciating and lingering deaths. We are awe-struck, indeed, with the magnitude of the disaster; but our tears are shed over the grave of earth or of coral in which our friends have been embalmed. It is different, however, with other catastrophes to which our physical being is exposed. When the Divine image is rudely marred, and the human form cruelly defaced, death presents itself in its most appalling aspect.

In the ordinary accidents to which the wayfaring traveller was exposed, the loss of life was numerically small, and, even in their worst form, they were but rarely marked with those tragical accompaniments which thrill through the human frame. The

mail and the stage coach were never chargeable with many homicides, and a few dislocated joints or broken limbs, or cerebral disturbances, were the principal crimes of which they were convicted. In our own day, however, when animal power has been replaced by tremendous forces, which hurry us on our journey with reckless speed, the traveller is subject to dangers greater in number and more severe in character than any to which he was formerly exposed. But numerous as these accidents are, the railway carriage is yet the safest and most luxurious conveyance. While the train is almost on the wing,—rivalling the eagle in its flight, rushing along the narrow embankment or the lofty viaduct, or above the precipice with the sea raging at its base,—the passengers are reclining on their easy couch, reading or writing, thinking, or sleeping, or dreaming, as if they were under their own roof-tree, and safer in many respects than there, for the highwayman cannot rob them by day, nor the burglar alarm them at night. The steam horse starts neither at the roar of the thunder-storm, nor the flash of its light. In its race through the insalubrious marsh we reach the pure air before the poison has begun its work; and, with conductors around us, the timid traveller contemplates without alarm the forked messenger of destruction, when shivering the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man.

This picture, however, has its counterpart. Gravitation will not cease, nor crime slumber, when trains go by. Boulders of stone descend upon the iron pathway. Trees are thrown across it by the storm. The self-murderer lies down upon it. The drunkard sleeps upon it. The cattle stray upon it, and the felon maliciously obstructs it. The plate-layer and the mechanist, too, may have erred in their work. The wheel and axle of the locomotive may be unsound in material. The frost may unshackle the atoms of iron; and from one of these various causes, the train, in its rapid flight, may be thrown over a bridge, an embankment, or a viaduct, and its freight of life crushed under its fragments of wood or of iron.

More alarming still is the collision when opposing trains, like infuriated bulls, rush into the embrace of death,—carriage piled upon carriage, tearing in pieces or crushing to atoms the precious life which they bear—the mother with the infant at her breast—the father taking his children to school—the bridal pair hastening to their honeymoon—the long lost pilgrim in sight of his home—the soldier, the sailor, the civilian, speeding to their duties or their pleasures,—all in the flush of life and hope,—swept to a cruel grave, unwarned and unprepared for the change.

A scene like this,—the carnage of peace more appalling than that of war, can never be forgotten. However rare its occurrence,

and however small the risk to which the traveller is really exposed, yet the horrors of a railway accident rivet themselves in the imagination, and abate all the pleasures which the scenes through which he passes would have otherwise inspired.

Exposed to such dangers, and deprived almost by statute of other means of travel, the public are entitled to every possible protection, not only from the railway companies, but from the State itself. The subject has recently been brought before the Legislature, and the time has arrived when causes of railway accidents must be carefully investigated, and every means taken to prevent them which wealth can command or science devise.

In order to bring this subject fully before our readers, we must lay before them a brief account of the railway system in Great Britain and Ireland.

The following table shows the state of our railways from 1846 to 1859 :—

Years.	Railway Acts.	Length of Line Authorized.	Amount Authorized to be Raised.
		Miles.	
1846	270	4588	L.182,617,368
1847	190	1354	39,460,128
1848	85	871	15,274,287
1849	84	16	9,911,331
1850	34	8	4,115,632
1851	61	185	9,553,275
1852	51	244	4,383,884
1853	106	940	15,517,601
1854	71	482	9,211,602
1855	73	863	9,192,038
1856	59	822	5,784,426
1857	82	663	10,336,413
1858	78	328	6,834,705

Of the 328 miles authorized in 1858, 174 were in England and Wales, 73 in Scotland, and 81 in Ireland.

The total extent of line sanctioned by Parliament down to the beginning of 1859 amounted to 15,654 miles, 1610 of which have been abandoned. Powers have therefore been granted for 14,049 miles, of which 9506 were open at the beginning of 1859, and were thus distributed :—

	Open on Jan. 1, 1859.	Authorized on Jan. 1, 1859
	Miles.	Miles.
England and Wales, . . .	6976	10,106
Scotland,	1342	1,880
Ireland,	1189	2,063
Total,	9506	14,049

The total amount of money actually raised by shares or on loan, to the beginning of 1859, was L.325,375,507.

It is interesting to observe the difference in the gauge of the railways in the three kingdoms.

In England, 5976 miles are constructed on the narrow gauge, 749 on the broad gauge, and 261 on the mixed gauge; while in Scotland all the lines are on the narrow gauge, and in Ireland all of them on the Irish gauge.

When the traffic is not very great, and especially when short lines are required through thinly-peopled districts, single lines of railway have been constructed, and have proved the most lucrative. Of these railways there are 3148 miles,—1897 in England, 498 in Scotland, and 753 in Ireland.

On the 30th June 1858, 9323 miles were open for traffic, and the number of persons employed on them amounted to 109,329, or 11·72 persons per mile.

The financial position of our railways is a subject of great interest. We have already seen that L.325,375,507 had been raised at January 1, 1859, which corresponds with an expenditure of L.34,243 per mile, of which there has been spent for Parliamentary and legal expenses, 6 per cent.; land and compensation, 18 per cent.; works, 66 per cent.; and rolling stock, 10 per cent.

It deserves special notice, that though the cost of railways in the United Kingdom has averaged L.34,243 per mile—namely, L.38,779 in England, L.27,532 in Scotland, and L.15,061 in Ireland—yet the average cost of lines for which Acts have been obtained since 1848 has been only L.10,500 per mile,—viz., L.12,600 in England, L.8700 in Scotland, and L.6600 in Ireland!

The amount of money raised to the 1st January 1859 has been,—

		Interest per cent. payable.
By Ordinary Share Capital,	L.181,837,781	8·06
By Preference Shares,	61,854,547	4·63
By Loans,	81,683,179	4·63
Total,	L.325,375,507	8·75

The following was the state of the passenger traffic in 1857, compared with 1858, when the panic created a stagnation in trade :—

	Passengers.	No. conveyed per mile.
1857,	139,008,888	15,617
1858,	139,193,699	14,944

The receipts from passengers are—

		Receipts per mile.
1857,	L.10,592,798	L.1191
1858,	10,376,309	1112

The following are the general results of the traffic :—

In England in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	.	.	.	15,162,796
" 2d "	.	.	.	36,199,373
" 3d " and Parliamentary,	.	.	.	64,568,572
Holders of Periodical Tickets,	.	.	.	36,216
Total,	.	.	.	115,956,957

Passenger and other Traffic on British Railways. 403

General Merchandise,	21,287,649 tons.
Minerals,	88,298,709 "
Cattle,	1,770,846 "
Sheep,	5,587,180 "
Pigs,	1,371,898 "

In Scotland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	1,983,821
" 2d "	2,150,334
" 3d " and Parliamentary,	10,647,854
Holders of Periodical Tickets,	6,959
Total,	14,788,968

General Merchandise,	2,895,916 tons.
Minerals,	9,040,908 "
Cattle,	816,458 "
Sheep,	1,062,688 "
Pigs,	47,496 "

In Ireland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	1,155,767
" 2d "	8,343,582
" 3d " and Parliamentary,	8,929,038
Holders of Periodical Tickets,	19,387
Total,	8,447,774

General Merchandise,	1,071,055 tons.
Minerals,	180,064 "
Cattle,	236,001 "
Sheep,	888,392 "
Pigs,	629,725 "

In Great Britain and Ireland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	18,802,384
" 2d "	41,693,289
" 3d " and Parliamentary,	79,145,464
Holders of Periodical Tickets,	52,562
Total,	189,193,699

General Merchandise,	25,654,620 tons.
Minerals,	47,469,676 "
Cattle,	2,823,805 "
Sheep,	6,988,160 "
Pigs,	2,048,619 "

It is interesting to notice in the above table the small number of third class passengers in Ireland, and the large number of the second class, in reference to the whole, the two numbers being nearly equal; while in Scotland the *third* class passengers are very large, and *five* times more numerous than the *second* class. It is curious, also, to notice the large number of holders of periodical tickets in Ireland, namely, 19,387, while in 1857 they were only 9207!

In 1858, in Great Britain and Ireland, the receipts from all sources, and the working expenses, were as follows:—

Passengers, 1st Class,	L.3,002,888
" 2d "	8,527,877
" 3d "	8,616,192
Miscellaneous, Parcels, Luggage, Horses, etc.,	1,551,497
Total of Passenger Receipts,	L.11,697,904

General Merchandise,	7,711,886 tons
Minerals,	4,046,061 "
Live Stock,	501,898 "
					<hr/>
Total from all Sources,	L.23,956,749
Total Working Expenses,	11,738,807
Ratio of Working Expenses to Receipts, 49 to 100.					

The following are the average receipts :—

No. of Passengers.	Goods per ton.	Minerals per ton.	Cattle, Sheep, etc., per head.
1s. 5d.	6s. 2d.	1s. 8d.	1s.

It is a remarkable fact, that though the length of railways in the United Kingdom had increased by above 400 miles, the receipts were less in 1858 than in 1857 by L.219,861, and the working expenses 49 per cent. of the receipts instead of 47 per cent. as in 1857. In several of the railways, however, both in England and Scotland, the traffic had materially improved in 1859.

Having thus given a general idea of the work done upon the railways of the United Kingdom, we come now to treat of the number, the nature, and the causes of the accidents on railways, and of the best means by which they may be prevented or diminished.

The following table contains the total number of accidents to passengers, from causes beyond their own control, between January 1, 1850, and June 30, 1858 :—

	Passengers.		No. of Passengers.	Proportion to No. of Passengers.	
	Killed.	Injured		Killed.	Injured.
England, .	114	2496	756,060,598	1 in 6,632,110	1 in 302,909
Scotland, .	10	301	105,995,167	1 in 10,599,516	1 in 352,143
Ireland, .	18	33	58,106,157	1 in 2,228,119	1 in 1,760,792
Total, . .	142	2830	920,161,922	1 in 6,480,013	1 in 325,222

It is interesting to observe that the safety to passengers is not very far from *twice* as great in Scotland as in England, and *five* times as great in Scotland as in Ireland.

The two following tables contain the classes of persons to whom accidents happened, and the numbers killed and injured in 1858 :

PASSENGERS.	ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.		Total on all Railways.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
Killed or Injured from causes beyond their own control,	25	386	1	28	—	10	26	419
Do. from own conduct or want of caution,	21	13	2	1	2	4	25	18
Total, . .	46	399	3	24	2	14	51	437

In the following table is given the number of *Servants* of the

companies or contractors, and others who have been killed or injured from various causes in 1858 :—

PASSENGERS.	ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.		Total on all Railways.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
From causes beyond their control, . . .	10	47	6	1	1	4	17	52
From misconduct or want of caution, . . .	71	31	80	11	13	7	114	49
At level crossings, . . .	17	4	1	—	8	1	21	5
Trespassers, . . .	46	8	10	1	6	2	62	11
Suicide, . . .	4	—	1	—	—	—	5	—
Miscellaneous, . . .	5	—	—	1	1	1	6	2
Total of Servants and Passengers, . . .	199	489	51	88	26	29	276	55
No. of Passengers conveyed, . . .	115,956,957		14,788,968		8,447,774		139,193,699	

Hence it appears that 1 passenger only has been killed in every 5,353,603, while in the $8\frac{1}{2}$ years from 1850 to the middle of 1858, 1 was killed in every 6,480,013 passengers, showing that the security to life has diminished in 1858. In like manner, in 1858, 1 was injured in every 332,204 passengers, while in the period of $8\frac{1}{2}$ years, 1 was injured in every 325,222, showing that the security against injury has been diminished in 1858.

The next step of our inquiry is to ascertain the causes of these accidents, and their relative influences. In Captain Galton's Report for 1858, the accidents during that year are divided into two classes—

I. Accidents appertaining to the Rolling Stock of Roads.

II. Accidents appertaining to the Management.

I. From Rolling Stock and Road.

	Persons	
	Killed.	Injured.
1. From Engines or Carriages getting off the Rails, . . .	6	29
2. Fracture of Axles, Tyres of Engines or Carriages, . . .	3	30
3. From Explosion of Boilers, . . .	6	16

II. Appertaining to Management.

4. Collisions from Trains following each other on the same Line of Rails, . . .	17	217
5. Collisions from Trains and Engines following on the same Line of Rails, . . .	—	44
6. Collisions from Waggons or Carriages moving back on a Line of Rails, and following a Train or meeting a Train approaching in an opposite direction, . . .	—	9
7. Collisions from Shunting at Stations, Sidings, or Platforms, . . .	1	68
8. Accidents near Stations at Facing Points, . . .	3	11
9. Collisions at Junctions, . . .	4	29
10. Collisions on single Lines, between Trains meeting in opposite directions, . . .	—	1
11. Accidents at Level Crossings, . . .	4	2
12. Persons in Trains struck against Standing Works, . . .	4	1
13. Accidents from Trains entering Stations at too high a speed, . . .	3	18
14. From Miscellaneous Causes, . . .	8	2
Total, . . .	54	477

It is of importance to know how often these different causes of accidents occur, as the number of persons killed or injured is no indication of the danger arising from any cause of accident, since there may be a larger number of sufferers from a single operation of the cause. The recent return for 1860 enables us to do this:—

Number of Accidents to Trains, and Number of the Sufferers from them, in 1860.

	No. of Accidents.	Passengers.		Servants of Companies.	
		Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
<i>I. Passenger Trains.</i>					
Collisions between Passenger Trains, .	12	12	191	-	6
Collisions between do., and other Trains or Engines, .	33	10	216	8	18
Trains running into Sidings, or off the Line, and running against other Trains or Works, .	2	-	8	-	8
Trains or portion getting off the Line, .	11	1	25	1	9
Axles or Wheels of Carriages breaking,	2	-	-	-	-
Axles or Wheels of Engine breaking, etc.,	2	5	13	4	-
Couplings or Springs breaking,	1	-	-	-	-
Trains running too quickly into Stations,	1	-	15	-	-
Trains in Collision with Gates or Carts at Level Crossings, .	2	-	1	-	-
Total to Passenger Trains, .	68	29	479	8	36
<i>II. Goods Trains.</i>					
Collisions between Goods Trains or Single Engines, .	1	-	-	2	8
Goods Trains getting off the Rail,	2	-	-	3	8
Axles or Wheels breaking,	2	-	-	-	-
Bursting of Boilers, .	1	-	-	1	1
Total to Goods Trains, . .	6	-	-	6	7
Total to All Trains, . .	74	85	479	14	43

In 1860, therefore, the total number of persons killed was 49, and 52 injured.

Having thus obtained an accurate knowledge of the number, nature, and causes of railway accidents, we proceed to consider the means which have been taken, and which remain to be taken, for preventing them.

The attention of the Legislature was long ago turned to this important subject, and the Board of Trade was empowered to inspect every railway before it was opened, and to require that every arrangement should be made necessary for the safety of the public. They received, also, by the Act 3 and 4 Vict., the power of inspecting railways at any time they chose. The Board has no other power, not even that of inquiring into accidents, and examining the servants of the companies. Since

1840, however, they have assumed this power, and the railway companies have never objected to the exercise of it. Lord Campbell's Act, for making companies liable in a pecuniary penalty in the cases of fatal accidents to passengers,—the liability of railway officers at common law for the consequences of any breach of regulation, and of the companies themselves for every injury done to passengers in which neglect of any kind can be traced to the directors, have made it the vital interest of every company to prevent accidents on their line. The extreme difficulty of discovering the true causes of accidents, and the interest which the companies and their responsible servants have in concealing what may be the true cause, have, in many cases, prevented sufferers from receiving compensation. But it will appear from the following list of compensations, that large sums have been paid by several of the leading railway companies, either by the verdict of a jury, by arbitration, or by private agreement.

Sums Paid during Ten Years from Jan. 1, 1848, to Jan. 1, 1858.

London and North-Western,	L.60,574
London, Brighton, and South Coast,	44,816
South-Eastern,	77,831
Great Western,	19,909
Great Northern,	20,280
Lancashire and Yorkshire,	85,487
Eastern Counties,	46,524
East Lancashire,	8,325
Caledonian,	13,891
Chester and Holyhead,	8,179
Great Southern and Western,	25,811
Lancaster and Carlisle,	2,557
Midland,	21,867
North-Eastern,	48,989

L.424,190

As these returns are only from some railways, *half a million* of money will not nearly represent the losses sustained by all the railway companies of the kingdom, from the accidents that have taken place on their lines. It was stated, indeed, by Mr Bentinck in Parliament, that a million of money will hardly cover the losses thus incurred.

Towards the end of 1857, when several fatal collisions had taken place, the attention of the House of Commons was called to the subject, and a "Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the causes of railway accidents, and into the possibility of removing any such causes by further legislation." Mr G. W. P. Bentinck, M.P. for the Western Division of Norfolk, was chairman of the committee, which consisted of *eleven* members, a majority of whom—namely, *six*—were directly connected with railway companies. Their report was presented to Parliament in June 1858, and has acquired new interest from its having been recently

the subject of discussion in the House of Commons. After examining officers of the Board of Trade, eminent engineers, directors, and other officials of railway companies, they reported:—

1. That railway accidents may be classified under three heads—*inattention of servants*; *defective material* in the works or rolling stock; and *excessive speed*.

2. That the carelessness of the men employed, and the insufficiency of material, can be best checked by the companies themselves. That, from the serious losses incurred by any accident, it was sufficiently the interest of the companies to pay minute attention to these points; but as cases had occurred in which these points had been neglected by the companies, the Board of Trade should be invested with the fullest powers to investigate and report to Parliament upon every accident.

3. That a rate of speed, considerably in excess of what is considered safe by the great majority of the witnesses, is sometimes attained on many of the lines.

4. That this speed has arisen chiefly from the want of *strict* punctuality in the departure and arrival of trains, leading to an excess of speed to make up for lost time.

5. That the Legislature should not interfere ‘on the question of the extreme speed at which trains should travel;’ but that perfect regularity in the time of departure and arrival might be attained by legislative interference, to the extent of allowing the public means of obtaining prompt and cheap redress in the recovery of penalties for want of punctuality.

6. That it should be made imperative on railway companies to advertise a sufficient time beforehand the exact hour of departure and arrival at each station.

7. That it should be imperative to establish a necessary communication between guards and engine-drivers.

8. That it may be advisable to enforce a system of telegraphic communication, and enact that no trains should depart till the line is ascertained to be clear.

9. That, as the largest proportion of accidents arise from collision, a system of telegraphic communication would be a most effective means of preventing them.

10. That arrangements about night-signals, breaks, and other precautions, should be left in the hands of the railway authorities.

11. That it is incumbent on the Railway Board to apply to Parliament for further powers to carry out the above recommendations, *which would tend greatly to diminish* railway accidents.

Although this report was published nearly *three* years ago, no measures were adopted to carry its recommendations into effect; but in the latter half of 1860, the occurrence of no fewer than

46 accidents, by which 32 persons were killed and 383¹ injured, roused the sympathy of the public, and, we believe, induced Mr Bentinck to bring the matter before the House of Commons. He accordingly, on the 12th of March, moved a resolution that the Government should enforce the adoption by all railway companies of those precautions against accidents, which, by the general testimony of railway officials, were shown to be desirable. The subject, strange to say, excited little interest; and the opposition of Mr Milner Gibson, the President of the Board of Trade, and of various railway officials and shareholders, induced² Mr Bentinck to withdraw his resolution.

The two points urged during the discussion were, that it would be inexpedient to relieve railway companies of their present liability by legislative interference, and that, though many means of security were necessary, the Board of Trade could not decide upon the proper measures, such as the best mode of intercommunication, and the House should not settle by enactment what these measures of precaution should be.

With all respect for our legislators and railway directors, we venture to say that we have never read anything so puerile and illogical as the objections made to Mr Bentinck's resolution. The adoption of that resolution could not have the remotest tendency to relieve the railway companies of their responsibility. Supposing, for example, that the Board of Trade ordered every company to establish an intercommunication between the guard and driver, and the guard and each carriage, and that this was done by calling into exercise all the mechanical science of the country, how could such a measure, when carried into effect, throw the responsibility from the company upon the Board of Trade? If accidents were occasioned by this contrivance, the Government might be held morally responsible, just as they are for all their measures; but if lives are saved by it, as it is admitted they must be, there can be no other responsibility than that which must fall upon the company if the machinery is ill constructed or negligently worked. The Board of Trade at present will not allow a railway to be opened without the authority of their inspectors. Should an accident happen upon the opening of the line from the imperfection of the permanent way, or the instability of a bridge or a viaduct, the company would still be liable for the consequences, even though the Government officials had failed in their duty. The Government, in short,

¹ Of this number, 20 were killed and 73 injured in the course of *ten weeks* by two collisions,—one on the 4th September on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the other on the London and North-Western on the 16th November.

² It was stated by Mr Baillie that the proportion of railway accidents in England to those in Germany was as 9 to 1, and to those in France as 7 to 1,—a result which could arise only from the surveillance of their Governments.

could give all their influence and assistance to the directors as their friends, as well as the friends of the public, and renounce all responsibility for their arrangements. In foreign countries, where the Government regulates everything, the responsibility of the companies is in no respect diminished. Acting under the highest scientific advice, for which railway directors seldom apply, the Government imposes regulations which are as beneficial to the company as they are to the public. Whether the Government interferes partially, as ours does, or completely, as foreign Governments do, the railway companies are bound, and not the Government, to convey passengers with safety, to employ sound materials, to engage the best mechanists, to have a sufficient number of the best servants, and to use every reasonable precaution; and we can hardly conceive by what dictate of common sense, or what principle of law, the responsibility of an accident could be thrown upon the Government.

We had hoped that the press would have taken up this subject, and stimulated the Government to extend and render legal the powers over railways which it has already so wisely assumed; but we have been greatly disappointed. The railway atmosphere is so widely diffused, breathing almost into every household, that, we presume, the press is not placed beyond its limits. It would be in vain to argue with a writer who, while he admits that 'under Mr Bentinck's system the railway companies would be less able to evade certain specified duties,' gravely maintains '*that they would escape altogether from the responsibility which now covers all duties!*'¹ 'It is incorrect to say,' observes a writer in the *Times* in reply to these statements, 'that these regulations (those of Mr Bentinck) would lessen the responsibility of railway companies. Railways cannot be opened till a Government inspector gives his sanction. Does this involve responsibility? The Board of Trade, it is well known, licenses passenger vessels even on the Thames. It gives certificates of competence to all masters and mates of ships, yet accepts no special responsibility in doing so. Does not all government imply the existence of rules or laws which increase rather than lessen the responsibility of those for whose guidance they are made? Sooner or later, some such plan must be adopted. The sooner the better, the less will be the sacrifice of life and property, the less grave the responsibility of those who have the power to act, but who hesitate to make an effort. Nothing less than a wholesome supervision will prevent railway directors sacrificing everything to a mistaken parsimony, which, while it adds a few pounds to dividends, brings anguish to the hearts and homes of many.'²

¹ *Times*, March 14, 1861, p. 9.

² *Times*, March 21, p. 7.

We have already stated that the Select Committee of the House of Commons classify railway accidents under the three heads of inattention of servants, excessive speed, and defective material. We shall enumerate them differently, with a view of suggesting how each source of danger may be diminished or prevented. Railway accidents arise from the following causes :—

1. The condition of the permanent way.
2. Excessive speed.
3. Want of punctuality in the despatch and arrival of trains.
4. Want of a perfect telegraphic system.
5. Defective material.
6. Defective mechanism.
7. Want of intercommunication between the guard and driver, and between the passengers and driver.
8. Obstructions on the line.
9. Inattention of servants.

1. On the Condition of the Permanent Way.

An excellent and well-kept road, whether for ordinary or railway carriages, is the source of all safety for travellers. In railway travelling it is pre-eminently necessary, and we do not scruple to say that the best form of a railway line has not yet been ascertained. The first element in the inquiry is, the breadth of gauge, or the distance between the iron rails. Narrow gauges are clearly less safe than broad ones ; and in reference to the risk of going off the line and being overturned, the safety must increase with the breadth of gauge. We presume that the broad gauge, used on the Great Western, is regarded as the widest that it would be convenient to adopt, though we think this is a point on which science, guided by experience, has not given its decision.

With regard to the nature of the line, it cannot be doubted that an absolutely rectilinear railway is the safest and the most economical, and that every deviation is a source of danger, and might in many cases be avoided. In passing stations especially, and sidings, where obstructions are most likely to occur, a straight path is essentially necessary ; and wherever it has been found expedient, from economy or any other cause, to alter the direction or introduce a curve, a change should, if possible, be made.

The form and condition of the iron rails is the next point of interest. Sufficient attention has not been given to this fundamental question. A smooth continuous way is absolutely necessary for the economy of the rolling stock, and the comfort and safety of the passenger. Rails of superior weight and strength are required to bear the impact of monster locomotives at high speed, and the heavy merchandise which now passes over them. When contracting for rails for Egypt, Mr R. Stephenson adopted the

test fixed by the Sardinian engineers,—namely, to let fall, from a height of 16 feet, a weight of from 2 to 3 cwt.,—a process better fitted to discover defective rails than subjecting them to a still weight. Under this test only one or two of the Egyptian rails failed. Rails laminate, split and bend, and transverse fractures are of frequent occurrence; so that, as Captain Huish observes, it is difficult to maintain the gauge of the line under present weights. In the Lyons Railway, where 27 fractures of rails, and 1200 fractures of chairs, had taken place from 1849 to 1854, the company adopted the following mode of testing them. The rails were divided into lots, each lot being the result of several days' manufacture, and the chairs into lots being the result of one casting. About 1 per cent. of both rails and chairs were then selected; and if they did not bear the appointed test, the lot to which the imperfect rail and chairs belonged was rejected. Numerous fractures of rails, which occurred on the main line of the Eastern French Railway in 1852, were ascribed to inequalities in the wheels of the engines and tenders; and in the Nanteuil tunnel, where they were constantly occurring, they were rendered much less numerous by adding a fifth sleeper.

Several varieties of a continuous rolled iron permanent way have been recently and carefully tried in England, but they have been condemned by the most eminent engineers. Transverse sleepers are now preferred to longitudinal timber, and the steeling of the rails has been found to increase their durability.

As many accidents have taken place at level crossings and sidings, these peculiarities should, as far as possible, be avoided. On the London and North-Western Railway, 53 miles of siding were added within a few years; but fortunately the *facing points* have been greatly increased in number.

In order to supersede the personal attendance of pointsmen, self-acting switches have been introduced; but though they are allowed to be useful, it is said that many accidents have arisen from a reliance upon them. Captain Huish has denounced as dangerous all mechanical contrivances for superseding personal inspection and manipulation; but it is surely possible to make the one auxiliary to the other,—to cause the switches to act only in the necessary absence of the pointsman.

It is obvious from these considerations, that the sound condition of the permanent way is essential to the safety of the traveller. Almost all accidents arising from the trains going off the line, have arisen from defects or obstructions on the line; and though Captain Huish has stated 'that fewer accidents to life and property arise from the road than from any other cause,' yet Captain Galton assures us that out of 41 accidents that

happened in 1857, 21 were from the trains going off the rails, and only 20 from collisions.¹

Under these circumstances it can hardly be doubted that, while the Board of Trade is bound to inspect the permanent way before any line is opened, and have the power, which they do not exercise, of inspecting it at any other time, they ought to make periodical inspections of every line in the kingdom, and take care that the poverty of particular lines, and the ill-judged economy of others, are not inducements to neglect repairs and improvements which the public safety demands. Nor is the daily inspection of the line less important, owing to great and sudden changes of weather and other causes; but this of course can be done only by the railway servants, as in France, where the divisional inspectors examine the condition of the whole length of the rails *every morning* before they commence their occupations, and report this examination of the rails *every evening*. This periodical inspection of the permanent way ought certainly to be imposed by statute on the Board of Trade, and its inspection twice a-day by the railway officers, the responsibility necessarily remaining with the company.

2. Excessive Speed as a Cause of Accidents.

There can be no doubt that excessive speed is a fertile cause of accidents. In express trains, where very high speed is the rule, the best carriages, the best locomotives, and the best machinery of every kind, is used; and as every functionary is on the alert, and the line more carefully cleared and watched, these trains are perhaps the safest, notwithstanding the greatness of their speed. Still, however, excessive speed is dangerous, even when it is the rule upon any line. Almost all the evidence taken before the Select Committee proves this. The greater the speed, the greater is the risk of collision. High speed also increases the 'strain upon the material, and upon all those parts that may be defective, although not outwardly so;' and it increases the tendency of the train to go off the line. It gives 'less time for pulling up, and seeing signals;' and 'in certain states of the atmosphere, when the signals cannot be clearly distinguished, it increases the danger.' Some engineers think that 35 miles an hour is a safe speed, though the general opinion is that 40 or 45 miles should be the limit.

If a high regulated speed is a cause of accident, how dangerous must excessive speed be when it is not the rule, but adopted in order to make up for time lost from detention during the journey,

¹ It was suggested by Mr W. B. Adams, in order to keep the permanent way in safe condition for passengers, that a separate roadway should be formed for merchandise traffic.

or from want of punctuality in the dispatch of trains! This is frequently done when, 'with a heavy load and a deficiency of steam power, the trains are compelled to travel slowly up an incline.' They are 'then obliged to run down the next incline, and over level places with curves, at a greater speed,' and thus expose the passengers to serious dangers.'

It has been objected to the limitation of speed, 'that the absence of any restrictive enactment has led to improvements in the rolling stock and permanent way, which have made it as safe to travel at the rate of 50 miles an hour as it was formerly at the rate of 30;' but admitting this to be true, we have surely now arrived at a velocity sufficient for all social purposes, and may well permit the Government to say, that additional speed can be neither beneficial to railway companies nor to the public.

Taking these facts into consideration, eminent engineers are of opinion that Government should fix a limit of speed, and enforce punctuality in the dispatch and arrival of trains,—the responsibility, of course, arising out of the interference, remaining with the company.

3. *Punctuality in the Dispatch and Arrival of Trains.*

That punctuality in the dispatch of trains is an essential element of safe travelling, was admitted by every witness before the Select Committee. The excessive speed, and its attendant accidents, are the necessary results of irregularity in the times of the trains; and Captain Huish remarks that, 'whenever an accident occurs, the press and public opinion, expressed through a jury, seize on this point as the primary cause of the mischief.' He thinks, however, that 'an undue stress has been attached to a rigid adherence to punctuality;' and he is of opinion that, under a well-regulated system of signals, and with a well-disciplined staff, *the greatest irregularity*, whatever inconvenience it may produce, *ought not* to lead to danger. He illustrates this by the arrangements made at the time of the Great Exhibition, when 775,000 persons, in addition to ordinary passengers, were safely conducted to Euston Square by 24,000 extra carriages. This was effected by Captain Huish by the following method:— 'The running speed of all excursion trains *was fixed* with reference to their weight;' and a telegraphic system adopted, by which 'the arrival at, and the departure of each train from, every terminus, was retransmitted from every important station, and repeated as the train passed in both directions. A time bill was then constructed according to the *prescribed table of speeds*,' from which experimental, in place of theoretical, times were acted upon. The advantage of such arrangements was so good, that 'in 1851, during which 7,900,000—nearly eight millions of pas-

sengers (about one-third of the population of England)—travelled on the London and North-Western Railway, only one person was killed.' In this accident Captain Huish himself sustained injury; and he assures us that the casualty 'was the effect of the *gravest disobedience of orders.*'

If it be correct, as Captain Huish asserts, that the press and the public regard want of punctuality as the primary cause of accidents, it is surely necessary to enforce punctuality by legislative interference. We have already seen that the Select Committee have recommended an indirect legislative interference for the purpose of enforcing punctuality, by affording to any passenger a cheap method of obtaining compensation when he is aggrieved by want of punctuality. Independent of the additional danger to which he is exposed, a passenger may suffer pecuniary loss by the detention of trains. He may be too late for transacting commercial or other business of importance. He may be exposed to great expense and loss by missing another train, or a ship which is to carry him to some distant shore. The medical man may come too late to save the life of a patient; and professional persons of all classes, who reside at a distance from their places of business, must be exposed to great inconvenience and pecuniary loss by want of punctuality in the despatch and arrival of trains. The refusal of the House of Commons to carry out the plan of their own Select Committee is to be much regretted; and we fear that 'the press and the public' will be allowed to attribute railway accidents to unpunctuality as their primary cause, till some startling accident, fearful in its details and wide in its sympathies, shall thrill through the legislative mind, and summon them to their duty.

4. *Want of a Perfect Telegraphic System.*

Among the recommendations of the Select Committee, one of the most important is that of 'enforcing a system of telegraphic communication,' and of 'enacting that no trains should be despatched till the line is cleared.' Such a system they consider as a most effective means of preventing railway accidents, the greatest proportion of which arise from collisions.' We have already seen that a system of this kind was successfully adopted by Captain Huish at the time of the Great Exhibition. It is now in use on parts of the Great Northern, the London and North-Western Railway, the South-Eastern, and some other lines. If this system were universally introduced, and if, on certain lengths of line, only one train could be travelling, no accident from collision could ever happen.

This security is obtained by dividing the line into certain lengths of three or four miles, and establishing a telegraphic

communication between these stations. When a train starts from any town and arrives at the first station, they telegraph back to the town to say that the line is clear, so that they may start off a second train, then, as soon as the first train has passed station No. 2; No. 2 telegraphs back to No. 1 that the *second* portion of the line is clear, and so on. In some cases the stations employed are the regular traffic stations. By telegraphing from each station to those on either side of it, every portion of the line is necessarily clear before any train enters upon it, and no collision can take place. The wires which connect these stations are used solely for the working of the line, and cannot be employed for any other purpose.

Such being the advantages of a system of telegraphic communication, the expense attending it is the only possible objection to its introduction. The cost of it has been stated at from L.20 to L.25 per mile, beside that of additional servants; and as an interval of space is necessarily interposed between the trains, there must be some loss from the limitation of the traffic. But if it proves the means of saving life, and also large sums given to those who suffer in collisions, the adoption of the telegraphic system would be a measure of economy as well as of mercy; and were Government to enforce it, the responsibility of working it effectually would remain with the companies.

5. On Defective Material as a Cause of Accidents.

A grave source of accidents, not only from the plant on the rolling stock of railways, but from every kind of machinery used in our factories, is a deficiency, or rather imperfection, in the material employed. The first point to be considered is the nature of the material,—whether it should be wood, iron, or any other metal, or combination of metals. There can be no doubt that iron must be the material of our rails, and wood the material upon which they rest, iron and stones having been found less fitted for the purpose of sleepers. But there are different kinds of iron, as there are different kinds of wood. The best iron must be that which, from its atomical constitution, can oppose the best resistance to the various forces to which it is exposed. It is expanded by heat and contracted by cold; and every day of the year it is under the alternating influence of these opposite forces. As the material of a rail at rest, iron is exposed to enormous pressures, and to vibratory actions of different kinds; and as the material of wheels and pinions, of axles, tyres, levers, cranks, and boiler flues, in motion, it is subject to a still greater variety of forces.

But even when we have obtained iron of the finest quality, much depends upon the care with which it is applied. A flaw

in the weld, or the introduction of scorix, may in various parts of railway constructions be the cause of serious accidents; and when axles or lines have been broken, the fracture has not arisen from the speed, but from unsoundness in the material. The admirable experiments of Mr William Fairbairn on the effects of temperature¹ upon the tensile strength of wrought and rivet iron, as described in his two volumes, entitled, 'Useful Information for Engineers,' will be of great value to the railway engineer; but much requires to be done, with the aid of the chemist and the experimental philosopher, before we obtain the soundest and most durable material for our railway constructions.

Some idea may be obtained of the effects of defective material, from a remarkable table, published by Captain Huish, entitled, 'Analysis of *one thousand* cases of engine failures and defects on the London and North-Western and subsidiary Railways, the stock of engines being 587.' Here we read of 157 burst or leaky tubes, 92 broken springs, 89 broken valve-spindles, 77 broken or defective pumps, 40 broken piston-rods and pistons, 13 broken cranks and other axles, 13 broken reversing levers, etc.; and though the return is spread over a lengthened period, and the breakages may have in many cases arisen from bad mechanism, yet many of them must have been owing to defective material.

6. *On Defective Workmanship as a Cause of Accidents.*

The table of failures in locomotives to which we have just referred, may give us some idea of the risks to which the traveller is exposed, when the very machine which conducts a long and heavy train is subject to so many evils. Captain Huish assures us that very few of these failures are attended with any direct danger to the public, though, by producing a temporary or permanent inability of the engine to carry on its train, it may be the remote cause of collision. Many improvements have been, from time to time, introduced into the form and proportions of the locomotive; and the delays and irregularities arising from its failures have been far less frequent than before. The most important parts of the engine—those from the failures of which accidents most commonly occur—are the wheels, axles, and axle-boxes. Wooden wheels, of which many kinds are in use, are deemed superior to iron ones. When the tire of a wheel fails, the wheel is in danger of flying to pieces; but the failure is rare, only six wheels having failed in four years on the very large stock of the London and North-Western Company.

¹ As an illustration of the effects of temperature upon metals, we may mention the condition of engraved copperplates that had been exposed to a high temperature. The plate was swelled to twice its thickness, and it was so weak that it was easily snapped in pieces between the fingers like the thinnest slice of an apple.

When the permanent way is in bad order, as regards the joints, the axles of engines and carriages are apt to be fractured, from the continual jars to which they are exposed; and as the speed increases, the jar will increase the tendency of an axle to break at some particular point. In support of this opinion, Captain Huish found that, 'after a number of repeated small blows upon a bar of iron, it will break in two;' and it is well known that an artificial magnet may be deprived of its magnetism by repeated blows when in a state of suspension, an effect which can arise only from a change in its internal structure. The strength of axles, too, must be greatly affected by their heating, occasioned by the introduction of dust into the grease which lubricates them. This evil has, indeed, been greatly remedied by the patent axle-box; but even with this improvement, in hot weather, and on a dusty line, it is difficult to keep the axles cool when the speed is considerable.

The risk of a fire in a passenger train from the heating of the axle, is a source of great danger and alarm; and hence the frequent lubrication of the axles is required in express trains. Cases of fires have not been numerous; and though there have been several narrow escapes, there has been no loss of life from this cause. Serious conflagrations have arisen from spontaneous combustion, occasioned by lucifer matches or other combustible materials in the luggage of passengers; and heated coke and sparks from the engine have sometimes set fire to luggage on the roof of the carriages. In merchandise trains, fires frequently take place from the presence of straw in the loading, or from the liability of the tarpaulin to ignite; but the substitution of covered waggons for open trucks has diminished this element of danger.

The want of breaks sufficiently numerous and powerful has been strongly stated by all the witnesses before the Select Committee, and by all the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade. Very few great collisions have taken place with fast trains, in which deficiency of break power has not been one of the principal causes; and when trains run off the line, or engines break down, the same cause adds greatly to the danger. If we conceive a train moving at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour, flying over 70 or 80 feet in a second, we may see the necessity of an instantaneous break power when an opposing train is in sight. Mr Newall, Mr Fay, and Mr Macconnel have taken out patents for breaks of a novel construction, and Colonel Yolland was charged by the Board to examine and report upon them. The breaks of Mr Fay and Mr Newall are called continuous, because they make them continuous for two or more carriages, —Mr Newall's being partly self-acting, while Mr Fay's are not.

Mr Maconnel's steam sledge-break consists of sledges or skids forced down upon the rails by the pressure of steam. They have been applied to four engines on the London and North-Western line, upon which they have been used with great success. The train is stopped by them instantly, without producing any appreciable effect upon the carriages or passengers; and an accident was once prevented at the Harrow station by the use of them. Colonel Yolland is of opinion, that while this break offers a guarantee against collisions, it increases 'the facility for engines leaving the line,' and is also costly in its application. While he was making experiments on these breaks, he had observed, what had been noticed also by Mr Fay, that in a favourable day, without wind, when the engine-driver whistled for the guard to apply the break, the whistle, though sounded for half a minute, and only twelve carriages intervened, was not heard by the guard; and hence Colonel Yolland has reported the following conclusions:—

1. That all express and fast trains should have continuous breaks fitted to the carriage, so that the weight on the wheels (including that on the engine and tender), to which breaks are applied, may amount to from 70 to 75 per cent. of the whole moving weight of each train,—the guard in the van next the tender working the breaks which have been fitted to that van alone, and the two or three adjoining carriages having their breaks wrought by that guard or the fireman, while the three or four continuous breaks at the tail of the train are wrought by the guard at the rear.

2. That a portion of the retarding force of the train should be self-acting, and capable of being immediately applied either by the guard or the driver after sounding the alarm.

3. That the use of the steam whistle is objectionable, and should be replaced by an alarm bell or gong at one extremity, to be pulled or rung by the driver or guard.

In reference to defective mechanism as a cause of accidents, the construction of common passenger carriages demands our consideration. It is not yet settled, as a matter of experience, whether these carriages are safest with four or six wheels. On the Great Northern they are four-wheeled, and very light; but though the locomotive engineer on that line thinks that they are quite safe from their lightness, he admits that if a wheel or axle of a six-wheeled carriage were to break, the remaining four 'would be more likely to make the vehicle safe,' than if only two wheels were left. 'It is theoretically correct,' he adds, 'that if you have six points tending to keep you on the railway, and a breakage takes place at one, the six points would be much more likely to hold on the rail.'

In the construction of passenger carriages, their strength, or power of resisting external pressure, and the nature of their interior fittings, require a degree of consideration which we believe has not been given to them. There are accidents, no doubt, of such a fearful character, that a carriage built of the strongest material, and combined in the most scientific manner, would be crushed to fragments; but there are other accidents from the effects of which such a carriage might save the passengers. Every carriage, therefore, should be built like a ship sent to struggle with ice in the Arctic regions, in order to resist the greatest pressures, and should be submitted to a severe test before it is placed on the line. The interior fittings require equal attention, in order to protect the passengers from injurious concussion when accidents do occur.

7. *On the want of Intercommunication between the Guard and Driver, and between the Passengers and Driver.*

The Select Committee on Railway Accidents of 1858, as we have already seen, consider 'that it should be imperative upon every railway company to establish a means of communication between guards and engine-drivers.' The Select Committee of 1853 also recommended that an Act should be passed for this purpose; but owing to the opposition of railway directors, and the culpable supineness of the Government, no such Act has been passed. In America, the guard can walk along a passage through the centre of each carriage, and communicate with the driver. In these carriages, which are very long, there is a door at each end of the carriage for the passengers to enter, but no communication at the sides. On the outside of each carriage, above the buffers, is a little platform, with a space about a foot wide between the two carriages, which allows sufficient room for the buffers to work. The guard can step over this space, and go along the train inside the carriages. Above the top of each carriage there is a line of common rope visible between each carriage, and communicating with the farthest end of the train and the engine. When there is any occasion to communicate with the driver, the guard or a passenger has only to pull this rope, and thus ring a bell which hangs over the driver's head. On the network of railways of the Orleans Company, a communication between the guard and driver is made by means of a chord in the guard's van, which, when pulled, rings a bell in the tender, and the guard is so placed as to command a view of the whole line. In the French railway, *The Nord*, the guards can get from one end of the train to the other by a hand-rail running along the carriages. Although these methods are said to be adopted only on these two lines, it is distinctly stated in

the French regulations for the management of railways, that 'a means of communication exists between the conductor in charge of the train, the guards and breakman, and the engine-driver.'¹ The method of communication between guard and driver by bells, has been introduced on several English lines. If it is thought advisable to allow passengers to communicate with the guard, it may be easily done by carrying the rope below the door of the carriage, the door just passing over it and clearing it, so that a passenger pulling down the window, can hook up the rope, and pull the bell. Another method of communication, by means of tubes of india rubber, gutta percha, or iron, has been patented by Mr Houldsworth, and has been tried on the South-Western Railway, by putting them beneath the carriage; but it caused delay, from there being a great number of carriages to shift. The 'most hairbreadth escapes' have been made when a communication between passengers and guard was required. The most remarkable of these happened when Lady Zetland was travelling with her maid in her own carriage. The carriage took fire, and the maid, in a state of terror, leapt from the train, and was severely injured. Lady Zetland, with great resolution, remained on the truck, and the carriage fortunately arrived at a station just as the flames had almost reached her. In another case, the guard, who was aware of the accident long before the train stopped, walked over the top of six carriages to the carriage on fire, but had no way of communicating with the driver, who, however, got notice of the accident by the presence of mind of a plate-layer, who saw the train on fire, and put down fog signals.

The Marquis of Chandos states in his evidence, that, on the London and North-Western, they tried most of the schemes of intercommunication. One of these, by means of electricity, and secured by patent, was favourably reported upon and recommended by the Board of Trade. The company purchased the license to use it; but owing to their trains being sometimes composed of a majority of carriages not belonging to the company, they could not carry out the plan.

The contrivance adopted on the Great Western, though costly, is considered among the best. A person is placed in a seat which he cannot leave, on the back of the tender, so as to see the whole of the train, and communicate instantly with the driver.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity of many of these inventions, it is the general opinion that one uniform system of intercommunication should be adopted, and rendered compulsory upon every line. The only objections that have been stated to intercommunication between the passengers and guard is, that timid per-

¹ Captain Galton's *Report of 1858*, p. 139, § 125, and p. 146. art. 16.

sons might stop the train on very frivolous grounds, and quarrel with the guard; but there is no possible scheme to which objections may not be raised, and however forcible and numerous, they can never outweigh the arguments in favour of a process for saving human life.

8. *On Obstructions of the Line as a Cause of Accidents.*

Obstructions on the line have been the cause of numerous accidents. They have arisen from the descent of stones or earth from the sides of deep cuttings, or from the distortion of the gauge from these causes; from luggage or goods having falling unnoticed from a preceding train; from trees falling across the line; from cattle straying upon it, or jumping out in transit; from drunkards lying down upon it; or from self-murderers laying themselves in front of an advancing train. Of a more serious nature are those obstructions which, from malicious motives, are placed in the way of trains. An iron rail was very recently laid across the line of the London and North-Western Railway, between Tring and Berkhamstead, when the 7h15m up-train from Liverpool had to pass in the dark; but it was fortunately discovered and removed by a plate-layer a few minutes before the arrival of the train. A similar escape was some time ago made in the North of Ireland, where obstructions were placed in the way of a train containing a large body of Orangemen returning from a party meeting. Captain Huish informs us 'that numerous instances might be given which would excite surprise, from the cunning designs exhibited, and the care apparently exercised in selecting a spot likely to be fraught with the greatest amount of mischief. A few weeks ago,' he adds, 'upon a branch line in Lancashire, the points of an important siding were jammed open; and in order to prevent the signal-man from averting the intended accident, the wire of the auxiliary signal was locked with a piece of string, and was thus prevented from acting. Happily, however, by a fortuitous circumstance, the villany was discovered a few minutes before the passenger train approached.' When such cases have occurred, considerable rewards have been offered for the discovery of the perpetrators; but Captain Huish is of opinion 'that a patient watch, and careful inquiry throughout the neighbourhood, may be a more effectual means of tracing the culprits. The punishment for this class of offences has been made more severe; but we think it cannot be doubted that, when malicious obstructions prove fatal, they should be treated as capital crimes.

Against this class of dangers, whether wilful or accidental, it is not easy to provide a remedy. In the day-time, when the path is rectilinear and visible, as it often is to a great distance, the guards and driver ought to be held responsible in all those

cases where it was possible to observe obstructions upon their line. If ships at sea require the use of telescopes and officers always on the watch, railway trains doubly demand them. The guards should be provided with telescopes of great distinctness, and with a large field of view, which might be fixed so as to deviate but little from the line; and with these it should be their duty to look along each line of rails, both in their front and rear, to observe approaching trains, or fractured chairs,¹ or fractured or sprung rails, or obstructions of any kind which accident or crime may have thrown on the way. When such obstacles are discovered, numerous and powerful breaks will enable the train to pause in its dangerous career. In the dark, when it is most probable that cattle will stray from the fields, light beacons should be erected at level crossings and other places where cattle and trespassers are most likely to invade the line.

9. On the Inattention of Servants as the Cause of Accidents.

When we consider the gravity and importance of the duties performed by the drivers, guards, pointsmen, and other officials on our railways, we cannot but be surprised at the comparatively small number of accidents which can be fairly ascribed to inattention, disobedience of orders, or other acts of culpable negligence on the part of railway servants. In many cases these servants are overworked, owing to the parsimony of the directors. In some cases, individuals, from political or personal motives, are appointed to offices for which they are imperfectly qualified. The rules under which they act are sometimes indefinite, and even contradictory, and therefore not easily obeyed. Captain Galton asserts that the rules are frequently defective, that they have often been made for the purpose only of appealing to them after an accident has happened, and that they have been in many cases habitually neglected, and, when good, have not been enforced. Captain Huish is of opinion that the chief cause of accidents is inattention to the regulations arising from the necessity of adopting human agency in the management of so vast a machine as the railway establishment. Of the 12,000 servants, he adds, on the London and North-Western line, about half that number have either immediately or remotely the public safety in their hands; and we need not therefore wonder that, from a single instant of forgetfulness, a momentary neglect on the part of one of those who may have been working for twenty years without forgetting himself, should lead to some lamentable disaster. The Select Committee of 1853 took a larger view of

¹ On the Lyons Railway about 1400 fractures occurred in the chairs, and 27 in the rails, in four years, from 1849 to 1853. They took place chiefly after changes of weather.

the subject. They maintained—and the same opinion was pressed upon the Committee of 1858 by the late eminent engineer, Mr Joseph Locke—that the best mode of obtaining security from railway accidents would be to register with the Board of Trade the general manager of the traffic on every line, the locomotive superintendent, and the resident engineer of the permanent way ; and to make these three persons answerable for the pointsmen, signal-men, and other servants. Under these circumstances, all railway servants ought to be selected and appointed by the parties who are held responsible, and not, as they are now, by the directors.

Next in importance to the adoption of well-considered regulations, under which the leading and responsible officials shall have the choice of their respective servants, is a system of management which combines with strictness of discipline the most liberal treatment of every servant on the line. In France there is a superannuation fund for railway servants. A provision is made for the sick and the injured, and in the cases of death in the discharge of duty, compensation is given to the widow or the family. Upon the Orleans lines, when the profits reach 8 per cent., 15 per cent. of the surplus is reserved for the employés. When the profits are 14 per cent., 10 per cent. of the surplus is reserved ; and when they rise to 16 per cent., the surplus reserve is 5 per cent. ‘Of this surplus, a sum of 250,000 francs is first set aside as a fund for sickness, etc. The remainder is divided into three parts, one of which is given at once to the employé ; the second is deposited in his name in the savings’ bank, to be drawn out only with the consent of the council of management ; and the third is paid into the superannuation fund.’

But while great liberality is thus extended to the employés on the French lines, there is much strictness and even severity in the discipline. On every railway, from the lowest servant to the highest, implicit obedience to his immediate superior is required ; and strict military discipline is thus maintained throughout the whole staff of all the companies. The punishments for negligence, mistakes, and neglect of the regulations, are reprimands, fines, temporary suspension, degradation, and dismissal. Negligence or incapacity, involving the safety of the traffic, drunkenness, insubordination, untrustworthiness, fraud, or smuggling, are punished by dismissal. The limit of age in all the servants is 40, and those whose duties bring them into contact with the public are obliged to wear uniforms or some distinctive mark.

Such is a brief view of the leading causes of railway accidents, and of the means which have been, or may be, taken for

preventing them, or at least diminishing their number. It is impossible to peruse the statements we have made, on the authority of distinguished witnesses, and even of the Government Inspectors themselves, without arriving at the conviction that the railway establishments in Great Britain and Ireland are in a very unsatisfactory condition, and that every additional line, every additional source of traffic, and every additional element of human agency, is a new source of danger to the public. In place of diminishing, accidents are increasing in number; and when we are told that the railway system is so much extended, that, while in 1851 only 40,000 persons could be brought to the Great Exhibition by rail, and the same number taken back daily, '140,000 travellers could now be brought to the metropolis by rail, and the same number taken back each day,' we shudder at the probable mass of death which a single accident might occasion.

That great changes and improvements can and should be made, is the opinion of every witness examined before the Select Committees of 1853 and 1858; and when we learn from travellers, as well as authentic reports, that accidents are much less numerous, and the comfort and property of passengers much better secured on the Continental than on British railways, we cannot doubt that in the system of working, and in the general arrangements on these lines, there is much to be imitated by ourselves. These arrangements and regulations may be seen in the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the means of securing regularity and safety on the French railways;¹ and it is impossible to peruse it without the conviction, that in almost every important department,—in the construction and maintenance of the permanent way, in the manufacture of the rolling stock, and in the multifarious arrangements for obtaining intelligent and trustworthy servants,—much remains to be done in this country.

The first point that attracts our notice is, that the French and foreign lines are placed under the surveillance of Government, and that all the regulations are issued by the same authority. In Austria and Prussia, as well as in France, the Government lays down the regulations under which the line is to be worked. It compels the company to adopt improved systems of permanent way and rolling stock. It establishes a police over the whole line; and there are agents employed by the Government, but paid by the company, who superintend the mode of working, and the whole system of management. It appoints an officer,

¹ A copious abstract of this Report is given by Captain Galton, in his *Report of 1858*, p. 120-149.

too—a *commissaire*, paid by the company—who has the power of inspecting the books, and reporting upon the condition and general management of the line.

With the experience which we have of the success of such surveillance and of such regulations, can it be doubted that the superintendence of the British Government is now demanded for the perfection of our railway system, and the security of life and property. This is freely admitted by many distinguished officials and engineers, provided that the Government had undertaken this superintendence at the commencement of railway enterprise; but in maintaining this singular doctrine, they all express the opinion, sanctioned by two Committees, that on many points, especially in regard to railway accidents, the interference of Government is of the highest importance. In assuming and exercising a superintendence over their railways, foreign Governments assume no responsibility. It lies, as it always must do, upon the railway companies; and they are relieved only from that heavy moral responsibility from which they cannot escape, and which every conscientious director must feel to be one of grave importance. When the Government has combined its irresponsible powers, and all the wisdom which it can command, with the experience and sagacity of the directors of railways, by making every arrangement for the safe conveyance of passengers, the public will be too generous to lay the blame of accidents upon those who have done everything in their power to prevent them. At present the railway companies are accused of parsimony in employing a niggardly staff of servants, and in keeping their permanent way and rolling stock in disrepair, and thus endangering life and property. Under Government superintendence this species of responsibility will be entirely removed, while the commercial responsibility will remain, and will be more sternly appealed to when either directors or servants fail in their duties.

Should Government assume the superintendence for which we plead, either wholly or partially, the railway companies and the public would be equally benefited. If we suppose that the compensations for injuries are reduced from L.40,000 annually to L.30,000 or L.20,000, the companies would be amply repaid for any extra expense to which the Government control may expose them; while the public will travel with an additional sense of security, and the timid, who now creep by sea or otherwise to their destination, will become railway customers.

If Government control is necessary, how is it to be obtained? The House of Commons has refused to recommend it. May not the House of Lords lend a more willing ear to the voice of humanity? Should not the public, whose interests are so deeply at stake, raise the cry of agitation, and load with petitions

the tables of both Houses of Parliament? In the appeals for political and other reforms so loudly and pertinaciously made to the Legislature, there are always two interests in diametrical opposition,—one asking what the other deems injurious; but in the present case every man, woman, and child in the empire,—every beast too, that, like its master, is exposed to violent death,—has an interest in Railway legislation, in having provided for their conveyance the best mechanical contrivances for locomotion, and the most trustworthy human agencies for conducting them. Petitions to Parliament, therefore, and pledges on the hustings, are the only means of securing a cheap and safe system of railway management.

But whether Government shall agree or decline to adopt the resolution moved by Mr Bentinck in the House of Commons—with which we believe the public would be satisfied as a reasonable instalment—much remains to be done in the improvement of the permanent way and rolling stock of every railway, and in various subsidiary pieces of mechanism for the safe working of the line. Some steps should, therefore, be taken to encourage railway inventions, to bring to bear upon them all the mechanical genius of the country,—to offer prizes and rewards, pecuniary or honorary, for important inventions; and, with such objects in view, to grant patents, without fees, for every contrivance, however trivial it may appear, which may be proposed for ensuring safe railway conveyance. If the scheme is frivolous it can interfere with no existing interest, but may prove the germ of a more valuable invention. The Institution of Civil Engineers, and our Societies of Arts, who have done so much for advancing the interests of practical science, would, if appealed to, willingly give the aid of their time and talents in a general attempt to ameliorate the railway system, now one of the grandest of our national institutions.

In pressing these views upon public attention, there is another motive worthy of consideration. In the disturbances which now agitate the political world, we may find some reason for the extension and improvement of the railway system. When Government is spending millions, and wisely spending them, for the defence of the empire; and when our youth and manhood are voluntarily marshalling themselves in the same noble cause, we may reasonably assume that an invasion is considered a probable event. At such a crisis the perfection and safety of our railways become objects of the deepest interest. The quick conveyance of troops to our coast, and their security from accident, amid the excitement and the tumult which would necessarily ensue, are objects of national importance which cannot be too anxiously pursued.

ART. VI.—*History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort; with a full view of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., etc. Vols. I. and II. London, 1860.

‘IN the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?’ So wrote Sidney Smith about forty years ago. And, allowing for the peculiar style of the accomplished Churchman, such questions were at that time natural enough. But time, among the other wonders which it works, has done much to wipe out this reproach. Art, indeed, despite the Greek Slave, cannot be said to have found a home on the other side of the Atlantic. American plays may exist, but Englishmen are unaware of them; and American poetry does not rise above the graceful mediocrity of Longfellow. To one important branch of literature, however, Americans have in our day addressed themselves with a large measure of success. They have written history, and written it well. Mr Prescott’s picturesque narratives are read, we should think, in all the four quarters of the globe; and Mr Motley may, without presumption, anticipate an equal popularity.

‘The History of the Dutch Republic,’ published some four years ago, won its way, not perhaps rapidly, but very surely. The subject was well chosen, and, on the whole, worthily handled. Hence the ‘History of the United Netherlands’ was anxiously looked for. It has fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the most favourable expectations. Though called by another name, the present work is a direct continuation of the former. The ‘Rise of the Dutch Republic’ closed with the death of William the Silent, in 1584; the ‘History of the United Netherlands’ takes up the tale at the date of that calamity, and carries it on till after the destruction of the Armada.

The narration of that destruction is a theme of which Englishmen can never grow weary. Yet, on the whole, these volumes are not so rich in scenes of striking and varied interest as were their predecessors. There is nothing here to compare, in wild romance, with the famous submarine expeditions of Philipsland and Zierickzee; there are no horrors like the horrors of the ‘Spanish Fury,’ or the sack of Haarlem; nor are our hearts stirred by any such picture of noble endurance, rewarded by happy triumph, as is presented in the agony and relief of Leyden. On the other hand, the drama has broadened and deepened. We are no longer concerned with the rebellion of a

province. The revolt of the 'Beggars of the Sea' has expanded into the long strife of which the Reformation was the real beginning, and which was to end only with the peace of Westphalia. Mr Motley's two volumes comprise the history of not more than six years. But in that brief period came the crisis of the most momentous struggle the world has ever seen—Despotism and Popery striving against Freedom and Toleration for the possession of the civilised world. It should always be remembered that this great war was a war for liberty of thought. There never was a moment in its early history in which the Dutch would not have returned to their allegiance had they been promised liberty of conscience; there never was a moment in which Philip dreamed of yielding to such a demand. It is not too much to say that the destinies of our race for many ages depended on the issue of this contest. Fortunately for the better part, the Emperor, busy with the advancing power of the Turks, stood aloof; the German Lutherans, filled with an unworthy jealousy of Netherlandic Calvinism, refused to succour; France, torn with internal dissensions, was powerless, at least for good: so that Holland and England stood alone against the gigantic empire of Spain. The Hollanders were held of small account. Despite their lengthened resistance, they were regarded as a band of reckless sailors, daring in piratical expeditions, but utterly incapable of offering any lasting opposition to the organized power of Philip. The English, indeed, had, some two centuries before, taken their place among the nations in a true imperial style. Since then, however, cooped up within the limits of their own island, they had quarrelled plentifully among themselves, but had taken no share in Continental affairs. The memories of Cressy and of Agincourt were forgotten, and the victors in those fights were regarded as faithless and turbulent islanders. The following sketches give some curious traits, especially as to the tendencies of our ancestors in their convivial moments:—

'The English,' says an Antwerp historian, 'are a very clever, handsome, and well-made people; but, like all islanders, by nature weak and tender. . . . As a people, they are stout-hearted, vehement, eager, cruel in war, zealous in attack, little fearing death; not revengeful, but fickle, presumptuous, rash, boastful, deceitful, very suspicious, especially of strangers, whom they despise. They are full of courteous and hypocritical gestures and words, which they consider to imply good manners, civility, and wisdom. They are well spoken, and very hospitable. They feed well—eating much meat, which, owing to the rainy climate, and the ranker character of the grass, is not so firm and succulent as the meat of France and the Netherlands. The people are not so laborious as the French and Hollanders, preferring to lead an indolent life, like the Spaniards. They dress very elegantly. Their costume is light

and costly, but they are very changeable and capricious—altering their fashions every year, both the men and the women.’

‘They excel in dancing and music,’ says a German tourist, ‘for they are active and lively, although they are of a thicker build than the Germans. They are good sailors, and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, thievish. Three hundred and upwards are hanged annually in London. The English are more polite in eating than the French, devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast in perfection. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery, vastly fond of great ear-filling noises, such as cannon-firing, drum-beating, and bell-ringing; so that it is very common for a number of them, when they have got a cup too much in their heads, to go up to some belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together for the sake of amusement.’—(Vol. i., pp. 307–9.)

On the other hand, the Spaniards were esteemed throughout the world as a race born to command. Awe, hatred, and admiration, were the mingled feelings excited even among Englishmen by Spanish prowess and Spanish policy. Long years of successful warfare, daring enterprises in unknown lands, had conferred on Philip II. an extent of empire greater than was ever possessed by Napoleon I. In 1584, Philip ruled in Europe, Spain, Portugal, Celtic Flanders, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. The other States of Italy were obedient to his lightest wish. In Asia he possessed the Philippines and the valuable settlements which had been founded by the energy of the first Portuguese discoverers. America was all his own. But his mightiest power was in his statesmen and in his warriors. The Great Captain had reared up a soldiery in the Italian wars before whom the impetuosity of France, and the steadiness of the Swiss legions, had been alike found wanting; Cortez and Pizarro, in the farthest west, had trained their followers to a pitch of courage and a fertility of resource which had often served to confound all the strange devices of a barbarian foe. The Spaniards of that day were the kings of the world. They had acquired the subtlety and serene wisdom of Italian statesmen; they possessed as their birthright a force of character and a knightly honour to which the Italian was a stranger. Aspiring politicians, stern and haughty rulers, they might be; yet formed of nobler clay than the unrelenting voluptuaries of Italy. They were dark, resolute, and dangerous men, reminding us of the blood-hounds frequently associated with them in the pictures of Velasquez. That such men, wielding such a power, should have been baffled by a band of wild, undisciplined sailors, inhabiting an inhospitable sand-bank, must be ascribed mainly to the bigotry and obstinacy of their king, but perhaps also to that inward consciousness of wrong which has often smitten the strongest with feebleness, and turned to foolishness the counsels of the wise.

Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, may be taken as the ideal Spaniard of his day. He is unquestionably the hero of these two volumes, as William the Silent was of the former. Mr Motley draws character at once elaborately and vividly, and has in this instance done his very best:—

‘Farnese was now thirty-seven years of age—with the experience of a sexagenarian. No longer the impetuous, arbitrary, hot-headed youth, whose intelligence and courage hardly atoned for his insolent manner and stormy career, he had become pensive, modest, almost gentle. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, adamantine in the endurance of suffering; for never did a heroic general and a noble army of veterans manifest more military virtue in the support of an infamous cause than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards. That which they considered to be their duty they performed. The work before them they did with all their might. . . . Alexander rose with the difficulty and responsibility of his situation. His vivid, almost poetic intellect, formed his schemes with perfect distinctness. Every episode in his great, and, as he himself called it, his “heroic enterprise,” was traced out beforehand with the tranquil vision of creative genius; and he was prepared to convert his conceptions into reality, with the aid of an iron nature, which never knew fatigue or fear.

. . . Untiring, uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave; with so much intellect and so much devotion to what he considered his duty, he deserved to be a patriot, and a champion of the right, rather than an instrument of despotism.

‘And thus he paused for a moment—with much work already accomplished, but his hardest life-task before him; still in the noon of manhood, a fine martial figure, standing, spear in hand, full in the sunlight, though all the scene around him was wrapped in gloom—a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers, however unscrupulous, must always command. A dark meridional physiognomy; a quick, alert, imposing head; jet black, close-clipped hair; a bold eagle’s face, with full, bright, restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed; living in the saddle, with harness on his back;—such was the Prince of Parma; matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time.’—(Vol. i., pp. 135–7–8.)

The cause which Parma maintained was hateful; the stage on which he acted was not extensive. Yet, even allowing for these things, it is a striking instance of the caprice of Fame, that his reputation should have fallen so far short of his deserts. No one who compares his achievements with his resources, can resist the conviction that he is entitled to be ranked among the very greatest commanders. The siege of Antwerp alone is sufficient to establish his renown. In all the highest characteristics of military genius he seems not unworthy to be

named even with Hannibal or with Cæsar. Perhaps, however, his purest title to fame is to be found in this, that the war, as conducted by him, put off the savage aspect which it had worn before. The storm of Neutz, indeed, was no very gentle affair; but it should be remembered that the garrison had provoked their fate by a flagrant violation of the laws of war, to the great personal danger of Farnese himself, and that, even then, he did his utmost to restrain the anger of his troops. His humanity and courtesy, his refined intellect and subtle policy, combine to impress the imagination far more powerfully than even the awe and terror which invest with a lurid splendour the soldierlike figure of Alva.

Pitted against such an antagonist, and deprived of their great leader by the crime of July, the Hollanders were in evil case. Speaking roughly, all Celtic Flanders, — Hainault, Arthois, Douay, with the cities Arras, Valenciennes, Lille, Tournay, had fallen into the power of Spain, by the treason, or 'reconciliation,' of the preceding year. The rebels held what is now known as the kingdom of Holland. Between them lay the scene of strife—the rich territories of East Flanders and Brabant—the possession of which would belong to him who could hold the half-dozen cities which lie clustered round the Scheldt and its tributaries. At the date of William's murder, these cities were occupied by the Republicans. He had hardly been dead two months when Farnese was master of Ghent. Dendermonde had capitulated even sooner. Brussels fell in March of the following year, and Mechlin could hold out no longer than midsummer. Antwerp alone remained. On the fate of this town depended, in the judgment of Parma, the fate of all Christendom.

Dismayed, yet not despairing, the Hollanders looked around for help. They first sought it where they had been taught to seek it by their departed leader. The Prince of Orange had placed more reliance on the assistance of France than on the assistance of England. His reasons for this were many and weighty. France was, at that time, much the stronger power. The French Huguenots sympathized cordially with the Calvinists and Anabaptists of the Low Countries; the English Government disliked Calvinists and Anabaptists about as heartily as it disliked Papists. The next heir to the French Crown was the chosen leader of the Protestant party; the hopes of the Papists all over the world were centered on the captive who, on the death of Elizabeth, would pass from a prison to the throne of England. Above all, Elizabeth had uniformly repelled the overtures of the Provinces; Catherine de Medicis had as uniformly welcomed them. But affairs in France had greatly changed since such considerations had determined the policy of

Orange. The Duke of Anjou was dead ; Henry of Navarre was away at Pau, with nothing to do but to make love to his wife's maids of honour ; Henry III. was every day sinking deeper in degradation ; Henry of Guise was every day rising higher in renown, and the power of the League had already overshadowed the throne. Even before the death of Orange the increasing influence of the Catholic party in France had caused some modification of his views. But now the ascendancy of the Papists was beyond a doubt : the king was in the hands, and at the disposal, of the Guises. When the ambassadors from Holland arrived in France, they found that the Queen-mother was playing for her own claims on Portugal, that Henry of Guise was playing for Philip and for himself, that Henry of Navarre held no cards, and that Henry of Valois could not play the cards he held. After much solemn trifling, when much time, altogether priceless, had been lost, the eyes of the ambassadors were opened at last. On the 18th July 1585 the Edict of Nemours was published, banishing all Huguenots from the kingdom on pain of death. The game was up ; and every man in Holland became aware that their last hope was England.

We will not follow Mr Motley in detail through the negotiations which ensued. They were especially discreditable to English sense and English candour ; in truth, it is hardly possible to read of them, even at this distance of time, without a feeling of shame. Hesitation and delay seemed our only policy. Our statesmen, or rather our queen, trifled with opportunity, and let occasion die, in a manner which would have been laughable had it not led to results so disastrous. At last the genius of Parma achieved its deserved triumph. Antwerp capitulated. One great point was lost ; yet much remained to fight for. Terror inspired a temporary vigour into English tactics. An inadequate force was despatched to Holland, and the Earl of Leicester was sent in command. A more unhappy selection could not have been made.

The public men of that epoch seem to derive a sort of reflected grandeur from the strangeness of the events which they witnessed, and from the magnitude of the interests in which they were involved. They appear somehow men of loftier stature than the men of other times. Nor, perhaps, is this appearance only. We can well believe that their characters took an impress from what they saw and heard around them. Stimulants of no common potency were applied to their natures. They had seen the Old World changing its religion—they had been amazed by the discovery of the New—legends of wild adventures in lands far distant rung each day in their ears—they had marked the greatest empire of the world rise and overshadow the earth with

its pride; and they were now matched against that empire in a deadly struggle, of which the issue would determine the destinies of the whole human race. Such things could not fail to strengthen, even if they did not elevate. 'Dans un grand siècle,' says Cousin, 'tout est grand.' Hence these men displayed, beyond all other traits, an abounding and irrepressible vigour. Their very excesses of conviviality command a certain respect. It is not every set of Bacchanalians who, like Brederode and his compeers, could lay deep the foundations of rebellion at a riotous supper party, and in their cups adopt the name by which the sailors of Zeeland, through long years of peril, were proud to be called. And now, when their wild youth was spent, the men who finally won freedom for the Netherlands come before us, intensified by time, sobered by danger, yet undaunted—one of the noblest groups in the gallery of the heroes of the world: sailors, like Drake and Nassau; soldiers, like La Noue, Norris, and Sidney; partizans, like Scheuk and Hohenlo; statesman, like Buys, Barneveld, and Walsingham.

Into the counsels of these men came Leicester, at once incapable and unworthy. In the field and in the cabinet he was a child in the hands of Farnese. Every step he took in the Netherlands was a blunder, or worse. He began by guzzling at Utrecht, he ended by an attempt to establish his own power in the scene of his revels, and to destroy the constitutional government of the Provinces. His first step was eminently judicious. Elizabeth had expressly forbidden one thing—that he should accept the supreme authority in Holland. The moment he got there, this obedient subject proceeded to take all the authority he could get, and to intrigue for more. He got all he wanted; and having thus grievously offended his sovereign, he made no attempt to deprecate her certain anger. When the storm burst, he poured forth whimpering appeals, imploring permission to return, were it only to 'rub her horse's heels.' The Queen was appeased; but the envoy had been publicly degraded, and the confidence of the States was not easily restored. Leicester took no pains to regain it. He would brook no restraint from the Hollanders, determined, as he wrote to Davison, that he would 'have no other alliance but with gentle blood.' He weakened the cause of the patriots by persecuting all the Papists on whom he could lay his hands. Indeed, this good man's hatred of Popery was most exemplary. A loose, easy-going fellow like William the Silent, denounced all oppression, and sheltered within his young republic Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anabaptists alike. But a man of rigid principle, and edifying life and conversation, like the husband of Amy Robsart, could not act thus. He was no Gallio; and under his administration, therefore, Papists were

oppressed, plundered, and banished. He quarrelled with every English diplomatist, and with every English soldier, save one who wisely truckled to him. His hatreds were conceived in a moment, and endured for a life-time. At last, when his arrogance, his revengefulness, his deceit, had brought distrust and dislike to a height, he suddenly crossed to England, leaving the patriots without a leader for seven months; and yet refusing to resign his office that it might be filled by another. Hating every competent officer under him, he confided the city of Deventer, a large, prosperous, commercial, and manufacturing capital, to a pack of wild Irish kerns, headed by Sir William Stanley. For the only time in the annals of England, deliberate treason in the field stained the honour of the English arms. Stanley betrayed Deventer to the Spaniards. The Hollanders went mad with grief and rage. The services of the English were forgotten; the sufferings of the starving English soldiers were unrelieved; their lives were hardly secure. In the midst of the turmoil Leicester returned, but only to work more evil. He returned to be denounced by Barneveld in the States—to display again his incapacity as a general—to form abortive conspiracies in Leyden and Amsterdam—in a word, to do his utmost to destroy the commonwealth of the Netherlands in the very crisis of the struggle—to make himself perfectly odious to the nation whom he came to govern; at last to be recalled by his blindly-indulgent Queen, and to receive a welcome which she seldom vouchsafed to better men and more faithful servants.

Throughout Mr Motley's pages, the said Queen—Mr Kingsley's Titaness, 'Alruna-Maiden,' and what not—generally appears in very untitanic proportions, and often indulges in proceedings quite unmaidenly. Her true policy was shown to her very early in the day by Vavasour: 'If your Majesty desireth a convenient peace,' said the diplomatist, 'to take the field is the readiest way to obtain it; for, as yet, the King of Spain hath no reason to fear you. He is daily expecting that your own slackness may give your Majesty an overthrow. Moreover, the Spaniards are soldiers, and are not to be moved by shadows.' Walsingham never ceased to urge the same views. He longed for peace; yet he knew that peace could only be reached through 'a good sharp war.' But to pursue such a policy as this required consistency and generosity, and Elizabeth was incapable of either. When she first heard of the authority confided by the States to Leicester, jealousy of her favourite, and especially of her favourite's wife, was the ruling passion. She stormed, and raged, and swore, till poor Lord Burleigh took to his bed, and even Walsingham was filled with dismay. It is curious to see what her fury was all about, and

how it was appeased. Send her Majesty 'a present—a love-gift,' wrote all the courtiers to Leicester. 'Lay out two or three hundred crowns in some rare thing for a token to her Majesty,' was the advice of Sir Christopher Hatton. Leicester does not seem to have adopted the plan of the dancing Chancellor, but to have preferred the more economical expedient of expressing his desire to come home and rub the heels of her Majesty's horses. This, however, was enough. Burleigh forthwith reports, that 'her princely heart is touched with a favourable interpretation of your actions, affirming them to be only offensive to her in that she was not made privy to them, not now misliking that you had the authority.' But the mischief was done. The plain Hollanders were unable to comprehend these lover-like quarrels and reconciliations on questions of state-policy. The Queen had shaken the authority of the Earl, had destroyed the confidence of the States in her own sincerity; and, no sooner had she thoroughly accomplished this, than she veered right round. She was a perfect Dame Quickly in her politics. When Leicester's position had been weakened by her idle jealousies, when he himself had forfeited all respect from his conspicuous incapacity, and alienated all affection by his arrogance, she would listen to no word in his dispraise. She stood by him, now that he was wrong, as heartily as she had cursed at him when he was right. She must still—at the age of 53—write to him as her 'Sweet Robin,' in a style unseemly from any woman to any man, doubly so from a queen to a subject. She scolded the States most virulently, because they estimated him at his true value. She treated her ablest servants with contumely, if they ventured to thwart, in any particular, the imperious favourite. Sir John Norris was the object of Leicester's especial hatred; therefore, despite his brilliant exploits in the field, he was forbidden her Majesty's presence. Buckhurst, afterwards Lord Dorset, who had discharged the duties of plenipotentiary in the Netherlands, with an honesty and ability beyond praise, was ignominiously imprisoned in his own house till the death of Leicester. Wilkes, whose merits were only second to those of Buckhurst, who had lavished his own money to feed starving English soldiers, had been called a 'villain and a devil' by Leicester, and was therefore thrown into the Fleet. And this is the Queen who, according to Mr Kingsley, kept the 'balance even between her courtiers as skilfully, gently, justly, as woman ever did, or mortal man either!'¹

Perplexed by such caprice, the Hollanders had ever before

¹ Every one remembers her treatment of Davison, who appears, in these volumes, to have served her as faithfully in the Netherlands as he did afterwards at Fotheringay, and to have been requited much in the same fashion.

their eyes a fact about which there could be no mistake—the fact that the English army was utterly neglected, unpaid, and unclothed. Nothing could cure the Queen of her miserable parsimony. ‘The brightest jewel in her crown,’ Sir Philip Sidney, remonstrated, and gained only ill-will for his pains. ‘She was very apt,’ says Walsingham, ‘upon every light occasion, to find fault with him;’ as, indeed, she was with every one who would not approach her with debasing adulation—who would not pray for permission to ‘rub her horse’s heels.’ On this one point, even Leicester ventured to speak, but he spoke in vain.

‘The English soldiers who had fought so well in every Flemish battle-field of freedom, had become—such as were left of them—mere famishing, half-naked vagabonds and marauders. Brave soldiers had been changed by their sovereign into brigands, and now the universal odium which suddenly attached itself to the English name, converted them into outcasts. Forlorn and crippled creatures swarmed about the provinces, but were forbidden to come through the towns, and so wandered about, robbing hen-roosts and pillaging the peasantry. Many deserted to the enemy. Many begged their way to England, and even to the very gates of the palace, and exhibited their wounds and their misery before the eyes of that good Queen Bess, who claimed to be the mother of her subjects, and begged for bread in vain.’—(Vol. ii., p. 183.)

Especially they thronged Greenwich Palace—starving, wounded, and in rags, and were driven from the gates of the ‘Alruna Maiden,’ and threatened with the stocks as vagabonds! Such is the lamentable and disgraceful truth, told by no enemies of the English Queen, but by her own generals and confidential counsellors. The soldiers, perhaps, found consolation in the reflection, that she treated her sailors exactly in the same way.

Nor was this the worst. A mystery, which even the researches of Mr Motley have hardly made clear, hangs over Elizabeth’s secret negotiations with Spain. Yet we know enough to throw great doubt on her good faith towards Holland. Her changefulness—coming very near to duplicity—is beyond question. We will give but one instance. On the 1st April 1586, Elizabeth wrote to Sir Thomas Heneage, then in the Netherlands, stating that she would do nothing that might concern the States ‘without their own knowledge and good-liking.’ On the 21st April, Walsingham instructs Leicester to acquaint the Council of State, that ‘overtures of peace are being daily made to her Majesty, but that she meaneth not to proceed therein without their good-liking and privity,’ etc. These statements were unquestionably in accordance with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the treaty of the preceding August. For either

Holland or England to have contracted a separate peace with Spain, after that treaty, would, in the words of Mr Motley, have been 'disingenuous, if not positively dishonourable.' Yet on the 26th of April, five days after Walsingham's despatch to Leicester, we find the Queen furious at this communication having been made. 'Think you,' she writes to Sir Thomas Heneage, in a letter filled with much abuse, 'think you I will be bound by your speech to make no peace for mine own matters without their consent? It is enough that I injure not their country nor themselves in making peace for them, without their consent.' Poor Sir Thomas might well take to his bed, and write in great despair, 'I fear that the world will judge what Champagny wrote in one of his letters out of England (which I have lately seen) to be over true. His words be these, "*Et de vray, c'est le plus fascheux et le plus incertain negociier de ceste court, que je pense soit au monde.*"' Mr Motley does not go beyond this. He accuses the Queen of slackness, of timidity, even of a certain degree of insincerity; but he acquits her of deliberate treachery. We wish we could concur in the gentler verdict. But a careful study of the evidence which he has himself adduced, inspires us with uneasy suspicions. Elizabeth's order for the arrest of Hohenlo, the General of the States, hardly seem becoming a faithful ally. But a much darker story remains behind. There is no manner of doubt, that towards the close of his administration, Leicester formed the treacherous design of seizing some important Dutch cities, so as to enable the Queen to make good terms for herself with Spain, 'if the worst came to the worst.' That this treason was suggested from England does not appear, but it certainly was communicated to England. On the 27th June 1586, the Earl wrote thus to the Queen:—

'This will I do, and I hope not to fail of it, to get into my hands three or four most principal places in North Holland, which will be such a strength and assurance for your majesty, as you shall see you shall both rule these men and make war and peace as you list, always provided—whatsoever you hear or is—part not with the Brill; and having these places in your hands, whatsoever should chance to these countries, your Majesty I will warrant sure enough to make what peace you will in an hour, and to have your debts and charges answered.'

And again, on 5th November 1587, at the very time when the Queen was loudly protesting her good faith to the States, and denouncing all who refused credence, the following despatch was on its way to England:—

'I will not be idle to do all that in me shall lie to make this island of Walchern assured, whatsoever shall fall out; which, if it may be,

your Majesty shall the less fear to make a good bargain for yourself, when the worst shall come.'

It must be confessed that, in the face of all this, Queen Elizabeth has need of a sturdy advocate. The truth is, it is absurd to speak of her as the champion of Protestantism in any true or unselfish sense. The 'proximus ardet' adage is the real key to her policy in the low countries. Had her own safety been assured, we are persuaded that she would have looked on with the most philosophical composure, while the fires of the inquisition were blazing at Amsterdam or at Utrecht. This much is certain: that in the spring of 1586, the Hollanders were united as one man, ardent in their resistance to Spain, eager to welcome the English as their deliverers;—that by the end of 1587, between the 'Alruna Maiden' and her 'Sweet Robin,' dissension had broken out in the Provinces themselves, distrust of English policy was universal, and the whole alliance was brought to the verge of ruin. The Queen and her favourite had played the game of Parma well. It was in no sort owing to them that, ere the close of 1588, the only two free States in Europe were not prostrate at the feet of Philip. Mr Motley sums up the matter in language far too gentle, when he says,

'English valour, English intelligence, English truthfulness, English generosity, were endearing England more and more to Holland. The statesmen of both countries were brought into closest union, and learned to appreciate and to respect each other, while they recognized that the fate of their respective commonwealths was indissolubly connected. But it was to the efforts of Walsingham, Drake, Raleigh, Wilkes, Buckhurst, Norris, Willoughby, Williams, Vere, Russell, and the brave men who fought under their banners or their counsels, on every battle-field, and in every beleaguered town in the Netherlands, and to the universal spirit and sagacity of the English nation, in this grand crisis of its fate, that these fortunate results were owing; not to the Earl of Leicester; nor—during the term of his administration—to Queen Elizabeth herself.'—(Vol. ii., p. 551.)

Nor, when the final struggle came, does her Majesty appear in a very striking light. She would not avert the blow by an adequate and timely succour of the Hollanders; she was not even prepared to meet it when it fell upon her own land. Duplicity is always bad. But duplicity unsuccessful, duplicity overreaching itself, so bent on deceiving that it overlooks the possibility of being deceived, and falls blindly and unsuspectingly into the snares spread openly before it, such duplicity becomes beyond measure contemptible. And such was the duplicity of Elizabeth. The Netherlanders were to be hoodwinked; but it was forgotten that Farnese was ten times more subtle than the Netherlanders and the English put together. The records of

diplomacy do not generally convey pleasing views of human nature. And perhaps in the whole history of diplomacy, nothing can be found more discreditable to all concerned than the English negotiation with Parma in the years 1587 and in the beginning of 1588. On the part of Parma they were conducted with apparent sincerity, in reality with the most profound perfidy. While amusing the English envoys he was urging on night and day the preparations for the invasion of their country. The strange thing is that he does not seem to have expected to be believed. It never occurred to him that even those stupid islanders could be so stupid as they actually were. Nor, indeed, would he have obtained credence for a moment, had not the English Queen, and every English statesman, save Walsingham, been smitten with an infatuation which had well-nigh proved fatal to their country. At the same time, we must not be too loud in our denunciations of Spanish treachery. Farnese was indeed perfidious—perfectly so; but after the letters which have been quoted above, the less we say on this head, perhaps, the better.

At the very end of July 1588, one of the ambassadors, an ingenious and learned gentleman of the name of Dale, wrote to Burleigh a very peaceful letter, containing the following passage:—‘I have written two or three verses out of Virgil for the Queen to read, which I pray your Lordship to present unto her. God grant her to weigh them. If your Lordship will read the whole discourse of Virgil, in that place, it will make your heart melt.’ When this letter reached England, Queen Elizabeth and her ministers had something else to do than to melt over the pages of Virgil. Yet, strange to say, their delusion continued till the Armada was actually exchanging broadsides with the English fleet. Lord Burleigh indeed does not cut a distinguished figure in Mr Motley’s pages. He is always doubting, shaking his head, and praying for a Dædalus ‘to direct us out of the maze;’ but, even at the most critical moment, he never gets beyond these very inefficacious proceedings. Dr Nares, his venerable and partial biographer, were he alive now, would be much scandalised at the following expressions from the Admiral of England:—‘Since England was England,’ writes Lord Howard to Walsingham, ‘there never was such a stratagem and mask to deceive her as this treaty of peace. I pray God that we do not curse for this, a long grey beard with a white head witless, that will make all the world think us heartless. You know whom I mean.’ And, indeed, it required no witch to guess at the allusion to the Lord Treasurer. Nothing produced any effect. Hesitation and delay prevailed till the last. The very day the Armada sighted the Lizard, and the light of ten thousand beacon fires was flaming over England, the Lord Admiral received

orders to dismantle four of his largest ships. The same miserable parsimony sent the fleet to sea short both of ammunition and provisions. After the fight off Gravelines, half the fleet had to return for want of food; and the rest, in the words of the Admiral, 'put on a brag countenance and gave chase, as though we had wanted nothing, though our powder and shot was well-nigh spent.' To chase a formidable enemy up and down the Northern Sea, without powder, without shot, and with nothing to eat or drink, could hardly be considered an agreeable pastime even by English sailors. As Mr Motley remarks, 'Had the Spaniards, instead of being panic-struck, but turned on their pursuers, what might have been the result of a conflict with starving and unarmed men?'

Matters were not much better on shore. On the 7th of August—the day the Armada was at Calais, the day a landing would have been effected had Farnese been able to break through the Dutch fleet—only some 4000 troops lay between London and the sea. And, by way of mending matters, the command of these troops was entrusted to 'Sweet Robin,' the man whose incompetency had lost the battle of Zutphen, and had sacrificed the garrison of Sluys. The celebrated scene of Elizabeth at Tilbury was not enacted till nine days after the Armada had fled northward. At no time did the army quartered there exceed 17,000 men. Well might brave Roger Williams declare, that nothing but a series of miracles had saved England from perdition.

One painful topic remains. We have seen already how the soldiers who bled for England in the Netherlands were rewarded by the English Queen. The sailors, who had saved England in the English seas, met with a like requital. The same unworthy meanness led to the same barbarity. August—the month of the great deliverance—had not expired, when the men by whom that deliverance had been wrought, unpaid and unfed, were dying by hundreds from want and neglect. They rotted away in their ships, or fell dead, uncared for, in the streets of the ports. Hospitals there were none; there were not even doctors on shipboard.

'Tis a most pitiful sight,' writes the noble Lord Howard, 'to see here, at Margate, how the men, having no place where they can be received, die in the streets. I am driven of force myself to come on land to see them bestowed in some lodgings; and the best I can get is barns, and such outhouses; and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would grieve any man's heart to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably.'

The enormous folly of this at a time when the Armada might

have any day returned, is bad enough. But the folly is forgotten in the cruelty and ingratitude. Such was the administration of Queen Elizabeth.

On the evening of the 6th August 1588, the roads of Calais presented a spectacle which, both in its outward pomp, and in the magnitude of the interests at stake, can hardly be paralleled in the history of the world. A hundred and fifty small sloops and frigates bearing the flag of England lay face to face—hardly out of gunshot—with about the same number of Spanish ships, the largest and most heavily armed which could be produced by the naval architecture of the time. The opposing fleets rode at anchor, rising and falling on the long, slow swell of the calm sea. On the English side, anxiety and great alarm, yet a firm resolve to do all that men could do; not without some hope of a happy issue inspired by recent success. Among the Spaniards, a proud and foolish confidence; their banners flaunted gaily in the silvery moonlight; salvoes of artillery were poured forth in celebration of their anticipated triumph; and strains of exulting music filled the midnight air. The dawn of Sunday, the seventh, smiled good fortune on the invaders. The weather was bright, the sea was smooth; the elements would no longer fight for the heretic islanders. Their hearts swelled high within them: the storm of London should be for a greater terror to the nations than had been even ‘the fury’ at Antwerp. As the day wore on, disquietude succeeded to expectation; as night drew near, disquietude gave place to doubt, fear, and terrible suspicion. Through long hours the Duke of Medina Sidonia paced the deck of the *Saint Martin*, a prey to the bitterest emotions, straining his eyes towards the eastern horizon, with the words, ‘Where is Farnese?’ ever on his lips. Farnese came not; and with that day’s sunset the hopes of the Spaniards sunk, the danger of England passed away. On this second night of anchorage no moon looked down; thick clouds overspread the sky; the moaning of an approaching tempest was heard far out on the western sea; and the gloom was fearfully illumined by the blaze of English fire-ships. The Spaniards were smitten with nameless terrors; confusion and turmoil disturbed the darkness; and returning dawn showed many ships disabled and aground, the body of the fleet driving, panic-struck, towards the Flemish coast. The fight off Gravelines was the fitting sequel to the night at Calais. All was over. The Armada fled away into northern storms, to be dashed to pieces against the rocks of Norway and the Faroes.

The crisis of the struggle was on Sunday, the seventh. On the events of that day the whole affair depended. Farnese did not appear; and the expedition was from that time necessarily a

failure. For it cannot be too often repeated that the Armada was never intended to conquer England by itself. The theory of the invasion all along was, that a junction should be accomplished with Farnese, who was then to take upon himself the command of the expedition. To the invading force the Armada could only contribute some six thousand troops; the rest was to be made up of those stern warriors who had followed Alva and Parma to victory on a hundred fields. Medina Sidonia had no orders to attempt a landing alone, and never contemplated doing so. His sole object was to effect a junction with Farnese, and to protect the passage of the open boats which were to convey the veterans of the Netherlands to the shores of England. The answer to the question of Sidonia, 'Where is Farnese?' is also the answer to the question, 'How was England saved?'

This answer has not been frankly given by English historians. Farnese was kept a close prisoner by the Dutch fleet; and the importance of this service has never been sufficiently recognised. The sea, on that Sunday, was at rest; and had Farnese been able to put out with his flotilla, very different might have been the results. A hand-to-hand fight between the English and Spanish fleets would have been inevitable. The harassing mode of attack which the former had hitherto practised, would have been no longer of any avail. They must have come to close quarters. And when we remember that this would have been before the panic of the night of the seventh, when the Spanish were yet confident, and buoyed up with well-grounded hope, and that it would have been in weather so serene that seamanship could hardly have come into play, it is impossible to resist a fear that Providence, in the words of Napoleon, 'would have been on the side of the strongest battalions.' That such an engagement never took place, was owing to the vigilance of the Dutch. Upwards of a hundred vessels, of every description, and of all sizes, under Nassau and Van der Does, swarmed in all the estuaries on the Flemish coast, blockading every egress to the ocean from Dunkirk or from Sluys. The 'Beggars of the Sea' had come into the game at last. Now was their chance to requite Philip for the desolation he had wrought upon their country—for the sufferings of Leyden, for the treacherous sack of Haarlem. They could now take a leading part in frustrating the great design of his life, in giving the first blow to the overgrown fabric of his power. Now had come an opportunity rewarding them for years of sorrow, of suffering, and of peril, the history of which makes us stand amazed at the fortitude of the men who could endure to the end. They had waited for it long, and they used it well. Even at this distance of time our hearts beat in sympathy with those wild sailors, as, exulting in their long-

deferred and often despaired-of triumph, they marked their cruel enemy cowering in his trenches, and dared him, with taunts and jeers, to come forth and meet them on the sea.

'As for the Prince of Parma,' said Drake, 'I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps.' The Admiral was right. Farnese was transported with rage, and he had cause to be so. The miscarriage was no fault of his. He had all along told Philip that he could not possibly come out with his soldiers unless the sea were cleared. His boats, he had urged, were mere transports, only fit to float in calm weather; and that, as for fighting, four ships of war would destroy them all. The idea, that with these open boats he could put out in the face of the Dutch fleet, he had denounced as the wildest folly; and he had foretold the failure of the expedition if such a delusion were entertained. The delusion was entertained, and Farnese's prophecies came true. Philip insisted on regarding the rebellious Dutchmen as of no account: the 'Beggars of the Sea' convinced him of his mistake. Farnese had made his arrangements with wonderful forethought and skill. So complete were his preparations, that he could have embarked all his men in a single day. He actually did embark a large portion of his troops, and kept them in the boats, 'like sacks of corn,' for two days. But 'the Beggars' were always there, filling every outlet; and the soldiers would not face them. For the only time in his life, Farnese forgot generalship in his anger. He ordered a thousand musketeers to attack the Dutchmen. Their officers remonstrated. Alexander struck them dead with his own hand. The men reluctantly advanced to a hopeless contest, and not one returned alive. At last came the news of the flight of the Armada; and Farnese, of all men least to blame, yet most of all men bearing the reproach, disembarked his troops, and turned to new projects with the patient energy of genius.

The service which the Hollanders had rendered in preventing his putting to sea was incalculable. Had a man of his ability stood on the decks of the Armada, even without the soldiers who so devotedly loved him, affairs would have worn a very different aspect. This service has not, we think, been sufficiently acknowledged by English writers. The careless Hume, and the painstaking Lingard alike, pass it over in almost total silence. Mr Motley brings it prominently forward, in no unfair spirit towards England, but simply from a love of justice. He puts the question in its true light when he claims for the Dutch sailors an equal share of honour with the English. And the sailors of the two countries must share all the honour between them. That England would, in any case, have been permanently conquered, Mr Motley does not for a moment insinuate. But no candid man can

doubt, that had a landing been effected, Leicester and his four thousand men would not have stood before Parma for an hour. London would have been stormed, and misery altogether inconceivable would have been spread over England. That such horrors were averted, is to be ascribed, under Providence, to Philip's obstinate neglect of the advice of Farnese, and to the heroism of the Dutch and English sailors,—in no way whatever, as we read the story, to the measures of a Government deficient both in wisdom and in energy.

To whatsoever cause attributable, the deliverance had been wrought, and all the land was filled with the sound of pious thanksgiving. Spain was humbled in the dust, her maritime power was overthrown, another invasion of England could never be attempted. Holland, indeed, continued to be pressed by Parma for some eighteen months more; but, when Mr Motley closes his second volume in 1590, Holland also was secure. Changes had occurred in France which transferred thither the struggle between freedom and despotism, and left to the Netherlands a breathing space. The assassination of the Duke of Guise, and of the last Valois, brought prominently on the stage the greatest character of the time. Mr Motley has laboured much in portraying Henry of Navarre: we can only quote some portions of a very brilliant delineation.

‘We see, at once, a man of moderate stature, light, sinewy, and strong; a face browned with continual exposure; small, mirthful, yet commanding blue eyes, glittering from beneath an arching brow, and prominent cheekbones; a long hawk’s nose, almost resting upon a salient chin, a pendent moustache, and a thick, brown, curly beard, prematurely grizzled; we see the mien of frank authority and magnificent good-humour, we hear the ready sallies of the shrewd Gascon mother-wit, we feel the electricity which flashes out of him, and sets all hearts around him on fire, when the trumpet sounds to battle. The headlong desperate charge, the snow-white plume waving where the fire is hottest, the large capacity for enjoyment of the man, rioting without affectation in the *certaminis gaudia*, the insane gallop, after the combat, to lay its trophies at the feet of the Cynthia of the minute, and thus to forfeit its fruits;—all are as familiar to us as if the seven distinct wars, the hundred pitched battles, the two hundred sieges, in which the Bearnese was personally present, had been occurrences of our own day. . . . Beneath the mask of perpetual, careless good-humour, lurked the keenest eyes, a subtle, restless, widely combining brain, and an iron will. Native sagacity had been tempered into consummate elasticity by the fiery atmosphere in which feebler natures had been dissolved. His wit was as flashing and as quickly unsheathed as his sword. Desperate, apparently reckless temerity on the battle-field, was deliberately indulged in, that the world might be brought to recognise a hero and a chieftain in a king. . . . Thus

courageous, crafty, far-seeing, consistent, untiring, imperturbable, he was born to command, and had a right to reign. He had need of the throne, and the throne had still more need of him.' (Vol. i. 45, 51-2.)

Such was the man who now laid his iron grasp upon the Crown of France. His success would be fatal to the designs of Philip. The sluggish Mayenne, who spent as much time in eating as the Béarnese did in sleep, wielded the strength of the League in vain. Farnese turned to encounter an antagonist worthy even of his genius, and Holland was blessed with comparative repose. Some fifty years of strife, indeed, had still to be endured, before the times of her great trouble should be ended. But the struggle which remained, was a struggle for recognition, not for existence. In 1590 the victory was won. The foundations of the Batavian Commonwealth were secure. Freedom had made her home on those bleak and barren shores, from whence she was to go forth to bless the nations. That noble Republic was destined, in the years to come, to check the overgrown power of France as it had checked the overgrown power of Spain; to humble the pride of Louis as it had defeated the craft of Philip; to send a deliverer to England; to bear her share in the Triple Alliance, and in the great War of the Succession.

It was a glorious future. And, even at the time of which we write, the promise of that future was bright in the sky. Despite a desolating war which had raged unceasingly for twenty-five years, Holland was exhibiting strange signs of prosperity. Population was increasing, property rising in value, labour was in demand, wages were high. The beautiful manufactures for which Brussels and Valenciennes had long been celebrated, were becoming known in the cities of the Netherlands. Their commerce was extending itself every day. Their traffic with the Baltic was immense; nay, in spite of the most stringent regulations, they maintained a constant intercourse with the Spanish possessions in the west; and the power of trade brought the products of the mines of Potosi to sustain rebellion against the lord of Peru. Nor was learning forgotten amid the horrors of the time. The Universities of Franeker and Leyden were founded, with all fitting academic pomp and circumstance, as if peace had been smiling on the State. 'Truly,' says Meternen, 'the war had become a great benediction to the inhabitants.' With peculiar pleasure the mind reposes on the spectacle of a people who had ventured so much for the best interests of mankind, reaping such a great and unexpected reward. Far other was the aspect of the provinces which had stooped to the yoke of Spain. 'La Révocation de l'édit de Nantes,' says Michelet, 'fut précisément l'exil de l'industrie

française.' The 'reconciliation,' as it was called, of 1583 had been the same to the Walloon Provinces. The successes of Farnese brought a like evil fortune on Flanders and Brabant. Troops of exiles, skilled in the most productive branches of industry, fled from Popery and oppression, to enrich Holland, Friesland, and England. Great cities were depopulated; fertile tracts of country had been turned into desert. Wolves littered in the deserted farm-houses; men were torn to pieces by wild beasts at the very gates of Ghent. Nobles were converted into savage robbers, or supported life by degrading beggary in the towns which they once had ruled. The hum of busy labour was silent; the trim gardens, the rich pastures, the blooming orchards, once the admiration of all strangers, had become wildernesses. Prices were high, employment impossible; utter misery overspread the land, and barbarism seemed impending.

Such was the contrast, then, between free and servile states. The after careers of both were in harmony with the beginning. Holland advanced in glory and in well-being; the 'reconciled' provinces languished through long years under the alien domination of the Empire. In our own time we have seen them raised to independence; and Belgium is, on the whole, a prosperous and a happy country. But even now the traveller, as he gazes on the deserted quays of Antwerp, and hears his footfall sound strangely loud amid the desolation of Ghent and Bruges, can hardly realize, by any effort of imagination, the grand tumult of life which filled these Flemish cities in the days when they were welcomed as allies by our own Edward III., when they scattered the chivalry of France at Courtrai, and held their ground so stubbornly on the field of Rosebecque. The history of the Netherlands is an illustration of the priceless value of freedom, as well as a record of the great things which men have done to win it. It is a lesson fraught with instruction—especially worthy of study now-a-days, when so many shallow thinkers, echoing the words of one or two men of genius, endeavour to appear wiser than their neighbours by under-estimating the blessings of constitutional government.

Mr Motley has done his work well. His research has been unwearied and extensive, and he has given us the results of that research clearly and powerfully. If we compare him with Mr Prescott, we shall find occasion to admire the good fortune by which each of these American historians has been led to select subjects best suited to his ability. Mr Prescott is a beautiful and picturesque writer; but he is somewhat deficient in political feeling and political knowledge. This appears strikingly in his *Life of Philip II.*, unhappily left incomplete. He celebrates

worthily the great defence of Malta against the Turks; he narrates, with almost unnecessary detail, the savage crusades against the Moriscoes; but he labours reluctantly when he has to penetrate the tortuous policy of the prince, when he has to unravel the complex web of European affairs. So, too, his edition of Robertson's Charles V. has not greatly aided us to an understanding of that most difficult period, when the whole system of modern politics had its birth. He is most at home among the scenes of adventures through which the early Spanish discoverers passed; and his genius has achieved its most signal triumphs in depicting the varying fortunes of Cortez and Pizarro. Mr Motley, on the other hand, has far keener political sympathies; and is altogether, we venture to think, possessed of more intellectual vigour. He is never so happy as when exposing the incompetency of Burleigh, vindicating the sagacity of his favourite Walsingham, or detecting the subtle wiles of Farnese. Not that he wants the power of graphic narration. On the contrary, he possesses it in a very high degree. His battle-pieces are almost Homeric in the vividness with which individual prowess is brought out. Nothing can be more exciting than the fight under the walls of Zutphen, or the desperate struggle on the dykes which sealed the fate of Antwerp.

We have alluded to Mr Motley's research. His investigations into the manuscript records of the time have been so laborious, and he has brought to light so much curious and novel information, that it seems almost ungrateful to hint that we have somewhat too much of it. But the readers of this generation are an impatient race; and Mr Motley does tell us of intrigues, and abortive negotiations, and diplomatic nothings with a painful minuteness. Prolixity, indeed, seems the vice of American writers. Whether it be that art strives to imitate the gigantic scale on which nature manifests herself in the New World; or whether, as we rather fancy, all Americans are demoralized by the awful length of that message which is yearly delivered to them by their President, the fact is at once certain and deplorable. Two volumes of a "*History of New England*," by Mr Palfrey, have lately appeared—a most valuable work, but which has failed to obtain popularity owing to this fault alone. Mr Motley has not erred quite so fatally, but we must say that he tries the patience of his readers severely. The latter half of the first volume is far too full of quotations from letters and reports, and of dialogues which are given at full length. This last is a very favourite device. Throughout these volumes, we have repeated instances of "imaginary conversations" between the chief performers, after the fashion of that dreadful "controversy" at Melos, which, in the pages of Thucydides, has vexed the hearts of so many

mortals. Against this style of writing history we beg to enter our most decided protest. We value highly dramatic power in an historian. Its presence, indeed, makes all the difference between an historian and a mere annalist. But it must not develop itself in this particular way. The introduction of speeches and dialogues, purporting to be set forth in the very language used at the time, is now-a-days utterly out of place. It is intended to give an air of life; it only succeeds in giving an air of unreality. We fully believe Mr Motley's assertion, that 'no personage in these pages is made to write or speak any words save those which, on the best historical evidence, he is known to have written or spoken.' Yet, even with this confidence, suspicions of unconscious invention will intrude upon the reader's mind. We feel ourselves brought back to the manner of Herodotus. We are told what Walsingham said to Bodman, and what the Queen said to Shirley, exactly after the fashion in which the Father of History tells us what Candaules said to Gyges, and how Solon moralized to Cræsus. If Mr Motley will indulge in this sort of thing, he should do it thoroughly. He should remember that, according to the best models of this style, no battle can be fought without much preliminary speechifying. The great William himself should have broken his accustomed silence, ere he entered the Meuse at the head of his troops; and we must anticipate, that even the fiery Maurice will be made to improve the occasion by an encouraging address before he leads the great charge at Nieuport. Seriously, in writings of the present time, all this is utterly incongruous. The effect produced by it is simply grotesque. It is a mere trick, and an unsuccessful trick, and a trick to which Mr Motley need not condescend. It is in his power to give life to his pages by other and more legitimate means.

Neither is it worthy of Mr Motley to seek a source of attraction in strange contortions of style. As he advances with his work, he improves in this respect. The History of the United Netherlands is far less disfigured with uncouth expressions, meant to be effective, than was the Rise of the Dutch Republic. Yet, even in the latter work, a very superficial search will detect many eccentricities of language. We would not make much of a habit of speaking of 'Henry Tudor,' and 'Elizabeth Tudor;' though we confess that this sounds somewhat strangely in our loyal, or perhaps we should say in our enslaved and degraded, ears. But such phrases as, a 'champion to the utterance,' 'England was palpitating with the daily expectation,' etc., and 'Howard determined to wrestle no farther pull,' are, to say the least, very inelegant. It is at once confused and tawdry writing to speak of the Earl of Leicester as 'that luxuriant, creeping, flaunting, all-pervading existence, which struck its fibres into

the mould, and coiled itself through the whole fabric of Elizabeth's life and reign.' Nor is it much more accurate to describe canals as 'those liquid highways, along which glide in phantom silence the bustle, and traffic, and countless cares of a stirring population.' Will Mr Motley think us very matter-of-fact, if we ask him how a bustle can possibly glide, or at all progress, or, indeed, do anything, in phantom silence? We regret this passage the more, that what we must venture to call its absurdity spoils an otherwise faithful and picturesque description of the Hague. Nor can we think it a very fitting representation of the state of Holland after the death of William the Silent, to say that 'the newly-risen Republic remained for a season nebulous, and ready to unsphere itself so soon as the relative attraction of other great powers should determine its absorption.' We would really impress on Mr Motley the importance of cultivating simplicity of style, and of not reading one word of Carlyle until his own historical labours are concluded.

Should these remarks be read by Mr Motley, we trust he will not misunderstand the spirit in which they are made. They spring from no vain love of fault-finding, but from a sincere desire that what we regard as blemishes should disappear from a great historical work. And we think it the more incumbent on us to make them, that Mr Motley proposes to write so much that will be valuable. It is his purpose to carry on the present book to the date of the Synod of Dort. He then hopes to take up the history of the 'Thirty Years' War, which broke out immediately thereafter, and to end the whole when repose was given to wearied Europe by the Peace of Westphalia. He will thus tell the story of a conflict which lasted, with one short interval, for about eighty years. He will accomplish this ambition all the more successfully if he strives after condensation and simplicity.

That he will accomplish it well in any case, no one can doubt. In addition to the other excellencies which we have already mentioned, Mr Motley possesses the rare merit of being able to sympathize with all the various characteristics of the era of which he writes. Nor is this a slight matter; for he has selected an era which presents, perhaps, more varied characteristics than any other in the history of the world. There are certain periods of history in which the course of events seems to be regulated by individual actors—to follow the dictates of some imperial will. We come best to understand the epoch by studying the character of the man or men who ruled it. Such a period was the period of the downfall of the Roman Republic. Again, there are other periods of history in which national life is vigorous, over which the individual has little power. We can only understand these

epochs by studying the influences brought to bear upon the masses, and the emotions which excited them to action. Such a period was the period of the Peloponnesian war. The period of which Mr Motley has chosen to write combines both these characteristics in a very striking degree. National life was then coming into being; and the leaders of the time were among the greatest of the rulers of mankind. William the Silent, the Prince of Parma, Henry of Navarre, have left the impress of their characters indelibly on the history of their era. And all Holland was then learning to be free, and England was fighting for existence; and the spirit of Protestantism moved on the face of the waters. Mr Motley has seen all this. He rightly estimates both the influence of individuals and the strength of popular feeling. He sympathizes with both, and he makes his readers do the same. Therefore, from a study of his pages, we arrive at a true understanding of the whole marvel of the epoch. The great men live and move before us; yet the people, 'as a lion, creeping nigher,' are visible in the background. We are made to know the statesmanship and valour of William and his brothers, all dying for the infant State—of Henry of Navarre—of Norris and Walsingham; we appreciate even the spirit of reckless defiance which animated men like Brederode and Hohenlo; yet we are never allowed to forget the dogged resistance of the lowest Hollander; we are taught to admire the austere enthusiasm of the French Huguenots; and the determination which nerved all England, and made a hero of every English ship-boy, is always present to our minds. Even on the other side, the genius and influence of Farnese is Mr Motley's favourite theme; yet he delineates vividly the mingled virtues and vices which gave such a peculiar power to the soldiery whom Farnese led. Higher praise can be bestowed on no historian; yet it is only Mr Motley's due.

We heartily hope that health and strength will be given to him to accomplish the great task which he has set before himself. When accomplished, it will be a valuable addition to our historical literature, and will win for its author an enduring title to fame. Meanwhile we are truly grateful for what we have got. Readers of Mr Motley's five volumes will not only find a most instructive and entertaining narrative; they will also find a book written with the feeling and fervour with which all history should be written—a book which cannot fail to communicate, even to the most indifferent, some portion of the love of freedom and of truth which glows along its eloquent pages.

ART. VII.—*The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained.*

By the Right Rev. G. BERKELEY, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited, with Annotations, by H. V. H. COWELL, Associate of King's College, London. Cambridge, 1860.

'IRELAND,' says Sir James Mackintosh in his Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, 'may truly be said to be *incuriosa suorum*.' This remark must be understood with considerable reservations. As far as its orators and wits are concerned, there is no nation in Europe that is more careful of its intellectual glories. No Irishman requires to be reminded that he is the countryman of Burke. The names of Grattan and Flood, of Curran and Plunket, have actually degenerated into clap-trap. The memory of Sheridan and Moore is in no danger of being lost, and Goldsmith is a household word that lives on every lip. Here, indeed, the fault of an Irishman would seem to lie in an opposite direction. He claims Swift as a countryman, because Swift, though the son of English parents, first saw the light in Dublin; and he arrogates the genius of Sterne, because Sterne happened to be born when his father, a captain in a marching regiment, was stationed at Clonmel. In philosophy, however, the remark of Sir James Mackintosh is true. A native born Irishman, Johannes Duns Scotus, is generally regarded as a Scot. The birthplace of Hutcheson, the Irish founder of the Scotch philosophy, is unknown. The philosophy of Berkeley, overwhelmed as it has been with misrepresentation, has been vindicated by no Irish pen. The existence of one of his most important works was first pointed out by a Scotchman; and it is an Englishman who has at length superintended its republication, and transmitted it to Ireland, as a contribution of the English press. And yet, in earlier times, the Irish genius was more remarkable for dialectic subtlety, than for either impassioned eloquence or spontaneous wit. The disputants of the Irish College in the University of Paris were satirized as

'Gens ratione furens et mentem pasta chimæris.'

An Irish tutor harassing a professor of Salamanca with a sorites was regarded by Bayle as the very type of scholastic subtlety. It was to the uncouth Hibernian figures that prowled about the halls, that Gil Blas addressed himself for disputation when prosecuting his logical studies at Oviedo. In short, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, the Hibernian logician was long celebrated in every university of Europe for his logical acuteness, and—tell it not in the Island of the Saints—for his pugnacity and barbarism also.¹

¹ See Sir William Hamilton's Discussions. p. 6; Stewart's Works, iii. 58, 211.

Nor even in more recent times has the early philosophical reputation of the country been altogether lost. Recommended by Molyneux, Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding* was a text-book in the University of Dublin, when the heads of houses were conspiring to ignore its very existence at Oxford, and when it supplied nothing better than a thesis for an occasional disputation in the more liberal University of Cambridge. The spirit infused by the new philosophy was soon apparent. King published his *De Origine Mali* in the year 1702. Elected a Fellow of Trinity College in 1707, Berkeley, in 1709, gave the world his 'Theory of Vision,' and in the following year his 'Principles of Human Knowledge.' Stimulated by the philosophy of Locke, though he misunderstood its tenets, Hutcheson published his 'Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue,' in 1725, and dedicated it from Dublin to the Viceroy Carteret. In 1728, he followed up the Inquiry by an 'Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections, with illustrations on the Moral Sense;' and in 1729 he was permanently lost to Ireland, by being appointed Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. The University of Dublin, however, in 1728, had resumed its philosophic reputation in the person of another Fellow of Trinity College, Dr Peter Browne, whose 'Procedure, Extent, and Limits of Human Understanding,' published in 1728, was followed in 1733 by his work entitled 'Things Divine and Supernatural conceived by Analogy with Things Natural and Human,'—a book the interest of which has been revived by Dr Marshall. The illustrious Burke followed in the footsteps of Berkeley and of Browne. A scholar on the foundation on which they were Fellows, he, in 1757, gave the world an intimation of his philosophic genius, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and, had not politics distracted his attention from philosophy, would have followed it up by an *Essay on the Idealism of Berkeley*.¹ In his 'attempt to prove the existence and absolute perfection of the Supreme Unoriginated Being in a demonstrative manner,' Dr Hugh Hamilton essayed a task which had been in vain attempted by Locke and Clarke. He also was a Fellow of Trinity College. In the University, however, up to the year 1837, there was no chair for the cultivation of the science which had been prosecuted so zealously by its alumni. This deficiency was supplied by the influence of the then Provost, Dr Lloyd, the scientific father of a scientific son. The first incumbent of the new chair was the much lamented Archer Butler. A scholar of the house like Burke, he rivalled Burke himself in the magnificence of his diction; while in his *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy* he showed himself worthy

¹ See Boswell's Johnson, Croker's Edition, ch. xvii.

to be at once the exponent of Plato and the countryman of Berkeley. His successor was Dr Fitzgerald, the editor of Butler's *Analogy* and of Aristotle's *Ethics*. As Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, he at present holds in his own person the united bishoprics of Berkeley and of Browne; and had he not devoted himself exclusively to the discharge of the duties of his high office, he would still be the centre of the hopes of the Irish votaries of mental science. His successor was Dr Moeran, an accomplished metaphysician, who, like his predecessor, has subordinated his metaphysical reputation to the discharge of his duties as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. The last in the succession is the present Professor, Dr Webb, an ex-scholar of the House, who, in his '*Intellectualism of Locke*,' has endeavoured at once to defend the memory of Locke from the charge of empiricism, and to vindicate the University of Dublin for the prominence which it has never ceased to give Locke's *Essay* in its University curriculum.

The great glory of Irish philosophy is Berkeley. The events in the life of this illustrious man are easily chronicled. He was born near Thomastown in 1684. Educated at Kilkenny, he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1707. In 1713 he went to Italy as chaplain and secretary to the Earl of Peterborough. Created a senior Fellow of his College in 1717, he resigned his Fellowship, and was promoted to the Deanery of Derry in 1724. In 1728 he consented to resign the most opulent preferment in the Irish Church for £100 a-year, and the privilege of 'keeping a school for savage children' at Bermuda. Disappointed in the promises of Walpole, and having expended much of his private fortune in the promotion of this abortive scheme, he returned to Europe in 1731. In 1734 he was promoted to the See of Cloyne. In 1745 he refused to be translated to the See of Clogher, though the value of the preferment was double that of the one he held. In 1752 he entreated to be permitted to resign his bishopric, but the king refused to accede to his request. In 1753 he died. Whilst sitting in the midst of his family listening to a sermon, he was struck with palsy in the heart. His remains were interred, not in the vaults of the University of which he was the glory, but at Oxford.

The estimation in which the character of this illustrious man was held by his contemporaries, is better known than even the actions of his life. Every one knows how he charmed the fierce misanthropy of Swift—how Pope attributed to him the possession of 'every virtue under heaven'—how Atterbury exclaimed, that till he knew him he did not think that 'so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, had

been the portion of any but the angels.' To the present day the memory of the mild metaphysician is as dear to his countrymen as that of their most turbulent orators and statesmen. Nor is the instinct of the nation wrong. He was one of the first eminent Anglo-Hibernians that were not ashamed of the name of Irishman. He was one of the first Irish Protestants who would honestly tolerate a 'Papist.' He was, perhaps, the first Irishman who had the courage to tell his countrymen their faults. He was the first to denounce the race of patriots. The character of this great and good man, indeed, is not the exclusive property of his country; it is the common glory of the human race. His life was one of an ideal purity. The metaphysician of Idealism was an ideal man. He was as nearly a realization of the conception of the Stoic sage as the imperfection of humanity permits.

The range of his intellectual accomplishments was almost as wonderful as his virtue was unique. In his 'Analyst' he was the first to point out that logical inconsistency in the modern calculus which Carnot attempted to explain by a compensation of errors, which Lagrange endeavoured to obviate by his calculus of functions, and which Euler and D'Alembert could only evade by pointing out the constant conformity of the conception with ascertained results. The 'Querist,' to use the language of Sir James Mackintosh, 'contains more hints, than original, still unapplied in legislation and political economy, than are to be found in any equal space.' In his 'Minute Philosopher,' modelled on the Dialogues of Plato, he catches the manner of his master; and, while tracking the free thought of the day through its various evolutions, exhibits an exquisite elegance of diction that is unsurpassed in the literature of philosophy. It is in abstract philosophy, however, that we are to seek his glory. His 'Theory of Vision,' his 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' his 'Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' and his 'Siris,' entitle him as a metaphysician to be ranked with Locke and Hume; and their publication vindicated the claim of Ireland to an equality with England and with Scotland in the glories of metaphysical research.

Berkeley's Idealism, in fact, is an epoch in the history of modern speculation. The effect which it primarily produced was a species of stupid bewilderment or unintelligent disdain. 'Coxcombs refuted Berkeley with a grin.' Old rugged Rhadamanthus Johnson endeavoured to refute his Idealism with a 'kick.' Burke was determined to assail his paradox, but did not venture on the task. Arbuthnot could only regard the 'Ideas' of 'poor philosopher Berkeley' as a theme for jest. Even Clarke was invited to examine 'Mr Berkeley's subtile

premises,' and to explain away 'his absurd conclusions,' but 'declined.' The glory of 'refuting' Berkeley was reserved for Reid; and Reid could only recommend the Berkeleian to 'run his head against a post,' and 'to be clapt into a mad-house for his pains.' Reid, indeed, professes to have been himself for twenty years a believer in the scheme of Berkeley; but of the intelligence of that belief his after criticism affords the best illustration. He misconceived its whole purport. He misrepresented its every tenet. He imported into it a monstrous chimæra, which made it a chaos of contradictions; and while Berkeley was in reality to be identified with Plato, with Cudworth, and with Clarke, identified him with Gassendi, Hobbes, and Condillac.

As the errors of Reid, repeated as they are not only by his more immediate followers, but by the more scientific thinkers educated in the school of Kant, continue to vitiate philosophical criticism, it may be well once more to subject the Berkeleian Idealism to review. The republication of Berkeley's 'Vindication of the Theory of Vision,' supplies us with a fit occasion. The republication, indeed, at once necessitates and facilitates the performance of the task: *necessitates* it, for the annotations of the editor reproduce all the misconceptions to which we have adverted; and *facilitates* it, for the text itself supplies the best materials for their refutation. The discussion of such recondite subjects in the pages of a Review, is attended with peculiar difficulty. Unless the discussion be suited to the apprehension of the general reader, it will scarce be read; unless it be conducted with scientific rigour, it will scarce be worth the reading. The region into which we are about to enter is one of twilight, which is eventually lost in gloom. If the reader has any metaphysical curiosity, let him accompany us as we descend from the light of day into the chasm of this subterranean cave. The discipline of Plato's cave is here reversed. The great difficulty is not to become accustomed to the light; it is to become accustomed to the darkness. Let us descend and strain our eyeballs to descry, as best we may, the objects that glimmer through the gloom.

'The privilege of reason,' says the Leviathan, 'is allayed by another, and that is by the privilege of absurdity, to which no living creature is subject but man only, and of men those are of all most subject to it that profess philosophy.' But philosophy itself, to ordinary apprehension, would seem never to have propounded an absurdity more monstrous than when she proclaimed, in the person of Berkeley, that 'all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind, and that their being is to be perceived or known.' The paradox, however, was the natural birth of thought; and the

history of the speculations of which it was the issue, will prove it to have been a legitimate product of the human mind. What, in fact, was the position of philosophy in the time of Berkeley? That philosophy existed, was itself a proof that the unreflecting *natural realism*, which is the primeval instinct of the human race, had been dispelled. From the natural point of view, as it has been well expressed, it appears as if sense actually apprehended things out of itself, and in their proper space. The external world in its objective reality is present. It is not a matter of inference or mere belief; it is absolutely known. We are in presence and possession of the *object*. But how can the distant be apprehended, the external known? how can thought be made the depository of alien things? The question haunted the mind the moment that reason and reflection woke; and the first and obvious suggestion was, that the world was matter not of knowledge, but belief, and that what was present to the mind was not the object, but its idea or conception. *Idealism*, therefore, was the first suggestion of philosophy. Curiosity aroused, the career of hypothesis commenced. Whence came this concept or idea? Men were not contented with a fact; they wanted an efficient cause; and as efficiency eludes the grasp of our intelligence, they were fain to guess what it was impossible to know. What is the *cause* of our ideas? Impelled by the quasi-externality of our perceptions, we naturally regard them as determined from without; urged by the primary instinct of reality, we naturally regard them as determined from without by matter. The first hypothesis that was excogitated to explain our sensible perceptions, therefore, was the *Theory of Physical Influence or Influx*. The material films of the atomists, the matterless forms of the schoolmen, the material properties and powers of the modern materialists, were so many modifications of the same hypothesis. Matter was the efficient cause of our ideas. This was the hypothesis which was adopted by Gassendi and Hobbes, by Sir Kenelm Digby, and the corpuscularians who preceded Locke. But matter is conceived as passive and inert; how, then, can it be conceived as cause? It is conceived as essentially unthinking; how, then, can it be conceived to operate as cause of thought? The hypothesis which Locke adopted to elude this difficulty is characteristic of his philosophy of compromise and caution. Holding that the mind, as far as the sensible world is concerned, is conscious of nothing but its own ideas, he held that those ideas are produced by impulse (ii. i. 1–ii. viii. 11). It is true that, in reply to Stillingfleet, he admitted this to be an error, and promised to rectify it on the first occasion. But on reflection he found there was nothing which he wished to rectify. He found he had expressly stated that the ‘me-

chanical affections of bodies have no affinity at all with those ideas they produce in us' (iv. iii. 28), and that impulse, consequently, was not the efficient, but the physical cause of our ideas. This was the introduction of a new conception. The thought-producing powers of matter were to be 'attributed wholly to the good pleasure of our Maker' (iv. iii. 6); and a theory of what may be denominated *hyper-physical influence* was the expression of the opinions of the English sage. The notion of efficiency was thus transferred from the world of matter to the power of God. Philosophy had entered into an alliance with theology, and the great systems of *theological idealism* were added to the empire of hypothesis. Holding that the mind is conscious of nothing but ideas of reality—holding that matter is essentially and unalterably passive,—the Cartesian proclaimed that God is the immediate cause of our ideas, that He caused our ideas on the occasion of the presence of material things. Thus was evolved the celebrated hypothesis of *occasional causes*. Still holding the doctrine that the mind is conscious of ideas only—still holding the hopeless and helpless imbecility of matter,—Leibnitz rejected the Cartesian hypothesis of the incessant agency of God, as reducing the order of nature to a miracle; and, inconsistently reverting to the principles of the old mechanical philosophy, maintained that the modifications of mind and the modifications of matter had been so pre-arranged by God that the necessary evolutions of the one corresponded to the mechanical evolutions of the other. In short, he broached the hypothesis of *pre-established harmony*. But this hypothesis soon followed in the train of its abandoned predecessors. It was succeeded by the hypothesis of Pere Malebranche. If matter could neither be known as object, nor make itself known as cause, Malebranche perceived most clearly that the existence of a world of matter could not be recognised by reason. He accepted the fact, however, on the authority of Scripture, and he framed his hypothesis to account for the production of the idea. The Deity was the universal Being. He was intimately present to the mind of man. *He*, at all events, in his omniscience, possessed an objective knowledge of the fact, which His Scripture had revealed, and at times He allowed the human mind to participate in His cognition. Our sensations, it is true, were produced by His power; but our ideas were participations in His intelligence; and thus the knowledge of the world of matter was a *vision of the world in God*.

It was in this position that philosophy was found by Berkeley, and it determined the evolution of his system. Erroneously conceiving the Divine Ideas of Malebranche to be physical modifications of the essence of the Deity, whereas in reality they were merely acts of the Divine Intelligence, he rejected the

hypothesis of the vision of material things in God, as unintelligible and absurd. But he rejected it for another and a better reason: the 'Vision' of Malebranche, the 'Harmony' of Leibnitz, the 'Occasional Causes' of Descartes, and the 'Hyper-physical Influence' of Locke, were all vitiated by the same fundamental fallacy. Not only were they hypotheses—they were hypotheses that were superfluous,—and they were hypotheses replete with contradiction. Schemes of theological idealism, they were also schemes of theological realism. They admitted the existence of a reality, and yet they admitted the consciousness of nothing but the idea. They admitted that the reality was incompetent to produce the idea,—they admitted that the idea could only be produced directly or indirectly by the agency of God,—they admitted that the agency of God was amply sufficient for the production of the mental phenomenon; and yet they admitted the concurrence in, or at least the co-existence of, a reality *ex hypothesi* unknown, inactive, superfluous, and void. Berkeley was too fearless, too acute a thinker, to acquiesce in this. He held, with his predecessors, that mind has no objective knowledge of a world of matter. He held, with them, that in this respect the mind is conscious of nothing but ideas. He held, with them, that these ideas must have a cause. He held, with them, that these ideas were not generated from within, but were determined from without. With them, he held that the external cause of our ideas could not be matter; and, with them, he held that the external cause was God. But if God were the cause of our ideas, why gratuitously suppose the existence of an unknown world of matter? The world of consciousness was known. It was a series of conceptions which the mind was stimulated by the Deity to form. It was a dream, such as that with which the Hebrew prophets were inspired. It was an apocalyptic vision. It was a perpetual trance.

This conception, indeed, was no novelty in the history of speculation. The Hindoo philosophers, centuries before, had maintained that 'creation was rather an energy than a work, by which the Infinite Mind, who is present at all times and in all places, exhibits to His creatures a set of perceptions like a wonderful picture, or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform.' They had denied 'the reality of all created forms,' except 'as far as the happiness of creatures could be affected by them.' They had held that the world of matter was merely maya, or illusion.¹

¹ See the passages quoted from Sir William Jones by Stewart (*Works*, v., 108). We are at a loss to conceive on what grounds Mr Stewart maintains that this Hindoo theory 'has not the most distant affinity in its origin or tendency to the system of Idealism.' He represents it as recognising the existence of the universe 'as matter,—the universe which it distinctly characterized as maya.'

Berkeley himself professes to have found intimations of his own Idealism in the philosophy of Plato. But a just and intelligible criticism of the philosophy of Plato is still a desideratum, and but little reliance can be placed on the isolated passages which Berkeley quotes. Faint adumbrations of the Idealism of Berkeley as well as of that of Fichte, may be discovered in Cicero's exposition of scepticism in the Academics. He refers to the seeming externality of the dreams sent by the gods, and of the fictions of the imagination generated by madness or by natural sleep. But this is Idealism merely in its germ. As Sir William Hamilton has shown, the idealistic principle was contemplated by the early fathers in their opposition to Marcion's doctrine of the merely phenomenal incarnation of our Lord, and by the schoolmen in their disquisitions on the representative character of species. As he has also shown, the principle was recognised by Leibnitz. 'Nullo argumento absolute demonstrari potest dari corpora, nec quicquam prohibet somnia quædam bene ordinata menti nostræ objecta esse.' The world may be merely a well-ordered dream—an iris—an image on the glass. In Locke the idealistic tendency of the age is equally conspicuous. 'It may seem strange,' says Reid, 'that Locke, who wrote so much about ideas, should not see the consequences which Berkeley thought so obviously deducible from that doctrine.' Strange indeed, if true; but the infelicity of Reid's assertion is stranger still. 'There can be nothing more certain,' says Locke, 'than that the idea we receive from an external object is in our minds: this is intuitive knowledge. But whether there be anything more than barely that idea, whether we can thence certainly infer the existence of anything without us which corresponds to that idea, is that whereof some men think there may be a question made.' Who were the Berkeleians that thus speculated before Berkeley? Locke does not tell us. He does not accept their conclusions; but he clearly perceives that all 'we see and hear, feel and taste, think and do, during our whole being,' may be 'but the series and deluding appearances of a long dream whereof there is no reality.'

Contemporaneously with Berkeley, another fearless thinker had combined the idealistic elements with which the speculations of the times were fraught into a system. In his '*Clavis Universalis*,' or '*New Inquiry after Truth*,' Arthur Collier had sent forth from his country rectory 'a demonstration of the non-existence or impossibility of an external world.' The perfect correspondence between the independent speculations of these two philosophers is one of the strangest facts in the history of thought. Not only were their conclusions identically the same, they were arrived at in the same way. Both started from the phenomena of vision. Both proved that the world of vision

could have no existence but in mind. Both transferred their Idealism into the realm of truth. Both held not only the non-existence, but the impossibility of the existence, of an external world of matter. As to the production of our ideas, the two philosophers were equally agreed. Both rejected the theory that was afterwards embraced by Fichte. Both rejected the doctrine of material efflux. Both rejected the doctrine of impressed and expressed species. Both rejected the hypothesis of seeing things in God. Both held that our sensible ideas were the effect of the Divine will. In some respects, indeed, the Idealism of Collier is more rational than that of Berkeley. He explains, instead of denying, the deliverance of common sense. He shows that the quasi-externality of the object is part and parcel of perception; nay, that it is as much an attribute of the figments of the imagination as of the facts of sense. He shows what Berkeley omitted to show,—the ambiguity of the word idea; and all but anticipates the analysis of Hamilton, by raising the question whether the idea ‘exists in the mind’ as ‘in its proper place,’ or ‘inheres in it’ as ‘in its proper subject,’ or is ‘dependent on it’ as ‘on its proper faculty.’

The reference to Collier’s analysis of the various modes in which ideas may be conceived to exist in the mind of God or man, suggests the first grave misconception to which the Idealism of Berkeley has been subjected,—a misconception which, if undisputed, would leave it a chaos of contradiction and chimæra. As we have interpreted the views of Berkeley, the human mind is left as it were face to face with the Divine. The Divine mind operates on the human mind, and the human mind is forthwith affected with a variety of ideas. There is nothing to mediate between the two. Ideas, as thus conceived, are mere modifications of the mind itself, mere states of consciousness determined by the mystic agency of God. But the idea of Berkeley, if we are to believe his critics, is a separate entity,—a something numerically distinct from mind, a *tertium quid* which mediates between the human intellect and the Divine, a sort of unsubstantial substance, an incomprehensible essence neither mind nor matter,—an atom, as it were, of thought. If such be Berkeley’s idea, it is evident that his whole philosophy is naught. The theory of entity-ideas, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, was principally devised to explain the possibility of a knowledge by an immaterial substance of an existence, so disproportioned to its nature as the qualities of a material object. In other words, the entity-idea was invented as a mediator between mind and matter. What occasion, therefore, could there be for a mediator when the existence of matter was denied? Why continue to employ the go-between when there were no

longer two parties between which to go? Why invoke the aid of a representative when there was no reality to represent? Why, in a word, annihilate the substance and retain the shadow? But in Berkeley's Idealism the entity-idea would not be superfluous only; its introduction would be suicidal. 'The existence of ideas as separate from the mind,' says Brown, 'and the permanent existence of these when they have ceased to exist in the individual mind, are evidently assumptions as gratuitous as the assumption of the external existence of matter itself; or, rather, the permanent and independent ideas are truly matter under another name.' And this undoubtedly is true. If the Berkeleyan idea be an entity distinct from mind, then Berkeley admits the existence of an external world objectively existing and objectively perceived,—the very notion which he denounces as a contradiction in terms,—the very notion which his whole philosophy was intended to explode. 'To believe,' says Brown, 'that these foreign independent substances, which pass from mind to mind, exist *in* the mind, is not to intellectualize matter, but to materialize intellect.' And this is likewise true. If the mind be a receptacle of entity-ideas, it is as much material as if it were a crystal globe, and its ideas gold and silver fish. And this is a doctrine to be attributed to the great immaterialist,—this is an absurdity to be foisted on a philosopher whom his very critics acknowledge to have been the most acute of men,—this is to be the idea of an Idealism which Sir James Mackintosh, with all the world, proclaims to be the touchstone of metaphysical sagacity! Why, there is not a single argument with which Berkeley controverts the existence of matter, that would not react upon the existence of the alleged ideas. Is the term 'material substance' destitute of meaning? Is the assumption of rational bodies incompetent to explain the phenomenon of thought? Is the existence of external bodies a fact impossible to be known? Is the assumption of matter an unnecessary multiplication of entities? Every one of these questions is decisive of the fate of the entity-idea. And yet, without a moment's misgiving, without a dissentient voice, the critics, one and all, attribute this monstrous entity-idea to the system of the idealist, and allege him to have borrowed the monstrosity from Locke. 'Mr Locke,' says Reid, 'had taught us that all the immediate objects of human knowledge are ideas in the mind. Bishop Berkeley, proceeding upon this foundation, demonstrated very easily that there is no material world.' Stewart re-echoes the criticism of his master, and tells us that 'it was chiefly in consequence of the sceptical conclusion that Bishop Berkeley and Mr Hume had deduced from the ancient theories of perception, that Dr Reid was led to call them in question.' Dissenting

from Reid in every other instance, even Brown acknowledges that Reid was right with respect to Malebranche and to Berkeley. As Brown agrees with Reid, so for once Sir William Hamilton agrees with Brown. 'Berkeley,' he says, 'is one of the philosophers who really held the doctrine of ideas erroneously by Reid attributed to all.' And, finally, Mr Mansel persists in the ancient error, and holds that the idea of Berkeley and of Locke was something numerically distinct from mind.¹

This question of the entity-idea does not affect the philosophical reputation of Berkeley alone. It affects the reputation of his most illustrious predecessors. It vitally affects the reputation of Reid as a critic; nay, it vitally affects his reputation as a philosopher. On this point, Brown has endeavoured to annihilate the philosophical character of Reid, and Sir William Hamilton that of Brown. We may well be forgiven if on such a subject we for a while digress from Berkeley.

'All philosophers from Plato to Hume,' says Reid, 'agree in this, that we do not perceive external objects immediately, and that the immediate object of perception must be some image present to the mind.' On the detection of this alleged absurdity Reid plumes himself as his peculiar glory. And it must be acknowledged, that a variety of circumstances may concur to give a philosopher the appearance of holding this doctrine. In the first place, he may employ the word *Idea* to denote not only the Idea, but the Idealism, with Locke; or he may employ it to denote not only the mental modification, but the corporeal concomitant, with Descartes and Wolf. Even when the word is restricted to the sphere of consciousness, there are various sources of ambiguity and misconception. Foremost among the causes which thus tend to objectify the ideas, is to be remarked the use of metaphor. Take, for instance, a most remarkable passage from the works of Locke. Our ideas, he tells us, are 'shadows flying over fields of corn'—they are 'pictures laid in fading colours'—they are 'inscriptions that are effaced by time'—they are 'images which the flames of fever may calcine into dust.' And yet these expressions are preceded by an unequivocal declaration that our ideas are 'nothing but perceptions, which cease to be anything when there is no perception of them.' Still more treacherous, however, are the metaphorical expressions in which all trace of metaphor is lost. From the days of Cicero, philosophers have been accustomed to speak of ideas infused into the mind, of ideas stamped, imprinted, and impressed. 'Quid igitur? utrum capacitatem aliquam in animo putamus esse, quo tanquam

¹ Reid's Works, pp. 293, 306, etc. Stewart's Works, ii. 108; v. 70, etc. Brown's Lectures, ii. 83. Hamilton's Reid, p. 288; Disc., p. 91; Lect., ii. 30, 50. Mansel's Prolegomena, p. 318.

in aliquod vas ea quæ meminimus infundantur? An imprimi quasi ceram animum putamus et esse memoriam signatarum rerum in mente vestigia?' The question would be put with equal scorn by many a philosopher who unsuspectingly employs the obnoxious phrases. The term *representation* is itself a source of ambiguity and doubt. If we are unable objectively to attain reality, if reality to us is only a matter of inference and belief, our thought of course may with strict propriety be regarded as vicarious, as representative of things. But the critics have forced upon the word an inference which philosophers would undoubtedly repudiate. The recognition of ideas, says M. Cousin, supposes a theory of representation; all representation supposes resemblance; all resemblance supposes an image; an image supposes figure; and figure is one of the qualities of matter. The idea of the representationists is, therefore, a material idea image. A similar view is held by Dugald Stewart. 'From the word representation employed by Buffier,' he says, 'it would appear that even he conceived the idea or notion of the mind to bear a resemblance to the external corresponding object.' Even the word *resemblance* is itself ambiguous. Speaking of Locke in his Discussions, Sir William Hamilton alludes to 'the resembling and consequently extended ideas of the primary qualities of matter.' In his celebrated note on the primary and secondary qualities of matter, however, he makes a more enlightened criticism, and tells us that, 'if we modify the obnoxious language of Descartes and Locke, and instead of saying that the ideas or notions of the primary qualities resemble, merely assert that they truly represent their objects, that is, afford us such a knowledge of their nature as we should have, were an immediate intuition of the extended reality in itself competent to man—and this is certainly all that one, probably all that either philosopher intended—Reid's doctrine and theirs would be found in perfect unison.'

But what seems in a peculiar manner to have misled the mind of Reid himself, was the philosophical employment of the word *object* as matter of consciousness. We know that not only can we perceive, but that we can make our perception an object of ulterior thought; and hence, though philosophers, while concentrating their attention on the act, have called it a *perception*, yet when regarding it as an object they have named it an *idea*. Simple as this consideration may appear, it was altogether overlooked by the sage of common sense. Forgetting that the mind can make its own operations its object—forgetting that the operations of the mind are the appropriate object of reflection in the philosophy of Locke—forgetting even, what he had himself observed, that Arnauld (who in this is only the follower of Descartes) employs the word *objective* to designate the mental presence of a

thought as distinguished from the local presence of a thing,—he imagined, that when the philosophers spoke of ideas as objects in the mind, they necessarily regarded them as entities endowed with a separate existence; nay, did not hesitate to aver that ‘philosophers, ancient and modern, have maintained that the operations of the mind, like the tools of an artificer, can only be employed on objects that are present in the mind or in the brain.’

But perhaps the most general cause of misapprehension on this subject, is to be found in an ambiguity which is pointed out by Mr Mill. ‘Before recommencing, under better auspices, the attempt made with such imperfect success by the great founder of the science of Logic’—Mr Mill is alluding to the categories—‘we must take notice of an unfortunate ambiguity in all the concrete names which correspond to the most general of all abstract terms, the word *existence*.’ When we have occasion for a name which shall be capable of denoting whatever exists, as contradistinguished from non-entity or nothing, there is hardly a word applicable to the purpose which is not also, and even more familiarly, taken in a sense in which it denotes only substances. But substances are not all that exist; attributes, if such things are to be spoken of, must be said to exist; feelings also exist. Yet when we speak of an *Object*, or of a *Thing*, we are almost always supposed to mean a substance. The word *Being*, strange as the fact may appear, is still more completely spoiled for the purpose which it seemed expressly made for, than the word *Thing*. Attributes are never called beings, nor are feelings. The soul is called a being; God and angels are called Beings; but if we were to say, extension, colour, wisdom, virtue, are beings, we should perhaps be suspected of thinking, with some of the ancients, that the cardinal virtues are animals; or at the least, of holding, with the Platonic school, the doctrine of self-existent ideas, or with the followers of Epicurus, that of sensible forms which detach themselves in every direction from bodies, and, by coming in contact with our organs, cause our perceptions. We should be supposed, in short, to believe that attributes are substances. ‘Now, this, in point of fact, is the very thing that has actually happened. Attributes have been denominated things and beings, and the result which Mr Mill considered likely has ensued.’ The very doctrines to which he himself makes reference afford a proof. The case of Cudworth is a good example. An avowed disciple of Plato, and a devoted student of his works, he professes to reproduce the Realism of the Athenian master; and what is his account of the ‘Immutable *Rationes* and Ideas?’ He denominates them ‘Things.’ He invests them with ‘certain determinate and immutable natures of their own.’ He attributes to them ‘not only an eternal, but a necessary existence.’ He confers upon

them 'a constant and never-failing entity.' He tells us that they 'always are, whether our particular minds think of them or not.' He regards them as 'the immediate objects of intellection and of science.' He endows them with 'a constant being,' like his mighty master. Cudworth has accordingly been made responsible for holding the monstrous chimæra of the self-existent ideas. But what are the explanations of Cudworth,—explanations which, doubtless, would have been those of Plato also? 'The Rationes or essences of things,' he says, 'are not dead things, like so many statues, images, or pictures hung up somewhere by themselves alone in a world,'—which is a distinct repudiation of the monstrous Realism of the critics; 'neither are truths mere sentences and propositions written down with ink upon a book,'—which is an equally distinct repudiation of their equally monstrous Nominalism; 'but they are living things, and nothing but modifications of intellect or mind.' Another illustration of the justice of Mr Mill's remark is supplied by Malebranche, as criticised not only by Reid and his followers, but by Locke and Berkeley. 'One thing more is incomprehensible to me in this matter,' says Locke, 'and that is, how the simplicity of God's being should contain in it a variety of *real beings*, so that the soul can discover them in Him distinctly one from another, it being said in the fifth chapter that the ideas in God are not different from God Himself.' The answer to Locke's difficulty is obvious to any one who has studied the philosophical enthusiast with care. The 'distinct real beings that are in God,' are neither 'parts or modifications of the Deity,' nor 'comprehended in him as things in a place:' the real beings in question are merely the real acts of the Divine Intelligence; and the theory of seeing things in God is merely an assertion, that by the Divine fiat the human mind may be made cognisant of the acts of the Divine. But Berkeley himself was equally misled with Locke. The only conception he could form of the Vision of Malebranche was, that his Divine Ideas were physical modifications of the Divine *Essence*; and, labouring under this delusion, it was no wonder that in the person of Philonous he professed himself unable to understand 'how our ideas, which are things altogether passive and inert, can be the essence, or any part (or like any part) of the essence or substance of God, who is impassive, indivisible, pure, active being.'

We are now in a position clearly to explain how it comes to pass that Berkeley himself has been so grossly misunderstood. 'Ideas,' he says, 'are the *objects* of human knowledge' (§ i.); 'they exist only in the mind' (§ xxvi.); 'they are *inert, fleeting, and dependent beings*' (§ lxxxix.); 'they are *real beings*, and do *really exist*' (§ xc.);—was there ever a more explicit avowal of

the idea-entity of Reid? So *primâ facie* it would seem. And yet Berkeley has himself anticipated the remark of Mill. 'Nothing,' he says, 'seems of more importance towards erecting a firm system of sound and real knowledge, which may be proof against the assaults of scepticism, than to lay the beginning in a distinct explication of what is meant by *Thing, Reality, Existence*; for in vain shall we dispute concerning the real existence of things, or pretend to any knowledge thereof, so long as we have not fixed the meaning of these words. Thing, or Being, is the most general word of all. It comprehends under it *two kinds, entirely distinct* and heterogeneous, and which have nothing common but the name, to wit, Spirits and Ideas. The former are active indivisible substances; the latter are inert, fleeting, and dependent beings, which *subsist not by themselves*, but are supported by, or exist in, minds or spiritual substances.' The care with which the most obnoxious expressions of Berkeley should be interpreted, is therefore plain. They were part and parcel of the philosophical phraseology of the day. Even the great sceptic himself, the philosopher that exclaimed *non liquet* to every affirmation of existence beyond the sphere of thought, —even Hume maintains, 'that every perception which enters into the composition of the mind is a *distinct existence*,'—how? —'as different, and distinguishable, and separable from every other perception, either contemporary or successive.'¹

But we are not left to mere inference for the determination of this vital point. Berkeley, it is true, describes our ideas as 'real beings,' as 'objects of knowledge,' as 'things which exist whether we think on them or not.' But he distinctly repudiates the monstrosity attributed to him by Reid, and Stewart, and Brown, by Hamilton and Mansel. What, in fact, is the fundamental principle of his whole philosophy? It is that 'the *esse* of every idea is *percipi*;' that it is not 'possible to separate, even in thought, any of our ideas from *perception*;' that 'as it is impossible for me to see or feel anything without an actual sensation of the thing, so it is impossible for me to conceive in my thoughts any sensible thing or object distinct from the sensation or perception of it.' As, when speaking of those ideas as inert, fleeting, and dependent beings, he tells us that they 'subsist not by themselves, but are supported by, or exist in, minds or spiritual substances,' so, when speaking of them as 'real things,' he states that 'their being consists in

¹ Locke's Essay, ii. viii. 7; Hamilton's Disc., p. 72; Locke's Essay, ii. x. 3, 5; Cicero, Tus. Disp., i. 25; Cousin's Hist., iii. 225, 6; Stewart's Works, ii. 167, v. 71; Hamilton's Disc., p. 79; Reid's Works (p. 842); Ibid., pp. 225, 277, 373; Mill's Logic, i. pp. 51, 52; Cudworth's Immutability of Morality, pp. 245-251; Locke's Examination, sect. 31; Berkeley's Dialog.; Berkeley's Principles, ut *supra*; Hume's Works, i. 329.

being perceived.' In the Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, he is even more explicit than in his 'Principles of Human Knowledge.' In the first Dialogue, the Berkeleian Philonous calls upon the anti-Berkeleian Hylas to 'confess ingenuously whether light and colour, tastes, sounds, etc.' (and it must be remembered Berkeley acknowledged no distinction between the primary and secondary qualities) 'are not all equally *passions or sensations in the soul*;' and Hylas confesses that '*he can discover nothing else but that he is a thinking being, affected with variety of sensations.*' 'The things immediately perceived,' says Philonous in the second Dialogue, 'are *ideas or sensations*, call them which you will. But how can any idea or sensation exist in, or be produced by, anything but mind or spirit?' In the third Dialogue all ambiguity is disputed, and the matter is put beyond all doubt. 'Explain to me now, O Philonous,' says Hylas, 'how is it possible that there should be room for all those trees and houses to exist in your mind? Can extended things be *contained in* that which is unextended? Or are we to imagine *impressions* made on a thing void of all solidity? You cannot say objects are in your mind, as books in your study; or that things are imprinted on it, as the figure of a seal on wax. In what sense, therefore, are we to understand those expressions? Explain me this, if you can?' What is the reply of Berkeley in the person of Philonous? 'Look you, Hylas,' he says, 'when I speak of objects as *existing in* the mind, or *imprinted on* the senses, I would not be understood in the gross literal sense, as when bodies are said to exist in a place, or a seal to make an impression upon wax. My meaning is only, that the mind comprehends or perceives them, and that it is *affected from without*, or by some being distinct from itself—in other words, by God.'

But all these explicit declarations are to be set aside by argument. The entity-idea is to be intruded on the philosophy in spite of the protest of the philosopher. The reasoning of Berkeley, we are told, is this:—Ideas have no existence but in mind; in the human mind they do not continuously exist; and yet we are convinced that their existence is continued: therefore they must exist in some other mind, when they cease for the moment to exist in ours. But if the same idea exists at one time in the mind of man and at another in the mind of God, it must have an existence numerically distinct from either. The Berkeleian idea is, therefore, an idea-entity. Such was the argument of Brown, and such, to the present day, is the argument of Mansel. As we interpret the philosophy of Berkeley, his demonstration of the existence of a Deity has a very different scope. We are conscious of the existence of

certain states of mind which we denominate Ideas. These states of mind, we are convinced, must have a cause. This cause, we believe, is not ourselves, neither can it be material substance. The cause of our ideas, therefore, must be sought in Spirit; and, considering the infinite variety and grandeur of the conceptions which this Spirit by His agency determines, we are justified in regarding Him as God. This demonstration is, at all events, intelligible. The primeval cause is postulated as the perpetually operating cause of our sensations. But in what sense is God postulated by Berkeley, if we adopt the view of Mansel and of Brown? Professedly, as a constant percipient,—in reality, as the mere recipient, the mere receptacle of entities,—a receptacle into which the idea flits, as the bird flits into the air when it leaves its nest, as the fish floats into the open pool when it leaves its lurking-place under the hollow of the tree. And mark the consequences which such a theory entails. Ten million men, individually distinct, open their eyes, and they have each an individual idea of the sun; they shut their eyes, and there is an immediate reflux of ten million ideas into the mind of God. Ten million ideas find shelter in the mind of God, and have their being there, just as ten million flowerets have their being on a plain, ten million spangles on the sea, ten million starlights in the abyss of space. And the mind of God before this influx of ideas, what was it?—A wilderness without a flower—a strand which the sea waves had abandoned—a heaven from which the stars were blotted out. And this they call the demonstration of the existence of a God! This is the argument which, according to Berkeley, was to banish atheism and irreligion from the world! What atheist could ever have been convinced by such a preposterous argument as this? Why, this conception, which they have attributed to Berkeley, is the very conception of the atheistic theists of the olden time: ‘Epicurus docet eam esse vim et naturam Deorum, ut primum non sensu, sed mente cernatur; nec soliditate quadam, nec ad numerum, ut ea quæ ille propter firmitatem *στερεότητα* appellet, sed imaginibus, similitudine et transitione perceptis.’ So says Valleius the Epicurean; and so we are to believe, says Berkeley. What difference is there between this theory of Images and the theory of Ideas? One only, and that in favour of the ancient sophists. The old materialist made the image flow from God to man, and left us some proof of His existence; the immaterialist makes the ideas flow from man to God, and leave us to postulate a God as a material receptacle for an infinity of immaterial atoms.

The type of the passages on which this monstrous misrepresentation is based, is supplied by that which Dr Brown has

quoted. 'When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind,' observes Philonous, 'I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now, it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind, since I find them by experience to be independent of it. There is, therefore, some other mind wherein they exist during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them, as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my supposed annihilation. And as the same is done with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows there is an Omnipotent Eternal Mind, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such rules, as He Himself has ordained, and are by us all termed the Laws of Nature.' But the rational interpretation of passages such as this is obvious to the critic who has any respect for the intelligence of the great man whom he presumes to criticise. Throughout the *Principles of Human Knowledge*, throughout the *Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas*, throughout his *Theory of Vision* and its *Vindication*, Berkeley, without a moment's wavering, assumes God as the simple 'cause of our ideas.' He is the 'cause whereon they depend.' He is the cause by which they are 'imprinted,' 'excited,' 'suggested,' and 'produced.' He is the sole 'efficient cause' of all things.¹ But if God be the cause of our ideas, He is an intelligent cause; and if He be an intelligent cause, He is cognizant of the effects which He produces. The idea in this sense, therefore, may be granted to exist in the Divine mind; and as God is omniscient and unchanging, we may even grant, with Philonous, that they 'have an *eternal* existence in His mind.' But does it follow that the idea which thus has an eternal existence in the mind of God, is numerically one with the idea which is subsequently produced in the mind of an individual man? Does it follow that it is numerically one with each of the million ideas that are produced in the minds of a million different individuals? The inference is preposterous, and is repudiated by the two great idealists alike. Berkeley admits, with Collier, the existence of 'the great mundane idea, by which the great God gives sensations to all His thinking creatures;' but he holds, with Collier, that 'every material world perceived by creatures' is not only 'numerically different' from that perceived by other creatures, but 'numerically different' from that perceived by God. The source of the illusion on this subject is pointed out by Collier and by Berkeley. It is to be found in an ambiguity which Archbishop Whately takes the credit of pointing out—the ambiguity of the word '*same*.'

¹ See *Principles*, sects. xxvi. xxix. xxx. lxxii. cvii. cxlix.; and *Vindication*, sects. xi. xii. xiii. xvii. xx. xxx.

‘The sound which one hears,’ says Collier, ‘is not the very *same* with the sound which another hears; because the souls or persons are supposed to be different.’ We are not ‘obliged to understand *an absolute and strict identity* between the visible world considered in the will of God, or in the minds of angels, and that which was afterwards perceived by Adam.’ ‘There will be found only an *identity of similitude* between the visible world which God made in the beginning, and that which Adam had a sensation of; and, consequently, between that which Peter and that which John sees, at the same or different times.’ The language of Berkeley on this point is as explicit as that of Collier:—‘If the word *same*, be taken in the vulgar acceptation,’ says Philonous in answer to the objection that on his principles ‘no two can see the same thing,’ ‘it is certain (and not at all repugnant to the principles I maintain) that different persons may perceive the same thing, or the same thing or idea exist in different minds. Words are of arbitrary imposition, and since men are used to *employ the word same where no distinction or variety is perceived*, I do not pretend to alter their perceptions.’ ‘Let us suppose several men together, all endued with the same faculties, and consequently *affected in like sort* by the senses, and who had yet never known the use of language, they would without question agree in their perceptions: though, perhaps, when they came to the use of speech, some, regarding the *uniformness of what was perceived*, might call it the *same* thing; others, especially regarding the *diversities of persons who perceived*, might choose the denomination of *different* things. But who sees not that all the dispute is about a word?’¹

The Berkeleian idea, therefore, it is plain, has no permanent existence. Not only is it not the same in different minds, but it is not even the same in the same mind at different moments. Its perception is its very essence, and it perishes with the momentary state of consciousness of which it is the expression. It is ‘a fleeting and dependent being.’ Perishing at the moment of its birth, it is nevertheless momentarily reproduced with the identity of perfect similitude, though not with the identity of number. Incessantly produced and reproduced by God, our ideas are a never-ceasing intimation of His presence and His power. They are, as it were, the silent language in which He speaks to man. ‘This language,’ says Crito in the ‘Minute Philosopher,’—and his remarks are an eloquent summary of the whole theory of Berkeley,—‘This language hath a necessary

¹ Brown’s Lectures, ii. 17; Mansel’s Prolegomena, p. 317; Berkeley’s Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, Dial. iii. *ad med*; Collier’s Clavis, republished in Parr’s Metaphysical Tracts, p. 79; Whately’s Logic, p. 281 (9th edition).

connection with knowledge, wisdom, and goodness. It is equivalent to a *constant creation*, betokening an immediate act of power and providence. It cannot be accounted for by mechanical principles, by atoms, attractions, or effluvia. The instantaneous *production and reproduction* of so many signs combined, dissolved, transposed, diversified, and adapted to such an endless variety of purposes, ever shifting with the occasions and suited to them, being utterly inexplicable and unaccountable by the laws of motion, by chance, by fate, or the like blind principles, doth set forth and testify the *immediate operation* of a Spirit or Thinking Being; and not merely of a Spirit, which every motion or gravitation may possibly infer, but of one wise, good, and provident Spirit, which directs and rules, and governs the world.¹

But every metaphysical scheme must be based on a psychological foundation, and the psychological principles presupposed by the Idealism of Berkeley are easy to be seen. Its generative principle is the principle of causality. Its fundamental position is, that there must be a cause of our ideas. But Berkeley, concurrently with this, maintains that our ideas 'subsist not by themselves' (§ lxxxix.), and that a 'cause' is inconceivable apart from 'substance' (§ xxvi.). The principle of substance is, therefore, another essential element in the Berkeleian system. It is evident, therefore, that the psychology of Berkeley must account for the principles of causality and substance, or Berkeley's Metaphysics is an edifice without foundation and without cement. And this is the second great objection to his system which, with scarcely a dissentient voice, the critics of philosophy advance. Erroneously believing that Locke's Theory of the Origin of Ideas ignored the existence of our *à priori* concepts, they have erroneously held that Berkeley adopted the fancied theory of Locke. 'There are philosophers,' says Reid, 'who maintain that a body is nothing but a collection of what we call sensible qualities, and that they neither have nor need any subject. This is the opinion of Bishop Berkeley and Mr Hume, and they were led to it by finding that they had not any idea of substance. It could neither be an idea of sensation nor of reflection.' The same double misconception pervades the works of Stewart, and he devotes the whole of one of his Philosophical Essays to a pretended proof, that the paradox of Hume and Berkeley concerning the existence of the material world, affords the most palpable and direct means of exploding the principles of Locke. The errors of Reid and Stewart are endorsed by their editor, Sir William Hamilton. 'Unable,' he says, 'to controvert the

¹ Minute Philosopher, Dial. iv., sect. xiv. Compare Principles of Human Knowledge, sect. xlv., where Berkeley admits it to be a consequence of his theory of Ideas, that 'things are every moment annihilated and created anew.'

reasoning of Berkeley, as founded on the philosophy of Descartes and Locke, Reid had quietly resigned himself to Idealism; and he confesses that he would never have been led to question the legitimacy of the common doctrine of perception, involving though it did the negative of an external world, had not Hume startled him into hesitation and inquiry, by showing that the same reasoning which disproved the existence of matter, disproved, when fairly carried out, the substantiality of mind.' Even Mr Mill mistakes Berkeley's argument against 'matter' for an argument against 'substance,' and Mr Mansel does not hesitate to proclaim that 'in Berkeley's system the relation of substance and mode has properly no place.'¹

To assert that, in the Idealism of Berkeley, the relation of mode and substance has properly no place, is to identify it with the scepticism of Hume, and, as it appears to us, to interpret it by opposites. Berkeley has no more discarded substance in discarding matter, than he has discarded causation in discarding material causes. The position which he takes is not that quality can exist without substance, or that changes may occur without causation,—absurdities which, in his earlier work at least, Hume does not hesitate to broach. He takes his stand on the position that 'spirit' is 'the only substance,' and that there is no 'efficient cause' but 'mind.' Berkeley himself was fully aware of the conclusions which his misinterpreters might draw from his tenets, and strenuously laboured to obviate the danger. 'Notwithstanding all you have said,' says Hylas, 'to me it seems, that, according to your own way of thinking, and in consequence of your own principles, it should follow, that you are only a *system of floating ideas* without any substance to support them.' This is the very language that was afterwards employed in the *Treatise of Human Nature*. Berkeley repudiates the inference. He tells us he rejects the notion of matter, not because he rejects the notion of substance, but because the existence of matter cannot be proved either by inference or intuition, and because the very notion of matter is replete with contradictions. There is no such repugnancy, he says, in the notion of spirit; and as to the existence of spirit, I know it by reflection.² Whether by reflection, in this passage, Berkeley means the Internal Intuition of Mansel, or the Rational Inference of Kant, may perhaps be doubted. To us it appears that Berkeley, in spite of his unfortunate phraseology, would regard substance, as he undoubtedly regards causation, as an Inference of Reason. But what place do these Inferences of

¹ Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*, *ut supra*. Reid's Works, pp. 322, 347; Stewart's Works, v. 85; Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, i. 396-7; Mill's *Logic*, i. 62; Mansel's *Prolegomena*, p. 38, 2d edition.

² *Principles* §§ vii. cvii.—Hume's Works, i. pp. 111, 321. Third Dialogue between Hylas and Philonous *ad initium*. Cf. Mansel's *Prolegomena*, p. 315.

Reason find in his psychology? If Berkeley held the theory that has been attributed to Locke, if he held that there are no elements of consciousness but those supplied by the external senses or the inner sense, undoubtedly these concepts of the understanding—Ideas of Reason, as Cousin calls them—would be a gratuitous assumption. Nor can it be denied that Berkeley's language at times would seem to avow not only the so-called empiricism of Locke, but even the sensualism of Condillac and his disciples. But his language is vacillating in the extreme. In one place he tells us, that the only 'objects of human knowledge' are *ideas* (§ i.). He subsequently tells us that 'human knowledge may naturally be reduced to two heads,—that of *ideas*, and that of *spirits*' (§ lxxxvi.). He tells us, finally, that 'the objects of human knowledge and subject of discourse' are '*ideas, spirits, and relation*' (§ lxxxix.). The clue to the labyrinth is to be found in the distinction which he makes between ideas on the one hand, and consciousness and notions on the other. His Ideas, being properly the mere passive affections of the mind through sense, correspond to Locke's Ideas of Sensation (§ iv.). The consciousness which he admits of the various forms of operation which the mind performs on these, its original material, is equivalent to Locke's Ideas of Reflection (§ lxxxix.). His 'Notions' coincide with the relative ideas which Locke recognises with modes and substances as the complex ideas of the understanding (§ cxli.); and it is under this category that Berkeley, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, places the indispensable ideas of substance and of cause.¹

But if substance and causation be thus 'inferences of reason,' in what manner did Berkeley account for the origin and genesis of these intellectual concepts? Ideas, as we have shown, he regarded as impressed upon the mind of man by the immediate agency of God: does he regard the mind as equally receptive in the acquisition of its notions? In other words, does he hold the theory of Innate Ideas which Locke endeavoured to explode in his Principles of Human Knowledge? The existence and objective value of these notions is everywhere assumed, but the circumstances of their origin and genesis are nowhere stated. But this psychological defect is supplied elsewhere. In that wonderful miscellany of crude physical hypothesis and vast metaphysical research, the treatise which he denominated *Siris*, he propounds the problem. 'Aristotle,' he says, 'held that the mind of man was a *tabula rasa*, and that there were no innate ideas. Plato, on the contrary, held *original ideas in the mind*,—that is, notions that never were nor can be in the sense, such as being, beauty, good-

¹ Principles of Human Knowledge, §§ xxvii. lxxxix. cxxxix. cxlii.; Vindication of Theory of Vision, §§ xi. xii. *Siris*, §§ 264, 294, 297.

ness, likeness, purity. Some, perhaps, may think the truth to be this, that there are properly no ideas or passive objects in the mind but what are derived from sense, but that there are also, besides these, her own acts or operations; such are *notions*' (§ 308). 'The mind, her acts, and faculties,' he elsewhere says, 'furnish a new and distinct class of objects, from the contemplation whereof arise certain other notions, principles, and verities, so remote from, and even so repugnant to, the first prejudices which surprise the sense of mankind, that they may well be excluded from vulgar speech and books, as abstract from sensible matter, and more fit for the speculation of truth, the labour and aim of a few, than for the practice of the world, or the subjects of experimental or mechanical inquiry' (§ 297). Yet Berkeley does not regard the development of these intellectual elements as independent of the phenomena of sense. 'Natural phenomena,' he says, 'are only natural appearances. They are, therefore, such as we see and perceive them. Their real and objective natures are, therefore, the same, —passive without anything active, fluent and changing, without anything permanent in them. However, as these make their first impressions, and the mind takes her *first flight and spring*, as it were, by resting her foot on these, they are not only first considered by all men, but most considered by most men' (§ 292). It is thus that Locke attributes the original of our knowledge and ideas to sensation (ii. i. 24). It is thus that Kant regards the sensibility as supplying the chronological condition of the development of intellect. The co-operation of intellect, however, —this intellectual origin of the elements which give light and life to the phenomena of sense,—is everywhere admitted. 'Sense,' he says, 'at first besets and overbears the mind. The sensible appearances are all in all: our reasonings are employed about them; our desires terminate in them; we look no further for realities or causes; the intellect begins to dawn and cast a ray on this shadowy scene: we then perceive the true principle of unity, identity, and existence. Those things that before seemed to constitute the whole of being, upon taking an intellectual view of things, prove to be but fleeting phantoms' (§ 294).¹

So far, then, is Berkeley from having been betrayed into Idealism, by his adoption of a certain theory of the origin of ideas from Locke, that neither Locke nor Berkeley ever held the theory in question. Not only was Berkeley not a sensualist of the school of Condillac, not only was he not an empiricist of the school of Hume, but he was a transcendentalist of the highest and the purist school of Kant. With Kant, he held the intellectual origin of certain concepts. With Kant, he held the dependence of these concepts for their development on sense.

¹ Cf. Vindication (§ xlii.).

With Kant, he even discriminated the peculiar functions of sense and intellect,—the one as the source of intuition, and the other as the source of thought. With Kant, he distinguished between the phenomena presented by the senses, and the phenomena conceived by intellect. Nay, with Kant, he held that space had no objective reality, but was ‘the child of imagination grafted upon sense;’ and he expresses the same opinion with respect to the objective reality of time.¹

Such is the real philosophy of Berkeley; such is his theory of Ideas; such are the energies and powers which he attributes to the human intellect. The relation of his philosophy to Locke is obvious. As far as the material world is concerned, both held that the mind is conscious of nothing but its own idea. Both held that our sensible ideas are nothing but passions or affections of the mind. Both held that these affections must be determined by a cause. Both denied that they were originated from within. Both held them to be determined from without. According to Locke, the external cause of our ideas was to be found in body. According to Berkeley, it was to be found in spirit. But neither Locke nor Berkeley were perfectly consistent. Taking his stand on a prejudice of natural instincts, Locke maintained the existence of material things; but taking his stand on a prejudice of philosophy, he denied to these material things the possession of all proper powers, and attributed their efficacy in the production of ideas to the arbitrary will of God. The course which Berkeley took was different. Bidding defiance to consciousness, he denied the fact of any instinctive belief in the existence of a world of matter, and, armed with the law of parsimony, he assailed the philosophical belief as a gratuitous assumption. But as, in denying the existence of material things, he renounced the dictates of common sense in favour of the law of parsimony; so, in denying that our sensible ideas are the product of the spontaneous energy of our own individual thought, he renounced the law of parsimony in favour of the dictates of common sense. Nor was this the only case in which common sense asserted her common rights over the mind of the Idealist. If, as his philosophy proclaimed, the existence of a God be abundantly sufficient to explain all the appearances of nature (§ lxxii.), what necessity is there for assuming the existence of other spirits to account for the production of any of our ideas? (§ cxlv.). Nay more, it is under material appearances that the existence of finite spirits, other than ourselves, is originally suggested to our belief; and it is evident that if the belief in the existence of matter be annihilated, the belief in the existence of finite spirits should be annihilated also. The Idealism of Berkeley thus merges in the Idealism of

¹ Siris, § 305; Vindication, § xlii.; Principles, §§ xcvi., cxvi.; Siris, § 292.

the Cartesian egoists; and the soul, like a stranded mariner, is left alone upon the desert island of its individual consciousness, with no solace for its solitude but a belief in the existence of a God. But what if even that belief abandon it? What if, driven mad by solitude, the soul pronounces God to be the mere creation of its fancy? What if it proclaims itself a god? The egoism of the Cartesian resolves itself into the egoism of Fichte. The world of matter is blotted out—all finite spirits vanish—God shrouds Himself in everlasting darkness, and the soul is left the solitary of the universe,—the universe is lost in self.

The relation in which Berkeley stands to Malebranche is not generally understood; and this, too, must be explained. Both held that an objective knowledge of matter was impossible; both held that the mind was conscious of nothing but ideas. Both held that ideas could never be produced by body; both held that they could never originate in self. Both finally found a refuge for philosophy in God. But while Malebranche, influenced by the fancied bearing of Scripture authority,—influenced, perhaps, by the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist,—was a firm believer in the existence of the material world, the illustrious Irishman believed in the existence of nothing answering to our ideas. Nor, while they thus differed as to the existence of the material counterparts to our ideas, were they agreed as to the manner in which our ideas are themselves produced. According to Malebranche, the ideas of the mind of God are perceived by the mind of man; according to Berkeley, the ideas of the mind of man are produced by the action of the mind of God. It is true that Berkeley misconceived the meaning of his rival. It is true that, with Locke, he conceived the idea of Malebranche to be a physical modification of the Divine Substance, whereas in reality it was only an act of the Divine Intelligence. The Theologic Vision of Malebranche, however, was obnoxious to a more merited objection. In what sense can the human mind be said to be cognisant of an act of the Divine, as individually distinct? The cognition of an act beyond the sphere of the individual consciousness is as hard to be realized as the cognition of a world of matter as participant in the Divine Essence? The human mind may then well participate in an act of the Divine; but Theology immediately finds itself face to face with Pantheism. The Pantheistic phantom, indeed, hovers over the whole system of the Catholic philosopher. He believed in the impersonality of Reason. He held that God is the place of spirit, as space is the locus of material things. He insisted on the existence of a universal reason which enlightens every one, and of which every one partakes. He held that God is the Universal Being. Here, then, we find ourselves at the opposite end of the diameter of thought. The Panegoism

of one philosopher is superseded by the Pantheism of another; and as in one case the existence of God is lost in the hallucinations of self, in the other all self-individuality is absorbed in the abyss of God.

In the train of these great dogmatisers came the shadow of the illustrious sceptic. Holding, with his predecessors, that the mind is conscious of nothing but its own ideas, Hume ignored the existence of those rational conceptions, on the wings of which their metaphysical speculations had taken flight into the region of the unknown. Ignoring the principle of substance, he saw in mind nothing but a system of evanescent thoughts; ignoring the principle of causality, he regarded the world as a shadow, and God as a phantom dream. Not, indeed, that the scepticism of his metaphysical system was of necessity dependent on the empiricism of his psychological analysis. Even if he had admitted the principle of causality, he would have arrived at a similar result. 'By what argument,' he asks, 'can it be proved that the perceptions of the mind must be caused by external objects entirely different from them, though resembling them, if that be possible, and could not arise either from the energy of the mind itself, or from the suggestion of some invisible and unknown spirit, or from some other cause still more unknown to us?' The weakness of all the theological theories of perception he clearly saw. 'We are ignorant,' he said, 'of the manner in which bodies operate on each other; their force or energy is entirely incomprehensible. But are we not equally ignorant of the manner or force by which a mind, even the Supreme Mind, operates either on itself or body?' 'It seems to me that this theory of the universal energy and operation of the Supreme Being is too bold ever to carry conviction with it to a man sufficiently apprized of the weakness of human reason, and the narrow limits to which it is confined in all its operations.' The result at which the fearless speculator arrived is familiarly known. His dilemma posed philosophy in his own day, and, we fear, will continue to pose it to the end of time. 'Do you follow the instincts and propositions of nature in assenting to the veracity of sense? But these lead you to believe that the very perception or sensible image is the external object. Do you disdain this principle in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only representations of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments, and yet you are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove that the perceptions are connected with any external objects.'¹

¹ Hume's Works, iv. pp. 178, 85, 84, 179.

Of the truth of the prediction of the great sceptic, the philosophy of the sage of common sense supplied a proof. It was in vain that Reid appealed from philosophy to natural instinct; the dictates of natural instinct had never been the theme of doubt. It was in vain that he appealed from philosophy to reason; the ideal theory which he denounced in the philosophers had no existence in their works. The Perception of Reid himself was nothing but Idea. It was a mere concomitant of Sensation. It was a 'notion,' a 'conception,' a 'suggestion.' It was a mere act or state of mind. It was no objective knowledge. And how did *he* explain the manner in which this mental phenomenon was caused? As the result of the arbitrary constitution of the mind—as a fact of which no account could be given but the will of the Supreme—as the last link in a train of material machinery which the wisdom of God had made necessary—as a species of 'natural magic'—as a form of 'inspiration.' What was the gain to philosophy in this? This was the very theory of Descartes and Locke—this was the theory of those who endeavoured to bolster up an unknown Realism with an unrevealed Theology—was only the theory of Occasional Causes in disguise. 'But,' exclaims Sir William Hamilton, 'if Reid, as Brown and his coadjutors maintain, accomplished nothing, then is all philosophical reputation empty, and philosophy is itself a dream.' But the philosophical reputation of Reid—nay, the interests of philosophy itself—are as nothing when compared with the interests of truth. The reputation of Reid was founded mainly on the destruction of the reputation of his predecessors; and the reputation of Malebranche, of Berkeley, of Descartes, and Locke, and Leibnitz, is as dear to philosophers, and as important to philosophy, as the reputation of their critic.¹

And Sir William Hamilton, what is his position among philosophers? What has he contributed to the discussion of this everlasting question? 'Natural Realism and Absolute Idealism,' he says, 'are the only systems worthy of a philosopher; for, as they alone have any foundation in consciousness, so they alone have any consistency with themselves.' But what is the nature of the Natural Realism by which the ghost of Absolute Idealism is to be exorcised? As matter of consciousness, it is a figment; as matter of consistency, a dream. It gives the lie to consciousness with reference to the world of vision—it upholds its veracity with reference to the world of truth: as far as sight is concerned, it admits that

'The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,'

¹ Reid's Works, pp. 183, 318; pp. 260, 248; pp. 122, 188. Hamilton's Lect., ii. 45.

are but 'the baseless fabric of a vision.' It admits that they exist but in idea. But Natural Realism claims Reality for truth. Stand, then, as it were, upon the pinnacle of the temple of existence. It is your *δὸς πρὸς σὺν*. The universe above you, and beneath you, and around you, is an unsubstantial pageant—it is visionary merely. You do not exist in this universe; this universe exists in you. And what is the only reality of which you are admitted to be conscious beyond the reality of your thought? The point, the pinnacle on which you stand. And this we are to believe is the testimony of consciousness—this is the common sense of mankind in general—this is the principle that is to reconcile philosophy with the necessary convictions of the human race! What are the convictions which we can regard as necessary? So, through all the theories which have ever been propounded by the wit of man, which of them is your reason necessitated to adopt? Blind instinct, gratuitous assumption, hap-hazard hypothesis, and guesswork—these abound. But where is truth? And necessary convictions of reason and reflection, where are they? The only conviction which the student of the history of human speculation can regard as necessary is the conviction of our hopeless ignorance of all the mysteries of existence. Truth, like the Deity, is hid in darkness. It is not that we are unable to divine the mysteries of the soul and God; the simplest phenomenon of sense defies our wit. Of the future destinies of philosophy it is in vain to speak. Phenomena we can observe—their laws we are able to ascertain—existence is beyond our ken. The riddle of the Sphinx has never yet been read. The veil of Isis has never yet been drawn. The hieroglyphics of the universe are yet undeciphered.

ART. VIII.—*Horæ Subsecivæ*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D.,
F.R.S.E. 1st Series. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1859.
Horæ Subsecivæ. Second Series. Edinburgh, 1861.

THIS book must be a great consolation to Mr John Stuart Mill. That great writer and thinker has lately told us, in an essay full of gloomy forebodings, that every fresh originality of character is disappearing so rapidly from our society, that any deviation from one uniform type will soon become so rare as almost to be monstrous. This melancholy conviction gives rise to vaticinations still more dismal. And if it be true that the once rich and various life of Great Britain is now fused into one homogeneous social system, no wonder that thoughtful men should look to the future with more anxiety than hope. But to us the case does not appear so desperate as to Mr Mill, for we do not think the world so monotonous. It is quite true that the remotest districts have now been brought so much nearer one another than they used to be, that the modes of thought of town and country have been assimilated in a remarkable manner. We are all interested and excited by the same things, and very much in the same way. In every corner of the three kingdoms people are engaged at the same moment in abusing Major Yelverton or in deifying Garibaldi. Every pulse of the great nation beats with its mighty heart; and though it is not impossible that Edinburgh should be in a ferment and London apathetic, London can hardly be moved very deeply without Edinburgh or without Kirkwall being almost equally agitated. It is true also, that this closer contact of remote districts has produced some bad effects, as well as effects that are unquestionably beneficial; and of these perhaps, it is not the least formidable that 'the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated.' But though this may in some respects be an evil, we do not think it quite so serious an evil as Mr Mill does, simply because we do not believe that the characters of individuals are shaped entirely by the circumstances which surround them. We do not believe, therefore, that by this assimilation of circumstances all variety will be blotted out from the picture of English life. The characteristic distinctions between the different classes of society are not so broad now as they were in the last generation, and every day they are growing finer and more evanescent. But this is no new phenomenon in the history of manners. It would not be very easy, perhaps, to find a characteristic squire now-a-days, like Sir Edward Bulwer

Lytton's Hazeldean, or a characteristic parson like his Dale; but Squire Hazeldean and Parson Dale have only followed Squire Western and Parson Adams, as they themselves had long ago followed Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes. Every element in these characters which is owing directly to the circumstances that surround them, has disappeared, or soon will disappear, from our modern manners. And if human life were a bad theatre, where the plumes and the tartan make all the difference between the Macbeth of to-night and the Hamlet of to-morrow, it would be reasonable enough, in the disappearance of such elements of difference as these, to see the approach of that dreaded uniformity which would surely be one of the greatest calamities for the national mind.

But though men may no longer differ greatly from one another, merely in virtue of their different conditions, it seems to us that the diversities of natural character will nevertheless remain as inexhaustible as ever. Even in these bad times, when the public voice is, no doubt, monotonous enough, when 'the organs of public opinion' are all engaged in expressing the same sentiments, and inculcating the same doctrines, and the Eatanswill Gazette suspends its heroic struggle with the Eatanswill Independent, only in order to re-echo the proclamations of the Jupiter, there still remains, we are convinced, enough of individuality, enough of energy, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, enough of devotion also, among quiet, simple, sequestered people to save us from the Chinese stagnation which Mr Mill so mournfully predicts. And if any of our readers is more inclined to agree with Mr Mill than with ourselves on this subject, let him turn for consolation to Dr John Brown. The *Horæ Subsecivæ* of this Edinburgh physician will reveal to him, if he will take the trouble to read it, not only the existence of 'marked character' in one author, but of whole worlds of doctors, carriers, clergymen, shepherds, and, let us not forget to add, dogs,—all strongly-marked characters, and all as different from other doctors, clergymen, and the rest, as Dominie Sampson differs from Dr Proudie. And, in this point of view, Dr Brown's originality is probably all the more important because of the manner in which it is expressed. For although we cannot attribute to the 'influences hostile to individuality,' so powerful or so unlimited an operation as Mr Mill seems inclined to do, it is impossible for any thoughtful man not to see that such influences are truly at work; and, perhaps, they are at work so extensively nowhere as in the world of letters.

We do not mean to say that the number of original and powerful writers now living, and publishing books, is either actually or comparatively small. The ten years—to go no

further back—which elapsed between ‘Vanity Fair’ and ‘Adam Bede,’ have given no contemptible amount of new and admirable writing to the world. We are not speaking of such great masters as Thackeray and George Eliot. And yet it might be curious to consider the extent to which the greatest writers of our day have allowed their thoughts to be directed and coloured by that of the age in which they are living. Even the most illustrious of them all, the poet who of all modern poets is the most profoundly thoughtful and meditative—we mean Mr Tennyson—seems far oftener to be moulding into some exquisitely beautiful shape the thoughts of an intellectual and highly cultivated age, than to be taking things new and old from the inexhaustible treasury of an individual mind, richer by the gift of nature than the accumulations of great libraries could make it. It need hardly be said that this is true of Mr Tennyson only in a very limited sense. The commonest thoughts, when he utters them, are transfigured and glorified by the touch of a great imaginative poet; and the thoughts he is most fond of uttering are not common. It is in much humbler regions of literature than any that are haunted by his Muse, and yet in regions that are neither unimportant nor unadorned by talent of a very high order, that the absence of individuality is to be remarked.

What the cause of this effect defective may be, we do not stop to consider; but it is certain that, while we find writings every day in reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, which show great cleverness, learning, scholarship, every kind of ability, it is rarely indeed that we find any which show character. Now, Dr Brown’s *Horæ Subsecivæ* is only a collection of miscellaneous articles, some of them reprinted from magazines and newspapers, some published apparently for the first time in their present form; but we think it worth while to occupy some space with a notice of them, not because of any exceptional degree of talent which they evince, but because of that individuality which Mr Mill finds nowhere, and which we have owned that we find very seldom in the ‘literature of the day.’ Dr Brown is not without admirable talents as a writer; but the chief value of his book consists in the freshness and force of character which it describes very well and often in others, and displays as prominently in himself. The charm of these papers, in short, consists in the constant presence of the author. Dr John Brown talks familiarly with his readers, instead of exerting himself to write for them; and there is so much of ease and richness of thought and feeling, so much love and goodness as well as genius and culture in his conversation, that these fugitive pieces have a value in our eyes a great deal higher than that of far more pretentious, laborious, and deeply considered books. The one defect, the

appearance of which at least is inseparable from this kind of writing, is both the result and evidence of the originality which makes it valuable; we mean the exaggerated importance which the writer is sure to attribute to the things and persons which interest himself. We remember how Lord Cockburn was accused of thinking Edinburgh a bigger place than London. We should not be surprised if the same charge were brought against Dr John Brown. In both cases it is a misapprehension. It is quite impossible for such men to

‘Take the rustic murmur of their burn
For the great wave that echoes round the world.’

But, however paradoxical it may seem, the most original mind is the most sensible to the form and pressure of the life that surrounds it. The freshest and richest nature is always the most alive to the things that are passing. And when such a writer as Lord Cockburn, or as Dr Brown, has received a lively impression of any kind, he is by no means disposed to conceal the traces of it out of deference to criticism. He is fearless of literary circles. He is never thinking of the *Café Procope*; and since he looks at the world for himself, and judges its life by no artificial standard whatever, his own genial enjoyment will seem to him sufficient warrant for attaching importance to the sayings and doings of men. People who have formed a fixed set of associations out of books and newspapers, may possibly think things trivial which he finds to be instructive and interesting. But that is because they are conventional and sophisticated. Their life is a kind of cut-and-dry criticism. Dr Brown's very criticism is buoyant and vigorous life. There is a great deal of the schoolboy about our Doctor's love of dogs and horses. There is something of the same quality in his hearty dislikes and exuberant admirations. Sometimes we think this leads him wrong, as when he talks of Mr Harvey's pictures as if they were works of great genius. Generally it leads him right, as when he condemns that big impostor Festus. But, right or wrong, his severity and his praise alike are generally to be traced much more to the genial than to the intellectual nature of the critic. We do not mean that his judgments are capricious. He has a very fine critical faculty; and his natural taste has been chastened and educated by the constant and reverential contemplation of excellence. But the one thing he requires in writing or in painting is, that he himself should be moved by it; and if that is done, he is independent of external rules. His private judgment is not to be affected by the weight of authority. He is entitled, in short, to say with a more famous essayist: ‘J'ay une ame libre et toute sienne, accoustumée à se conduire à sa mode.’

The preface to the first series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as 'the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed.' This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humour, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of Elia, so subtle and wonderful, that even Scotchmen adore him, when he is 'bleating libels against their native land.' But he has the genuine humour which, in his own words, is 'the very flavour of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*, having in its aroma something of everything in the man, his expressed juice.' Dr Brown's humour illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery,—Archdeacon Hare, who explains humour as 'a sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by human feeling.' This is a true but hardly an adequate definition; for it fails to express how thoroughly the humour and the feeling interpenetrate each other. The two elements cannot be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humanizing, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with true humour; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare, chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humour as Dr Brown's, and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr Brown: his gravely comic power is inimitable; but it is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words. Sometimes his humour is merely quaint, as when he says of an eloquent talker, 'He flowed like Cæsar's Arar, *incredibili lenitate*, like linseed out of a poke.' Generally it is so deeply interfused with the human feeling of Mr Hare's definition, that the smile with which we receive it is very nearly akin to a tear. It looks at the realities of life, and reveals at a touch the infinity and the limitations of our nature, as only the greatest masters of the human heart can reveal it in fiction. And for this very reason, perhaps, it is more felicitous nowhere than in cases where duller men would be puzzled to understand how human feeling should be imported into the matter at all. His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or in mode of treatment, as the Ellistons and Captain Jacksons of Elia. We do

not put Toby on a par with Captain Jackson; but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing anywhere, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us. Nor in this process does the one artist ever degenerate into caricature any more than the other. We have not personally known his Tobys and John Pymys, and their fellows; but we feel there is no reason why we should not have met them. They are actual canine beings; and it is as impossible to mistake them for one another, as it is to forget the individuality of the characters of a great dramatist in their general resemblance and their common nature. Unfortunately we cannot support this opinion by extracts, for we have no room for any complete picture; and we have not the heart to tear any into fragments. But there are two characteristic anecdotes, which we cannot resist. Our readers must understand that Dr Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweedside to Edinburgh:—

‘She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But, some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her, but in vain. She was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied, and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear, creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond though tired. Well, one day, I was walking across the Grassmarket with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and, looking at her, one said, “That’s her; that’s the wonderfu’ wee bitch that naeboddy kens.” I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the “buchs,” or sheep pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The men said, with a sort of transport, “She’s a perfect meeracle—flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang—wears, but never grups, and beats a’ oor dowgs. She’s a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a

mawkin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop, and be caught, but no: she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.'

We think our readers will thank us for transferring what follows to our pages:—

'It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme, one day, many years ago, when living in Forbes Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house. It was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he continued to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room. He wished advice about some ailment; and Mr Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came into me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.'

We did not intend to quote more about dogs; but is there not something at once very absurd and very touching about this:—

'Puck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog-day, when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide, quiescas.*

It is plain that, even in the dog-days, Dr Brown would have no sympathy with the timid scholastic Gray, who said with some indignation, when he was asked if that was his dog—'Do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?'

The same faculty for seizing the subtlest distinctions of character, which enables Dr Brown to describe his dogs so admirably, is displayed quite as effectually when he is dealing with men. We do not know that he gives evidence anywhere of that highest imaginative power which consists in the inven-

tion of a character ; but in the exposition of an actual character, a man whom he himself has seen and known, it would not be very easy to mention many writers by whom he has been surpassed. And this is neither a small talent nor a very common one. It is a much slighter achievement, as it seems to us—and certainly it is a far less useful one—to collect a number of salient features, to solder them cleverly together, and call them a man or a woman, as some of our very popular novelists are much in the habit of doing, than to represent an actual human being as he lived, not by describing attributes merely, but by drawing his character. The power of conceiving an original character is, no doubt, among the rarest and highest of gifts. No description, however excellent, of real people will place a writer on the same level as the great dramatists or the great novelists. But you may count on your fingers the dramatists and the novelists who in this sense are entitled to be called great. As soon as the invention ceases to be human and true, the most dazzling effects of humour or of pathos will give the cleverest caricaturist no right or title to a place beside Sir Walter, or Fielding, or Jane Austen. And no inferior exhibition of imaginary persons is half so excellent a thing, in our view, as the most unpretending portraiture of people who have really existed. With all the amusement we have derived, and hope still to derive, from their productions, the talents of a second-rate novelist—and we should include some very distinguished names in that category—do not appear to us to be so admirable, nor their functions nearly so estimable, as those of the quiet and truthful painter of the things and persons his own eyes have witnessed. To invent a true and many-sided human being, ideal or real—a Hamlet or a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Portia or an Elizabeth Bennet—demands all the qualities which Dr Brown evinces in describing his own friends, and an imaginative power in addition, which infinitely transcends them all. It is a very different matter to invent traits of character, however funny or however beautiful, or in however clever a combination, without that marvellous interfusion of individual traits with the characteristics common to humanity, which makes the resemblance between the people we see in the world and those we meet with in the great masters of imaginative literature. This may be done with very brilliant effect ; but it shows the absence and not the possession of the excellences that are necessary for the exposition of true characters, whether actual or imaginative. We have no hesitation in saying that it required a far higher and more capacious mind, a finer insight, and, in every sense of the word, more genius, to delineate such a character as that of the late Dr Brown in the way our author has done it, than to invent

a score of the grotesque exaggerations which have moved the tears and the laughter of this most sensitive generation.

We mean no disparagement when we say that Dr Brown generally approaches the people he is describing from the outside. If he remained there we could say nothing worse of him. But however he begins, he has almost always penetrated to the heart of a man before he has done with him. And if it be accompanied in any sufficient degree by feeling and humour, there is, after all, no finer instrument for the detection of character than a keen, rapid, and comprehensive eye for external peculiarities. Dr Brown says he thinks that he could have been a painter; and it is certain that he possesses the prime requisite of being able to see the outward form of men and things. Nor would it be easy to present in words a more vivid image of a picture than he can when he pleases. Here, for example, is a sketch from the beginning of 'Rab and his Friends':—'Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was the flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many 'brutes'; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus.' This clear perception of physical appearances is employed with great skill and success in Dr Brown's biographical sketches. It is by penetrating observation of all the lovely organs of a life that he seems to arrive at the idea of the life, and he evolves the idea for the benefit of his readers in much the same fashion,—

'As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at his best
And fullest.'

There are two peculiar worlds of which, by sketches of some remarkable inhabitants of both, Dr Brown gives us glimpses—the medical and the clerical. There are no professions of which the human element ought to be more interesting for laymen; and we cannot help thinking there are none for which, in this aspect, literature has hitherto done less. A good biography of any kind is rare; but rarest of all, is a good biography of a clergyman. One reason may be, that the dignity of their calling makes it so impossible for clergymen to regard it merely as a profession, that

it hardly occurs to them or to their biographers to look at their relations with the rest of the world from the human point of view at all. And it is not impossible, that, while the great difficulty of all biography is to trace the intricate connection between the one man whose life is being written, and the qualities ascribed to him which are common to all men, that difficulty may be greatly increased when the subject of the life is a divine. For the qualities which make the life of such a man worth writing, are those of all others which the finest hand is required to individualize. Devotion, for example, and love of truth, identify no man. They are qualities of which we have the vaguest and least personal conception. But, unless the biographer of a man whose life was illustrated chiefly by devotion, or spiritual feeling, or love of truth, be a very able and discriminating person indeed, he is almost sure to think that he has done his work when he has pronounced a panegyric on such characteristics as these. To show how they *were* characteristic, not of good men, but of the one good man whose life he is writing, and no other, is the most subtle and delicate office a biographer can be called on to perform. Nothing short of dramatic genius can bring out clearly the fine evanescent lines by which such a man's personal peculiarities are interwoven with the sublimest feelings and emotions that elevate humanity. The best illustration of this rare and happy art that we could quote from Dr Brown's book, would be his picture of his father; but we find that, if we were to begin to copy that, we should not be able to spare our readers a single sentence; and it is far too long to transfer entire to our pages. Another illustration may be found in a notice of Dr Chalmers, in a paper contributed to this journal several years ago, from which, therefore, we do not need to quote.¹

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of 'Uncle Ebenezer,' the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say, that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and church histories:

'Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*: he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week: six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved: on the Sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit, stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself with an "Ah, sirs!" that thrilled and quivered from him to

¹ *North British Review*, vol. viii., No. xvi., page 403.

them! . . . Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for "my nephew;" and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. . . . Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day: his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go: he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm; his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man, might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky-casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up. Raising him, and *dichting* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: "Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, "Tak that, it'll hearten ye." He took the horn, and, bowing to them, said, "Sirs, let us give thanks;" and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass of whisky!" Next presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but"—and then he told the story of these men—"but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter."

We wish Dr Brown had not omitted in his Second Series the two professional papers to which he alludes in the preface. The essays of that kind in his first volume are among the most interesting and valuable that he has written: and they are so

because they deal far less with the mere details of his art, in which doctors only are likely to be interested, than with the far larger question of the way in which the art can be taught and learned, so as to afford the best chance of its being exercised for the benefit of men. The mere acquirements of the physician are only alluded to ; but the way in which these acquirements can be turned to practical account is discussed in more than one excellent paper, which neither young doctors nor patients of any degree of age or experience can read too often or think over too thoroughly. The position of the medical profession has greatly changed within the last half-century. People no longer expect quite the same things from their doctor ; and, fortunately or unfortunately, they are no longer inclined to feel the same unquestioning confidence that they will receive what they do not expect. The edge of the old sarcasm is blunted. A physician is not now an unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform a miracle every day. Most of us have been made to understand that the issues of life are not in the pharmacopœia ; and, in the natural progress of things, the very time when the mere accumulation of learning is beginning to afford less and less consolation to the mind of a much suffering universe, it is in itself growing vaster and more imposing. The science is crowded and overwhelmed with details in every direction. Nervous and hypochondriacal persons suffer frightfully from Mr Churchill's advertisements of books. It is only too evident from that appalling evil, that every minute organ of the human frame is the centre of a whole system of diseases, all too probably in active, though hitherto unsuspected operation, at the very moment we are trying to spell out for the first time their cacophonous and mysterious titles. And when he turns from the diseases incident to humanity, to the almost equally numerous and distinct sciences, by the aid of which medicine proposes to combat those diseases, the reflecting layman begins to fear his well-armed champion almost as much as his natural enemy. He cannot bring himself to believe in the possibility of moving lightly under so elaborate and cumbrous a panoply. Such a layman will find some comfort in several of Dr Brown's papers ; for this is the aspect of his 'noble and sacred' profession with which those papers are concerned. We believe with him that that profession requires more 'intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, presence of mind—*ἀγχινοια*, or nearness of the νοῦς, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men.' We make no doubt that these qualities are to be seen in operation every day, it is not for us to say where or how ;

but in writing, they are explained nowhere that we know of with more 'sense and genius,' than in the book before us.

We had marked for quotation some passages from his criticisms on art, but we have left no room to insert them. We have hinted already, that on this subject we do not always agree with him. The eye, it is said, sees no more than it brings with it the power of seeing; but some eyes bring with them the power of seeing a great deal more than the painter has had the power of showing; and in such eyes, it is not impossible for a daub to appear a masterpiece. But, after all, it is not often that we disagree with Dr Brown; and where we are at one—to take his distinction—we know no abler exponent of the *soul* of painting than he. With the *body* he does not meddle. But in perception of the thought and feeling of a great picture, and in the faculty of teaching others to understand these things also, he is truly excellent; and this is the one essential element of good art-criticism. We know few things of this kind better than his description of Wilkie's 'Distraint for Rent,' or of Turner's *Rizpah*, except some of Mr Thackeray's criticisms, and of course, and above all, those of the most mistaken, most unmannerly, and best art-critic that ever wrote—Mr Ruskin.

We are not going to criticise it, and we have no doubt that it is well known already to most of our readers; but we cannot part from this book without boldly asserting that 'Rab and his Friends' is, all things considered, the most perfect prose narrative since Rosamond Gray. We can find in many books a *wider* combination of excellences, but so perfect a combination of those which do belong to it of humour and pathos, and genuine human feeling, in none.

We have been going back in this article to those half-forgotten days when Quarterly Reviewers, instead of writing elaborate essays, actually ventured to criticise and talk about nothing but the book before them. We have given a few extracts, after the fashion of those good old times, when Mr Mudie and his colleagues did not put books into more hands than reviews. But we are not aware that the elder brethren we have been imitating ever indulged in wholesale panegyric. They let no author go without explaining, with something like paternal kindness, to him and the world, the nature of all the faults with which his excellence might happen to be alloyed. If we are like them in the rest, we will resemble them also in that; and before we bid farewell to an author who has been both amusing and instructing us, we mean to take the liberty of indicating some of his defects. It seems to us, for example, that there is a want of fusion in the longer and more important essays; and Dr Brown interrupts his own sound thinking and good writing

a great deal too often, to give us scraps of other people's. We do not object to his Latin and Greek in moderation; but the tender melancholy with which he sees 'the tide setting in against the *literæ humaniores*,' induces him to tag to his discourse rather too many patches from that quarter, and 'quote quotation on quotation' a little too frequently. There is something a little irritating in the very appearance of pages so deformed with dashes, italics, and inverted commas; and still more so, in such awkward and even dangerous collisions between Greek definite and English indefinite articles, as even Dr Brown's great skill and practice in driving half a dozen languages at once, have not enabled him to avoid. This is one fault of his otherwise admirable style. Another is, the trick of running a simile to death. Dr Chalmers, for example, is the sun for half a dozen pages, and then he is a river for half a dozen more. But we must own that, even when his figures of speech are long enough to be wearisome, they have always the merit of bringing out clearly and graphically the meaning they are meant to convey; and this is so rare a merit in new similes and short ones, that it almost induces us to forgive our old friends the sun and the river, even when they have grown to be unwieldy. The worst sin remains. Dr Brown has studied many great philosophic writers, and knows how to reverence their greatness; and yet there seems to us something singularly free and easy, careless and disrespectful, in his dashing way of disposing of their merits occasionally in half a line. We limit this criticism to his *Excursus Ethicus*. Elsewhere his tone is different; but that disquisition reminds us of nothing so much as the great Madame de Stael's famous question to Schelling—'Monsieur voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?' She thought, 'a petit quart d'heure' was quite enough for such a purpose; and Dr Brown, in the *Excursus*, seems to think so too.

Our readers do not need to be told again, even after all this fault-finding, that good sense, sagacity, scholarship, humour, and genius, are not to be found in finer combination anywhere than in those two excellent books, in which Dr Brown has given us the fruit of his leisure.

- ART. IX.—1. *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.* 1860.
 2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the State of Popular Education in England.* Vol. I. 1861.
 3. *Report of the Elgin Academy Cause (the Presbytery of Elgin v. the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Burgh of Elgin).* Scottish Jurist, Vol. XXXIII., Nos 9 and 10. 1861.

THE Education Question in Scotland is again forced on our attention, whether we will it or no. The recent judgment of the Court of Session in the Elgin Academy case, by which it has been decided that the tests and the presbyterial jurisdiction, well known to be applicable to parochial schoolmasters, extend also to the teachers of burgh schools, administered by the municipal authorities, is one of those new incidents which inevitably suggest the necessity of legislation, and, as its preliminary, of a consideration of the conditions and limits of any prudent or practicable enactment.

The existing relation between the Church and the public schools in Scotland, incongruous though it may be with modern and existing arrangements elsewhere, is yet quite consistent with our ecclesiastical and scholastic traditions. The natural inference is, that in obviating the inconvenience of that relation, now so generally acknowledged, it may be desirable to reconsider, with a view to its readjustment, the whole subject of our educational machinery, of which this forms one, though by no means the most important, part.

In one of his recent Reports to the Privy Council, Mr Morell designates the question of popular education as ‘but a question of yesterday in any country whatever.’¹ The first sentence of the Report of the Commission is to the same effect. As regards Scotland, we may take exception to this description, and claim for the question a much higher antiquity; at the same time, there can be no doubt that at least it is a question of to-day. Year after year, in one form or other, it comes into public notice, with increasing demands, new advocacy, larger concessions, fewer enemies,—if indeed any now remain, except the oldest and most inveterate—indifference or apathy. Of this interest in the Education Question throughout Great Britain, the relative importance conceded to education in the Transactions of the Social

¹ Report for 1857–8, p. 514. Mr Morell adds, ‘The Prussian law dates from about the year 1820; the education system of Holland from about the same period. The French law was introduced only about the year 1833; and the American system, which has now grown up into such large proportions, is not at all older than the European efforts above mentioned.’

Science Association, at its recent meeting in Glasgow, and the valuable Report, now issued, of the Commission appointed in 1858, with the attention bestowed on it, may be taken as indications.

In the remarks which follow, we propose to confine our attention to Scotland, which, in regard to education, differs so materially from the other parts of the United Kingdom; and, our object being practical, we shall endeavour to direct our observations to *the present state of the question*, as respects the education of the Scottish people, although, in doing so, we shall necessarily be led into some historical inquiries. We shall consider, *first*, the existing public schools, having regard to their origin and legal conditions; *secondly*, how far these are adequate to the public wants; *thirdly*, what are the chief impediments to an improved and extended education; and *lastly*, in what direction we may look, with any hope of success, for the means of obviating the hindrances which have hitherto prevented any such general advance as might have been anticipated.

The earliest schools established in Scotland were the burgh schools. Of these, a considerable number are known to have been in existence in the 15th century, although their early history can hardly be traced. 'Long before the Reformation, all the principal towns had grammar schools, in which the Latin language was taught. They had also "lecture schools," as they were called, in which children were instructed to read the vernacular language.'¹ Among these, we find a grammar school in Glasgow in the 15th century, and the High School of Edinburgh in operation very early in the 16th century.² The earliest Scottish legislation on the subject of education appears in an Act of James the Fourth (1494, c. 54), which is so brief, and affords so interesting a glimpse into the condition of Scotland only fifty years after the invention of printing, that it may be worth while to quote it.

'Item, It is statute and ordained through all the Realme that all Barronnes and Freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules quhill they be competentlie founded and have perfect *Latine*. And thereafter to remaine three zeires at the schules of art and jure, swa that they may have knowlege and understanding of the Lawes: throw the quhilks justice may remaine universally throw all the Realme: Swa that they that are Schireffes or Judges Ordinares under the King's Hienesse may have knowlege to doe justice, that the puir people sulde have no neede to seek our Sovereaine Lordis principal Auditor for ilk small injurie: And quhat Barronne or Freeholder of substance that haldis not his son at the schules as said is, havand na lauchful essoinzie,

¹ M'Crie's *Life of Melville*, vol. ii., p. 365.

² *Op. cit.*, Notes K and L.

but failzie herein, fra knowledge may be gotten thereof, he sall pay to the King the summe of twentie pound.'

It was the Reformation that gave birth to popular education in Scotland; and the debt which is due to Knox, on account of his labours on this behalf, can hardly be overstated. The comprehensive scheme of education, embraced in the First Book of Discipline, included a proposal 'that every several kirk have one schoolmaster appointed;' and 'that in every notable town there should be erected a college, in which the arts, at least Logic and Rhetoric, together with the tongues, be read by sufficient masters;'—an extent of provision for the educational wants of the community which has not been yet attained. We do not know any way in which the several Reformed Churches of Scotland, which have lately been celebrating the Tricentenary of the Reformation, might more worthily combine in practically carrying out the work of the Reformers, than in endeavouring to secure an educational provision such as they contemplated, adapted to the present state of the country.

The parochial schools, like the burgh schools, did not owe their origin to any legislative enactments. They were in many instances established, through the unceasing efforts of the Reformed clergy, by the parishioners, under a system of voluntary or ecclesiastical assessment. From the Record of the northern part of the diocese of St Andrews, containing a report of a visitation of parishes in the years 1611 and 1613, it appears that the parishes which had schools were double in number to those which had them not.¹ The earliest legal provision for parish schools appears in an Act of the Privy Council, following upon a letter from the King, and dated 10th December 1616. It directs that a school be established in every parish where the means of maintaining one existed, with a view to the instruction of all the youth, and especially to the expulsion of the Irish language, one of the principal causes of 'barbaritie and incivilitie.' This Act of Council was ratified by Parliament A.D. 1633; and power given to the Bishop, and heritors, and parishioners, to assess the parish for the support of the schools.

More explicit provisions were made for the establishment of parish schools by one of the Acts passed during the Commonwealth (1646, c. 46), which, although rescinded at the Restoration, was, together with many other beneficial Acts, re-enacted almost *verbatim* after the Restoration, in the statute 1696, c. 26—the foundation of our present system.² The amount of stipend specified by this Act is 'not less than one hundred merks (L.5, 11s. 1½d. sterling), nor above two hundred merks.'

¹ M'Crie's *Melville*, ii., Note T.

² Dunlop's *Parochial Law*, 2d edit., p. 463.

The records of the Church show how much it was concerned in the establishment of schools, and how great were the opposing obstacles, even after legislative sanction had been obtained. It would be out of place here to give the details. Among other things we find it enacted by the General Assembly in 1705—‘*That the poor be taught upon charity, and that none be suffered to neglect the teaching of their children to read.*’ In 1706, electors are recommended to prefer as teachers ‘*men who have passed their course at colleges or universities, and taken their degrees.*’ In 1802, a strong representation is made that the gains of parochial teachers are not equal to those of a day labourer, and that the whole order is sinking into a state of depression. This was happily followed by the passing of the Act of Parliament in 1803 (43 Geo. III., c. 54), which still mainly regulates the appointment and removal, the duties and the emoluments, of parochial schoolmasters.

By this Act, the heritors and minister of every landward (or partly burghal and partly landward) parish are constituted a Parliamentary Board for its administration; *heritors* being those only who have lands within the parish of not less than L.100 Scots valued rent. In this respect the Act differs from that of 1696, which was interpreted as giving the right of appointment to the whole heritors of the parish paying cess, with the minister. The presbytery have an exclusive and final jurisdiction in matters of neglect of duty, or criminality,—the grounds of removal being specified in the Act; and every schoolmaster-elect must, as the condition of office, sign the Confession of Faith, and Formula of the Church of Scotland, and undergo an examination as to literature and character, and be approved of by the presbytery; to whom also, and specially to the minister of the parish, is committed the superintendence of the school. The salary provided by this Act for the schoolmaster, in addition to a small dwelling-house, is ‘not less than 300, nor more than 400 merks Scots. This has yielded, for the period from 1828 to 1853, a *maximum* of L.34, 4s. 4d., and a *minimum* of L.25, 13s. 4d. sterling.

A lower average of prices having lately come into operation, the *maximum* legal salary is now reduced to L.27, 11s. 9d., and the *minimum*, L.20, 13s. 10d. So inadequate has this provision been regarded, that, in a large proportion of parishes, the *old maximum* salary, or a salary above the present legal *maximum*, has been granted. From a return obtained in December 1859, it would appear, that, at that date, in 400 parishes, no meetings had been held to fix the salaries under the Act of 1857. In some parishes, the legal *minimum* only, that is, a salary of L.20 had been allowed!

Having now stated the legal provisions for the establishment

and maintenance of the parish schools, and reminding our readers that this remarkable institution for popular education, having been established at a time when it had probably no parallel in Europe, has been in full operation during a good deal more than a century, and in partial operation during nearly three centuries, we have next to consider the connection between 'the School' and 'the Church' in Scotland : a just view of which is of practical importance in the present state of things.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that, during the Middle Ages, *literature*—the art of reading and writing—was, in Europe, almost exclusively confined to the clergy ; so exclusively, indeed, as to be regarded as a proof of 'Clerisy.' They were the first to give instruction to the people ; even when laymen began to teach, they did so, in a manner, as the substitutes or assistants of the clergy, who thus, by a long established tradition, came to have the superintendence of education as an unquestioned right. Thus it was that, at the period of the Reformation, the existing schools in Scotland were probably all directly in connection with the Church. In Edinburgh, for instance, the High School, and a grammar school in Canongate, were both dependent on the Abbey of Holyrood ; the school at Elgin was dependent on the Cathedral Church of Moray ; and so elsewhere. When, therefore, in 1560–67, the authority of the Pope was abolished in Scotland, and a Confession of Faith ratified, the question arose, What as to the schools ? There could be no doubt as to the answer : they were to remain under the jurisdiction of the Reformed Church. Of the first twelve public Acts, passed in the first Parliament of K. James VI. (1567), no fewer than ten relate either to religion or to the Church. One of these directly concerns our present inquiry. It is in these terms :—

'The Teachers of youth suld be tryed by the visitoris of the Kirk,—Item, Forsameikle as be all Lawes and constitutionis it is provided that the youth be brocht up and instructed in the feare of God and gude maneris : and gif it be utherwise it is tinsel baith of their bodies and saules gif God's word be not ruted in them. QUHEIRFOIRE our Sovereigne Lorde, with advice of my Lorde Regent and the three estaites of this present Parliament hes statute and ordained that all schulis to Burgh and land, and all Universities and Colleges be reformed : And that nane be permitted nor admitted to have charge and care thereof in time cumming, nor to instruct the youth privatlie or openlie, but sik as sall be tryed by the superintendentes or visitouris of the Kirk.'

This Act seems to have been passed in answer to a claim made by the General Assembly two years before.¹ That the

¹ Act of Assembly, June 3, 1799.

Reformed clergy claimed this right then and subsequently, there can be no doubt. In the Second Book of Discipline, presented to Parliament in 1578, the application of teinds to the maintenance of schoolmasters is urged, on the ground that they are 'comprehended under the clergie.'¹ We shall see presently that the Church has never relinquished this claim, although the exercise of the right of visitation of schools and colleges has been materially curtailed, partly by usage, and partly by legislative enactment. This Act of 1567 (c. 11) is expressly ratified by the Act 1581 (c. 99), which again is ratified by the Act 1592 (c. 116), whereby also the government of the Church by General Assemblies, Synods, and presbyteries, already existing, first received legislative sanction. Then came the great struggle in Scotland between a royal Episcopacy and a popular Presbyterianism; and the powers of visitation and government of schools passed over, with the other ecclesiastical authority, from the presbyteries to the bishops, and from the bishops again to the presbyteries. By an Act passed in 1662 (c. 4), it is 'ordained, that none be hereafter permitted to preach in public or in families, within any diocese, or teach any public school, or to be pedagogues to the children of persons of quality, without the license of the ordinary of the diocese.'

With the Revolution, Presbyterianism was again established; and in the first Parliament of William and Mary (1690, c. 17), an Act was passed for the visitation of universities, colleges, and schools, which provided, 'that from this time forth, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school within this kingdom, be either admitted, or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions,' but such as should 'subscribe the Confession of Faith,' and be found 'submitting to the government of the Church now settled by law;' and the Act of 1707 (c. 6), embodied in the Treaty of Union, contains a similar provision, in nearly the same words. But with reference to schools, a very important enactment is contained in the Act for settling the peace of the Church, passed a few years after the Revolution. By 1693 (c. 22), 'it is declared, "That all schoolmasters and teachers of youth in schools are and shall be liable to the trial, judgment, and censure of the presbyteries of the bounds for their sufficiency, qualifications, and deportment in the said office."'

It is not unimportant to consider what view the Church took of its powers under these statutes. Without venturing further into this field, we may refer to a Report of a Committee of the General Assembly, unanimously approved of and adopted June 3, 1799, in which, after a narrative of the various statutes on

¹ Dunlop's *Parochial Law*, p. 457.

the subject, there follows a recommendation that presbyteries be enjoined 'to call before them all teachers of youth, whether in parochial schools or schools of another description, and to take trial of their sufficiency and qualification in those branches of education which they profess to teach.' And, again, in 1817, we find the General Assembly approving of the firmness of the presbytery of Brechin, in asserting 'their indubitable right to visit schools of all descriptions within their bounds.' How far the powers thus claimed by the Church were exercised in earlier times, it may not be very easy to determine; but that, during the last sixty years, they have been asserted successfully, as regards the burgh schools, only in three instances, appears from an important Parliamentary Return, relating to grammar and burgh schools in Scotland under municipal government, obtained by Mr Murray Dunlop, and received while we write. The total number of these schools is 61, situated in 36 burghs. The teachers of these schools are 113, of whom 60 are adherents of the Established Church. In only *three* of the burghs—Anstruther Wester, Brechin, and Jedburgh—are the teachers reported to have, on their appointment, subscribed the Confession of Faith and Formula, during the last sixty years, to which period the return extends; and in no case has any teacher been removed by the presbytery. In the case of the Elgin school there was a dispute as to the state of the facts—the presbytery having to some extent interfered in the administration of the school. The general question raised was, the jurisdiction of presbyteries over burgh schools, and the subjection of the teachers thereof to tests. In the publication quoted at the head of this article will be found a very full report of this case, to which we would refer those who may desire to look a little more closely into the question. We would especially direct attention to the elaborate Note by the late Lord Handyside, in which the statutes bearing on the question are examined with much accuracy and ability. His opinion was in agreement with the judgment delivered by the Court, to the effect that the statutes must be held to apply to public schools within burghs as well as to rural parochial schools. The decision has naturally attracted much public notice, especially from the municipal authorities,—its practical bearing being immediate and important. At present, almost half of the teachers in burgh schools are not within the communion of the Church of Scotland; and, if this judgment is to be effectual, they are disqualified and liable to removal. That this will be the ultimate result, probably no one anticipates. It is one of those instances in which the judicial authorities, by declaring the state of the laws—instantly felt to be in violent conflict with the present social condition and tendencies of the

community—materially aid in procuring a remedy. And this remedy, we trust, will not, in its application, be limited to the burgh schools. Our universities have been recently emancipated, with obvious advantage, from the antiquated ecclesiastical control which extended to all seminaries of education, and the existence of which has hitherto formed an insuperable barrier to such an improvement of our national parochial schools as would render them more commensurate with the public wants. How far they are thus commensurate is what we have now to consider. We shall afterwards advert to the attempts which have been made to supply any deficiencies.

We begin by calling special attention to the remarkable contrast between the parish schools and the burgh schools. The former, since they were finally settled under the Act passed in the beginning of this century, have been, both in respect of their administration and the emoluments of the teachers, too rigidly fixed; the latter have been progressive. The parish schools, although endowed, have been also fettered; the burgh schools, under the administration of the magistrates and councils, while generally dependent for their endowments upon the liberality of the municipalities, and in many instances insufficiently maintained, have been practically unfettered, and have thus freely become adapted to the local necessities. In the larger and wealthier burghs, the original schools have thus expanded into Institutions fitted to take the place of gymnasia, or intermediate schools, not yet otherwise provided in Scotland, and affording such education in the higher branches of study as adequately to prepare their pupils for the universities; in a few instances, they have acquired a distinguished reputation.

Such expansion or development is unknown in the parochial schools; although, in many cases, the parochial teachers have made great efforts to supply the defect; and, besides furnishing the elementary instruction, have also provided the only teaching locally attainable in classics and mathematics, by which a very large proportion of the students could make even the present ordinary, though insufficient, preparation for entering upon a university curriculum. By those who have seriously considered in how great a degree the elevation of the middle classes in Scotland has been due to the university culture, thus brought within their reach, these services, and those of the burgh schools, are not likely to be undervalued. Now, what is the remuneration of these teachers? In his interesting Report for the year 1858,¹ Mr Gordon, the Inspector for the South-western District, has given an estimate of the total emoluments of the parish schoolmasters within his district, which contains the counties

¹ Report, 1858–59, pp. 227–8.

of Renfrew, Lanark, Ayr, Dumfries, Wigtown, and Kirkcudbright, and may be reckoned probably as among the best provided in this respect. Including the allowances by parochial boards, kirk sessions, and private individuals for the education of the children of the poor, and also including mortifications, he concludes that 'the average income of a parish schoolmaster in this district (not including the value of the dwelling-house) is L.70; consisting of L.27 salary, and L.43 from school fees.' With reference to Scotland generally, this must be considered much above the average. On the other hand, in the northern counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, the position of many of the parochial schoolmasters has been greatly benefited by allowances from the Dick Bequest, through a distribution of that fund conceived with great judgment, and executed with great fidelity and success. By means of an annual expenditure never rising above L.5000, and often falling far below that sum, the parochial schools in these counties have been materially elevated. The number of parishes containing schools admissible to the bequest is 124, and the population in 1851 was about 250,000. The bequest came into operation in 1833, and the first Report regarding it was issued in 1835. The Report from which we quote, prepared with much ability by the late Professor Allan Menzies, was issued in 1854. During that interval, the yearly worth of the office of parish schoolmaster 'had risen from L.55, 12s. 5d. to L.101, 1s. 7d., including in the latter sum the allowance from this bequest. L.20 additional is enjoyed by the Aberdeenshire schoolmasters in receipt of the Milne Bequest. At the same time, their domestic comfort and respectability has advanced; the dwelling-house, which in 1833 consisted of three apartments only, having been enlarged to five by the liberality of the heritors.' At the end of that period of twenty years, there were thirty more pupils, upon an average, enrolled annually in every parish school than at the beginning. 'The elevation of the literary character of the school pervades every part of the instruction; and the large numbers who now receive a knowledge of English grammar and geography, as well as the increase in the study of mathematics, Latin, and Greek, give unequivocal testimony to steady upward progress, and the rising standard of attainment among a widening circle of the people.' It is highly encouraging and instructive to learn, that so small a sum as L.5000 annually, *well spent*, in aid of parish schools, will materially benefit a population of not less than *a quarter of a million*. Before leaving this Report, which contains much interesting matter relating to the state of education in these counties, attention must be called to the statement, that, after a careful inquiry, '*forty-nine of the parishes*

within the district are reported as containing no person between the ages of eight and twenty years unable to read; and thirty-eight parishes as containing none within these ages unable to write.'

We have said something as to the emoluments of parish schoolmasters in the best provided districts; were we to travel to the Highlands, we should find many of them in a state not far removed from pauperism. Many of them have incomes not exceeding L.40 a year. That their emoluments, on the whole, are utterly inadequate, no man can question; and it may be assumed that, in order to raise the quality of the teaching, the pecuniary position of the schoolmasters must be improved. What might have been anticipated under the ordinary laws which regulate industry, is also stated to be the fact. Mr Gordon writes: 'There is a proportion observed to exist, in general, between the income of a master, and his efficiency in the duties of his school; but this proportion is apt to be disturbed when he is encumbered with several of the adjunct offices now mentioned, and with one of them in particular.'¹ The offices here alluded to are those of session clerk, heritors' clerk, parish registrar, and inspector of the poor; the last 'often laborious and lucrative, and always ill according with the proper occupations of the schoolmaster.'

Next, *in number*, the parochial schools have long been felt to be quite insufficient for the public necessities. Their number is about 980; and we have seen that so early as 1704 the General Assembly began to take steps for the establishment of schools in the Highlands by means of general subscriptions. The efforts then begun seem never to have been entirely discontinued; and they have resulted in the establishment, as appears from the last report, of not fewer than 189 schools. Then there are sessional schools, some of them of considerable antiquity and importance; the number aided by the Privy Council being 66. The schools established by the Christian Knowledge Society seem to be about 150. To these, perhaps, should be added about 78 schools, established by the United Presbyterian Churches, and receiving no public aid; also the very large number of private and adventure schools and academies, carried on by individuals or societies both in town and country districts, but chiefly in the former.

The schools already named as additional to the public schools, may be regarded as auxiliary or allied; a considerable proportion, at least, of those we have now to notice must be deemed rival. When the disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, it was not unnatural that, actuated by a deep conviction that they were the representatives of the past tendencies, objects, and traditions of the Presbyterian Church, those who left the Establishment should endeavour to realize, in their

¹ Report for 1858, p. 228.

new capacity, the old connection of church and school. The execution of this plan would probably have been postponed until more pressing claims had been provided for, had not several of the parochial schoolmasters been unfortunately removed from their office, in consequence of their adherence to the Free Church. This gave rise to the establishment of a separate system of schools over Scotland, not determined by the educational destitution of the localities, but by the religious views of a section of the inhabitants. These schools had thus their origin in the old connection between the public schools and the Church. They now amount in number to 619, besides two normal schools; and the scholars attending them to more than 62,000.¹ The large proportion of these schools receiving aid from the Privy Council—viz., 405, besides the normal schools—testifies to their general efficiency. The scholars are usually drawn from all denominations, especially in towns, where, except in name and management, the schools hardly preserve a denominational character. Indeed, it is certain that eighteen years' experience has considerably modified the views prevalent in the Free Church as to the constitutional connection of the church and school; and were the subject to be now considered from the beginning, the practical result would, in all likelihood, be materially different.

We must here say a few words about the Privy Council system in its relation to Scotland. This can be done without any general impeachment, for it was not originally designed for Scotland, but for England. When it was established, popular education in England was afforded chiefly by benevolent societies, having an ecclesiastical or religious organization. There were no national schools; and as it was not contemplated or deemed practicable to establish them, but only by means of regulated aid to elevate and extend the existing institutions, the system was probably well adapted to that purpose, and, it must be said, has done very much to improve the quality of popular education. The Report of the Commission affords satisfactory proof of this. In Scotland it was far otherwise. There the system came into contact with an established organization of public schools, which in many respects it has affected injuriously. Its tendency is to dissociate them from the Universities. It has improved the mechanical part of teaching, but is introducing a lower class of teachers; less cultivated, and of inferior education, as compared with those who in the best districts, occupy the parochial schools. Of these a large proportion have studied, during several years, at one of the Universities: in the counties to which the Dick Bequest extends, *one hundred* of the schoolmasters are graduates

¹ Report of Free Church Education Committee for 1860.

in Arts.¹ This injury, or incongruity, seems acknowledged by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth himself, who proposes to meet these cases by establishing University bursaries in favour of some of the students of the training colleges.² But not only are the pupils, thus expensively and laboriously trained in the technical part of teaching, comparatively uncultivated and immature; they are also in many instances defective in scholarship,³ to such a degree as to disqualify them for discharging efficiently the duties of parochial schoolmasters; and yet their special training tends to favour their appointment. Besides, as is truly observed by Mr Bryce,⁴ the system is objectionable, as being a system of 'bounties on the production of schoolmasters.' It may perhaps be justifiable, to meet a temporary necessity, but it can never be admitted as part of a permanent system. The present number of pupil-teachers is above *fifteen thousand*,⁵ with annual allowances beginning at L.10, and increasing to L.20, payable during five years. It is obvious that, against such an army, individual teachers, although in the most essential respects superior, must contend at a serious disadvantage. Patrons of schools naturally go to the largest market. Again, the regulations as to age, with reference to certificates of merit, operate against the parochial schoolmasters.⁶ Then, more obviously, by giving aid to rival schools, this system injures the parochial school. And here the *wastefulness* of the system comes out prominently. In some cases it grants subsidies to two or three schools in the same locality, where one school would do the work better; for schools are not improved, but rather made worse, by the reduction of the number of pupils below a certain standard.⁷ And this wastefulness occurs at a time when its formidable expense is limiting the efforts for popular education.⁸ It is the case of a father keeping up two establishments, while his children are crying for bread. We want aid for Gymnasias, or higher schools; we want aid for Ragged Schools; and meantime not only the public exchequer, but the public bounty, is drained of the means so much required. And the poorest classes are not reached by this system. The evidence

¹ Report, 1858-59, p. 244.

² Transactions, etc., p. 101.

³ See Dr Cumming's Report (as to defect in Latin grammar especially) for 1859, pp. 266, 267.

⁴ Transactions, etc., p. 338.

⁵ Estimates, 1861-62.

⁶ Report, 1858-59, p. 244.

⁷ 'Dr Guthrie said, the denominational schools introduced a system of ruinous rivalry. He had been visiting a place in the Highlands, where they had three schools close together; he proposed that they should teach *day about*, and let two of the teachers go to the fishing, or where they liked.'—*Transactions*, etc., p. 423.

⁸ See Report of Commission.

on this point is uniform and conclusive; and it seems doubtful whether, even with the considerable amendments proposed by the Commissioners, the present system can be made available to the poorest. The amount stated in the estimates for the present year, just issued, is L.803,794, showing an increase on the preceding year of L.5627. The total amount of this sum appropriated to Scotland is L.87,664.¹ For England and Wales the capitation grant amounts to L.77,000; and, taking the estimated populations as a measure of proportion, this grant, if extended to Scotland, would add about L.11,000 to the sum already stated,—giving a total of very little less than L.100,000. If, as we have seen, L.5000 well spent has materially elevated the education in the northern counties, representing a population of a quarter of a million, what advantage may be anticipated from L.100,000, as well spent, over the whole of Scotland?

We are still suffering in all directions from the intensity of denominational animosities, although less now than formerly. It is the plain duty and interest of the Central Authority, while showing all respect to religious convictions, not to increase, but by all means to soften, these asperities. The present system puts a premium on them. It is sufficiently distressing that these feelings should remain in the hearts of adults, who have so much in common as to Church symbols, worship, and government; anything that tends to introduce them into the breasts of children, or to associate them with the business of education, is doubly to be deplored. This condition of things can be endured only if the state of religious feeling in the country renders a better system impossible.

Now, it is of the utmost importance to find that, by those who attend the schools, the denominational element, as among Protestants, is scarcely regarded at all. The Report of the Commission as to England, founded on a very careful inquiry, is on this point quite decided; and also shows that, except where combined with Church attendance, the schools have no appreciable proselytising influence. As to Scotland, the reports of some of

¹ Expenditure from Education Grants, 'classified according to denomination of recipients,' so far as these relate to Scotland (*Estimates for 1861-62*):—

On schools connected with Established Church,	L.44,376	11	9
Free Church,	36,650	8	0
Episcopal Church,	4,436	7	5½
Roman Catholic,	2,202	13	6½

The number of schools thus aided appears (so far as we can collect them from the enumeration in the last Report for 1859-60) to be:—Parochial, 256; General Assembly, 205; Others—Established Church, 68; Free Church, 405; Episcopalian, 77; Roman Catholic, 28,—amounting, exclusive of the Roman Catholic schools, to 1011 schools. The expense of the *Establishment* in connection with this system amounts to L.65,205, 17s., of which there is charged, under the head of *Inspection*, L.43,164, 17s. 3d.

the inspectors are to the like effect.¹ If there be difficulty, it does not come from the parents of the children, but from the managers of the schools, who attach importance to differences to which the parents do not give weight, where *good teaching* is the thing required. The condition of the burgh schools, already stated, shows that no ecclesiastical control is necessary, either to secure religious instruction or efficient general teaching. The reports of presbyteries to the General Assembly for last year, where the question of religious teaching is specially inquired into, mention *no instance of the neglect of religious teaching*, so far as we observe, although they embrace 1741 non-parochial schools, of which 51 are burgh schools, and 371 adventure schools. The answer under this head is uniform, 'None neglect religious instruction.' The private schools in Edinburgh, attended chiefly by children of the wealthier classes, afford another instance of excellent teaching and unobjectionable religious instruction, quite irrespective of ecclesiastical organization or control. We are informed by a friend, who has made direct personal inquiry into the matter, that of six of the principal schools of this class, having an aggregate attendance of about two thousand scholars, the head-master is in no case a member of the Church of Scotland. Yet the parents of the pupils are satisfied, because the teaching is good as respects religious as well as general instruction. It may therefore be regarded as certain, that no system of elementary education could be maintained in Scotland in which religious instruction, conducted substantially as at present, did not form a part.

The denominational schools are more ecclesiastical in their constitution than the parish schools. And so long as the public schools continue to be under the operation of the present tests and ecclesiastical control, so long will the other schools be ecclesiastically constituted. The question seems to us a very serious one, and the decision rests with the people of Scotland. The interests of all seem to point to the removal of the tests. They are slowly, or not very slowly, undermining the parochial schools, on whose behalf their continuance is urged. They render futile all attempts to improve the condition of these schools, and of the schoolmasters, who are the unhappy victims of the religious animosities of others. If the present system of Privy Council grants is continued a little longer, and unless some new cause avert their fate, the parish schools will have ceased to hold their old historical, national character. The interest of the members of all the Churches is against the continuance of that system. They are finding great and increasing difficulty in maintaining their denominational schools, even with the large aid from the

¹ Reports, 1858-59, p. 247 ; and 1859-60, p. 277.

public funds, the continuance of which, on the present conditions, is very uncertain. The education reports of the Established Church and of the Free Church for last year tell the same tale: the subscriptions are falling off; if the schools are to be maintained, new efforts must be made,—a continually increased pressure, with diminishing results.

Former attempts to put the parish schools on a more national basis have failed; and we believe all such attempts will fail until the pressing necessity is better recognised. In the words of the Lord Advocate, at the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow—‘Of all the difficulties which stand in the way of a national system of education, one of the most conspicuous and important is the want of due appreciation on the part of the public of the real importance of the question.’

The general tone of the papers read and of the discussions at that meeting, seems to show that some progress has been made towards agreement. As respects the parish schools, the practical difficulties are not great, the changes requisite not being fundamental. The appointment of the teacher might remain with the *heritors*,—the interpretation of the word being extended to its original meaning, and embracing all those whose names are on the valuation roll as proprietors, or at least within some very moderate limits.¹ Tenants, who are legally liable in payment of half of the school-assessments, ought to be to some extent included. The mode of assessment might be altered, so as to include mines and manufactories, and other modern permanent forms of property at present exempt. The salary would be probably increased to a *minimum* of £50 *per annum*; and the house accommodations improved; and arrangements made for retirements, and retiring allowances. The examination of the schoolmaster would naturally be conducted by an *educational*, not an *ecclesiastical*, board. For cruel or immoral conduct, he might be made liable to suspension or dismissal by the sheriff; for negligence or incompetence, by the Educational Board. The interference of the Presbytery (if at all retained) would be confined to the examination of the school. This would not imply authority over the teacher or the teaching, and might be useful, as affording a check on any central inspection; and in some rural districts no other local examiners are available. The heritors might elect a school committee for ordinary management and control, and in the place of the Presbytery. It will be a question whether this committee should have power to interfere

¹ Principal Tulloch—‘There are few intelligent Churchmen, I fancy, who would be disposed to contend for the exclusive connection of the parish teacher with the Established Church, so long as his appointment is left in the hands of the present electors.’—*Transactions*, p. 345.

authoritatively with religious teaching; or whether the school-master in that matter should be independent, *with this qualification*, that he should be subject to the same test with the professors in universities, and liable to dismissal by the Educational Board, if proved to have taken advantage of his public position to undermine the belief of his pupils, by giving religious instruction inconsistent with the Confession of Faith. The latter alternative is recommended by some important considerations. It meets the objection, taken by many, to religious instruction by law; it excludes interference with the teacher in so delicate a matter; and especially, it greatly lessens the serious danger of dissension in the committee. From participating in any dogmatic religious teaching, any child should, on the desire of its parents, or guardians, expressed to that effect, be exempted. Under some such system, there would, it is believed, be no very serious practical difficulty. A large proportion of the denominational schools in the rural districts might easily be included under some such system as this, where requisite for the local necessities. The present managers might, in such cases, at least for a time, be represented in the school committee. The rest would be otherwise made use of to the public advantage. Commissioners, or some other authority having the public confidence, would possibly have to determine in what cases such schools should be maintained at the expense of the locality, and what further provision should be made in burghs and other populous localities. There is more difficulty as to the organization of these schools; because no existing machinery would be to the same extent, probably, available. One thing is to us quite plain—that in constituting the schools there ought to be no entanglement with ecclesiastical organizations. If the Established Church is to be dispossessed in the public interest, it is certain that no other Churches will be permitted to take the same place. The Churches will be represented, not by their office-bearers as such, but by their members; and thus far more equitably, and with less danger of collision. We believe the combined Presbyterian scheme, proposed at the Glasgow meeting, to be objectionable, and quite impracticable. The so-called ‘secular system,’ with combined general and separate religious teaching, is so unpopular in Scotland, that on that ground alone it will hardly be pressed by those who desire to see an early settlement. That schools can be, in favourable circumstances, successfully administered under that system, can hardly be denied; but it is not to be recommended as well adapted to the general condition of Scotland. In its nature, and in its effects, it is probably hardly less sectarian than the denominational system; and it enforces the recognition of ecclesiastical divisions, even in

cases where no practical inconvenience is felt. It must be admitted, however, that this branch of the question is encumbered with serious difficulties, and all honest attempts at their solution ought to receive respectful attention, even those of *doctrinaires*. If, in the organization of additional schools in towns, the principles, already stated with reference to parochial schools, be given effect to, viz : 1st, That the local administrative authority (whether school committee or magistrates) shall be elected irrespective of ecclesiastical conditions ; 2d, That, having elected a teacher in their opinion duly qualified, they shall not be entitled to interfere authoritatively with the religious instruction given, beyond testing it by the examination of the pupils ; 3d, That the teacher shall be subject to no test, except that required of professors, and liable to removal if it be disregarded ; and, lastly, That parents shall have the right of exempting their children from dogmatical religious teaching—it is possible that the difficulties shall be overcome. These are only suggestions as to the sort of proposal we might recommend ; it is out of the question here to give details. Let us be reasonable, and, above all, entirely in earnest in the matter ; and the impossibilities will perhaps be found only very modest mountains, greatly exaggerated by the mists of prejudice or indifference. The schools thus established might receive aid from the public funds, according to such a system as is proposed by the Commissioners for England, in proportion to the number of scholars, and subject to some variation according to their reported efficiency. They would all be subject to inspection.

Among the advantages of such a scheme as we have sketched, one of much importance is, that it would tend to elevate teachers to the rank of an independent profession, and give them a sense of liberty and responsibility, which would tell with much advantage on their work. No intellectual profession can thrive as a pendicle to a profession of a different sort. The animosities often prevailing between minister and schoolmaster would be lessened, if the latter were independent. Our belief is, that, on the whole, the teacher would become a much more valuable coadjutor to the minister, and that the two would co-operate far more pleasantly than they do. If we may take the masters of the elementary schools for the upper classes in Edinburgh as samples of what independence may do for teachers, we are certain that no one has cause to dread the effects of their emancipation.

We have now nearly completed our task, very inadequately, but at least with a desire to do justice. The immediate obstruction we find to be the tests. The objection on the part of a large proportion of the community to any religious teaching by Act of Parliament, would be obviated, it is believed, by some such

arrangement as has been proposed: the opposition to all public aid of education is, in Scotland, too exceptional to be important.

The most serious opposition comes at present from the Churches, or from those acting in their interest. Meantime, another generation is growing up with most inadequate means of education. It is true they do not use sufficiently the means they have, children being so early withdrawn from school; but is not that a reason why the quality should be as good as possible? The argument used for the tests, and also against any school organization not ecclesiastical—that there will be no security otherwise for religious teaching—is not always used honestly; and it implies distrust both of the Churches and the people of Scotland.¹ From its felt importance, and from confirmed habit, a religious education has become a recognized necessity. Religious wants have greatly promoted education; more than any other cause, in its beginning, the desire to read the Bible in the vernacular; whose influence has, indeed, been pre-eminent—first impelling to the study of letters, then providing a literature so sublime and various, that they who have pondered that solitary Book can never be an uneducated people. The nation, having now ‘attained its majority,’ may naturally refuse to continue longer under subjection in the matter of education.

¹ Mr Murray Dunlop said: ‘Tests were of no practical value; for while they kept back the conscientious, they were no barrier to the unprincipled. At the same time, he dissented from that part of Mr Fraser’s paper in which it was stated, that if the tests were removed, without any other safeguard being adopted, the religious teaching of the country would be endangered.’—*Transactions, etc.*, p. 422.

- ART. X.—1. *The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture.* By JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A. Second Edition. London, 1859.
2. *Geschichte der Baukunst.* By FRANZ KUGLER. Stuttgart, 1859.
3. *Geschichte der Architektur.* By Dr WILHELM LÜBKE. Cologne, 1858.
4. *Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture.* By JOHN HENRY PARKER, F.S.A. Oxford and London, 1861.

THE history of architecture, rightly understood, is the history of the human mind. Every country possessed of any architecture at all, has stamped it with the impress of its manners, morals, religion, opinions, and modes of thought, in the several changes which these have undergone from age to age.

The works here enumerated¹ undertake to give a comprehensive catholic view of architecture in its bearing on the study of the past, assigning its proper place and function to each country and race. Mr Fergusson's 'Handbook of Architecture' was first published in 1855, and has been sufficiently popular to be now in its second edition, which, however, is but a reprint of the original two volumes in one, with a new title-page and frontispiece. It is a marvel of cheapness, considering the mass of information contained, and the profusion of woodcuts. Illustrations are an absolute essential in such a book, and Mr Fergusson gives us upwards of four hundred representations of buildings in different parts of the world, the greater number reduced to a uniform scale, so that the eye at once takes in their relative magnitude. These woodcuts are derived from a variety of sources. We have considerable confidence in those of which the originals are Mr Fergusson's own drawings: of the rest many seem to be good, but some are taken from questionable authorities. There have been few greater obstacles in the way of the critical study of architecture than the prevailing inaccuracy of architectural drawings. The artist not imbued with the spirit or meaning of what he has set himself to draw, takes a careless sketch on the spot, and elaborates a drawing out of it at his leisure, by modifying or smoothing down the rough lines in accordance with his ideas of the beautiful or picturesque, and adding such details and finishing touches as appear to him to be improvements. No one who has not been in the habit of exa-

¹ No. 4 is a book of more limited design, but we have placed it on our list as a favourable specimen of the popular manuals which the English universities have produced. Though devoted mainly to the mediæval styles of England, a great deal of information is incorporated regarding the connection between the architectural history of Great Britain and the Continent.

mining architectural drawings, and comparing them with what they are meant to represent, can have an idea of the extent of this evil. Any of our readers who will take the trouble to place one of the numerous photographs now to be had of St Mark's, Venice, side by side with the representation of the same building in Gally Knight's *Italy*, will not accuse us of exaggeration in this matter. Scarcely a single detail of the engraving will be found to have any correspondence with the photograph, and, among numerous minor differences, it will be observed that the main arches on the south side are acutely pointed in the former and round in the latter. Mr Thomas Hope's '*Historical Essay on Architecture*' is a work containing not a little sound criticism, and full of a real love for the subject: it is accompanied, too, with a volume of plates, representations of the most remarkable buildings in Europe, with profuse details of parts and decorations, all clearly and elaborately engraved. Some years ago we compared on the spot a number of these plates with the object which they professed to represent, and to our dismay could discover none that had the most distant approach to accuracy, with the sole exception of the views of Worms Cathedral—which, one and all of them, were minutely correct; but we afterwards discovered that these, instead of being, like the rest, reproductions of Mr Hope's drawings, were reduced copies of the plates in Moller's '*Denkmäler der Deutschen Kunst*.' Photography should operate as a check on this random drawing.

The second book on our list is Kugler's '*Geschichte der Baukunst*.' One of the divisions of the same author's '*Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*,' translated and edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, under the name of the '*Handbook of Painting*,' has attained considerable popularity in this country. The present work is the architectural part of the '*Kunstgeschichte*,' immensely expanded and improved. The author goes over the same ground with Mr Fergusson. His illustrations are pretty numerous, but they are unfortunately selected with the view of being supplementary to another work, the '*Atlas der Kunstgeschichte*,' of which one volume is devoted to architecture; and the consequence is, that we are often disappointed in finding most remarkable and typical buildings unrepresented. In fact, without the '*Atlas*,' the '*Geschichte der Baukunst*' can hardly be considered complete.

Mr Fergusson, in an introductory chapter, gives us at some length his idea of what architecture is, and of the true principles of architectural criticism. He defines architecture as 'the art of ornamental and ornamented construction, and takes pains to distinguish it from 'building' and 'civil engineering.' All considerations of constructive fitness are said to be the province of

the civil engineer, not the architect, the domain of the latter lying exclusively in decoration; and Mr Fergusson pushes this view to the extreme of recommending that the architect would

‘Delegate the mechanical part of his task to the engineer, and so restrict himself entirely to the artistic arrangement and the ornamentation of his design. This division of labour is essential to success, and was always practised where art was a reality; and no great work should be undertaken without the union of the two. Perfect artistic and perfect mechanical skill can hardly be found combined in one person, but it is only by their joint assistance that a great work of architecture can be produced. A building may be said to be architectural in the proportion in which the artistic or ornamental purposes are allowed to prevail over the mechanical, and an object of engineering, when the utilitarian exigencies of the design are allowed to prevail over the artistic.’

Here we are constrained to differ from Mr Fergusson. Ornament is, or ought to be, by no means the primary consideration with the architect. The first great requisite of a building is, that it served its purpose well, whether that purpose be to defend from the weather, to preserve a memorial of past events, or to suggest emotions; and according as the building serves its purpose or tells its story well or ill, we form our estimate of the skill of the architect. Secondary and subordinate is the consideration of pleasing or graceful appearance; yet so closely connected are the two requisites, that, even in an age of division of labour, they must be pronounced inseparable. Much of the pleasure derived from good architecture arises not from any thought of ornament as such, but, as in the works of nature, from an instinctive recognition of fitness as evincing intelligence and design. In the purest architecture, whatever is useful becomes necessarily and without effort ornamental, and nothing is ornamental that is not also useful. The separation of the two has always been a symptom of decline in the art. When ornament is conceived of apart from utility, the sure result is, that some members of a building are assumed as useful, others as ornamental. The applied ornament is found to clash with vulgar utilitarian requisites, and the result is that the latter are subordinated or ignored. In the hands of an old architect of Verona or Nürnberg, the chimneys, being a useful feature, become of necessity a pleasing one. In the conception of a nineteenth century architect of Britain, they are a necessary evil, whose presence mars his idea of ornament: they are therefore excluded from his design altogether; and there is a tacit understanding that, in judging or criticising a completed street front, they are to be supposed to be absent.

Half of Mr Fergusson’s ‘Handbook’ is devoted to the præ-

Christian styles of architecture, beginning with the indigenous styles of India, and including Ceylon, Burmah, Thibet, and Nepaul. This is a most valuable part of the book, being the result of researches to which the author has devoted a great part of his life. We have a mass of new and highly interesting matter, relating to the Buddhist, Jaina, and Hindu architecture of India, all carefully digested, and accompanied with numerous woodcuts. The architecture of China, Aboriginal America, and Western Asia follow, including hypothetical restorations of the Nineveh remains. On this last subject Mr Fergusson, the designer of the Nineveh Court of the Crystal Palace, is entitled to be heard; but it is well known that most other competent judges consider him rash and premature in assuming the identity of the architectural monuments of Assyria and Persepolis, buildings differing in date, purpose, and locality.

Having completed the history of the Asiatic styles, Mr Fergusson goes back to the earliest dawnings of the art in Egypt, and traces the history of architecture, in the countries where it was carried forward in continuity down to the beginning of Christian forms. The styles of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are treated in succession clearly and succinctly. We have a short account of what little is known of the architecture of the Sassanians, and a valuable and well illustrated history of the Saracenic styles.

The second half of Mr Fergusson's book (what in the first edition formed the second volume) is devoted exclusively to Christian architecture, which he treats under three heads,—Romanesque, Gothic, and Byzantine. But by Romanesque and Gothic he does not mean what these terms generally denote. Mr Fergusson's Romanesque is the basilica style, and the term Gothic is with him extended to include all the varieties of round-arched architecture generally known as Romanesque, except the Pisan. An established nomenclature should not, it appears to us, be departed from, without stronger reasons than Mr Fergusson has adduced for his alteration. If Romanesque be assumed to mean 'modified Roman,' the architecture developed out of the Roman basilica is more properly so called than the basilica itself. The word 'Gothic' might be objected to were we inventing a new term, in so far as the Goths were only one of the less important of the tribes who adopted the style; but it is a word that has established itself in our language, and is well understood, while the etymological objections are still stronger against it in Mr Fergusson's extended meaning. Kugler adopts the ordinary classification and nomenclature: with him, Christian architecture occupies a part of vol. 1, and the whole of vols. 2 and 3; and in this, the principal part of his work, he is on the

whole more complete and more minutely accurate than Ferguson. The principal buildings of each style are described in considerable detail: of illustrations there are, for the reason already mentioned, not so many as the subject requires; and from this cause, as well as the frequent enumeration of buildings of secondary interest, and a terseness, almost dryness of style, his book will probably be the less attractive of the two to most even of those readers who are thoroughly conversant with the German language.

Christianity finding Roman architecture debased and effete, waked it into a new life, and in the course of time modified and developed it into something far nobler and more beautiful than it had ever been before. In the early centuries, when persecution drove the Christians to seek refuge in the Catacombs of Rome, their sole architecture, if we may so call it, consisted in tombs and funeral chapels. These chapels, or oratories, marked the graves of confessors and martyrs. The recess hollowed out for the sarcophagus was dedicated to Christian worship; and while the polluted art of heathen Rome was rejected with aversion, we find the primitive Christians speedily adopting an art of their own, rude indeed in its beginnings, but beautifully expressive. The craving for symbolism is an instinct of man everywhere, but is especially strong in Eastern countries. Christianity had been propagated from the East, and a large proportion of its original disciples were either Jews or Jewish proselytes. The discourses of its Divine Founder are full of the typical and symbolical, and so also was the Jewish religion, of which the Christian was the complement. The sarcophagi and walls of the oratories became covered with a rude sculpture and painting, historical and emblematical, suggested in a great measure by the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; and including representations of the candlestick of the temple, the fish, the anchor, the dove, Noah in the ark, Cain and Abel, the vine, the door, the heart, the palm-branch,—the last denoting the grave of a martyr.

The rapid spread of Christianity, and its toleration as a religion, rendered it necessary that buildings should be erected for Christian worship. The temples of the old religion would have been unsuitable models, independently of the abhorrence in which the early Christians held everything pertaining to the idolatry of heathendom. The resting-places of the martyrs still retained their hallowed associations, and the circular tombs built over them were resorted to for worship, or at least for the ritual portion of it. In the Eastern Empire, the tomb, with the addition of the four arms of the Greek cross, was developed into the Byzantine church. In Western Europe, also, the

tomb was the progenitor of the Baptisteries of Italy, and the round churches built occasionally, though always exceptionally, at different periods of the middle ages. But the basilica, which under the Empire had served the double purpose of a court of justice and exchange, suggested a more appropriate type, which became the prevailing one in the West. It was an oblong building, separated by colonnades into a central avenue and two (or four) lateral passages, corresponding to a nave with side aisles. These aisles were covered, shops erected within them, and a gallery above; while the central passage was generally, though not always, open to the sky. At the further end of the building was a semicircular elevated niche called the tribune, in which justice was dispensed; and below the tribune was a dark chamber, in which the accused was placed when undergoing trial. A very few modifications on this form converted it into the Christian basilica. All these members were retained; and for the continuous architrave which surmounted the colonnade was substituted a series of arches sustaining a wall pierced with windows, which supported a flat timber roof covering the central aisle. The further extremity of the nave, partitioned off for the singers and inferior clergy, was termed the choir; at its side stood two *ambones*, from which the epistle and the gospel respectively were read. A screen called the *cancellum* separated the choir from the sanctuary or transept, elevated by steps, in the centre of which stood the altar. The tribune or apse contained the seats of the bishop and superior clergy. The congregation assembled in the aisles, the men in the right aisle, and the women in the left, while the right gallery was reserved for widows, and the left for virgins dedicated to a religious life. The subterranean chamber became a depository for the relics of the patron saint, which were visible to the congregation through the openings of a grating. In front of the church was generally a square cloistered court, called the atrium or paradisus, a suggestion probably from the Temple at Jerusalem, with a fountain at which the people washed their hands before entering. The lowest class of penitents were not allowed to penetrate beyond the atrium, which was also used for interment. Between the nave and atrium was the narthex or porch, reserved for the lesser penitents and catechumens. Such are the essential features of the Christian basilica, which were adhered to for centuries with hardly any change, further than the addition of side altars, and the removal of the choir from the nave to the sanctuary.

Meanwhile, architecture pursued a different course in the Eastern Empire. The Byzantine church, like the basilica, sprung almost at once into perfection in the reign of Constantine.

The essential parts are four naves, disposed at right angles in the form of a cross, and a central structure supporting a dome. It is said we have the rude original of this form in the Catacombs; but if so, it was adopted the more readily from the dome being already a favourite feature in Eastern architecture, having been in use, as Mr Fergusson points out, among the Sassanians. This style culminated in the gorgeous St Sophia at Constantinople. We find Byzantine architecture exerting a certain limited influence in Italy, particularly on the shores of the Adriatic. The reconquest of Italy by Justinian, or rather Belisarius, doubtless contributed to this. San Vitale, at Ravenna, a church of immense historical importance, consecrated in 541, though not in form a Greek cross, is full of Byzantine character.

But, along with this Eastern influence, there was another still more powerful element coming into play in the Western Empire,—namely, the immigration of the northern tribes, who began to pour across the Alps and settle in multitudes in the valley of the Po and Central Italy. Thenceforward we find the character and history of Europe to be the result of the blending of three influences,—the civilisation of the South, the Christianity of the East, and the vigour of the North; and, in course of time, about the tenth century, an architecture arose on the plains of Lombardy, nobler than any that had preceded it. In this new style, each new element left its impress; but as the Roman formed the groundwork, it has been designated the modified Roman, or Romanesque. The lengthened nave, the tribune, and the crypt of the basilica, are retained, while the cupola and the symbol of the cross are borrowed from the Byzantines. The remaining features are due to the northern character, more especially the introduction of vaulted roofs. The light classical columns of the basilica are superseded by massive piers, sometimes plain, sometimes clustered; the side aisles, and in many cases the central aisle also, are roofed with stone vaulting in place of the old timber ceiling, and the vaulting is covered for protection by an external sloping roof. We have still the clearstory, and frequently the triforium gallery. The crypt is enlarged into a subterranean chapel. The apse is still, as before, a semicircular projection, whose roof is internally one-half of a dome, and externally one-half of a cone. The atrium generally disappears, and the western front begins to be an ornamental feature. Galleries of diminutive arcades with slender columns run along under the eaves and up the pediment, affording an exquisite play of light and shade, and giving that expression of delicate lightness which the middle age architects always considered desirable in the upper part of a building. Another prevalent decoration is a system of panneling, apparently a reminiscence of timber archi-

ture. Corbel-tables, with semicircular notches, run along under the cornices and string courses, and descend at intervals in stripes like pilasters. The earliest churches had often been of wood; and when a more enduring material was substituted, the architects, who had got attached to the forms suggested by the less enduring material, transferred them to stone.

The campanile or bell-tower is an important feature of the style. Lofty, narrow, and square, it stands apart from the church, grouping beautifully with it. These towers, unbuttressed and unbroken in outline, impress the eye with the idea of the most perfect solidity and stability, and are all constructed on one general type, divided into stages, and pierced with arched openings. In adherence to the law by which buildings become lighter as they ascend, the apertures always increase in number towards the top; at first they are separated by solid wall, in the upper stories by delicate shafts forming arcades. The tower is finished by a deep cornice and obtuse pyramidal roof. The form of these bell-towers is very familiar to every one who has visited Italy. In Rome, where the original type of church kept its ground against the new style, they were nevertheless introduced with the use of bells in the tenth century, and became almost indispensable adjuncts of the basilica.

This style shows an enormous advance in artistic feeling. We have not merely a superaddition of new forms, but a new life imparted to the old ones, while the conflicting elements are fused into a lovely and harmonious whole. Mr Fergusson ceases not to regret the introduction of what he considers 'the prime motive of the Gothic style,' the use of a separate external roof to cover the vaulting. He says of this practice:—

'Notwithstanding its being so general, and our familiarity with it being so great, that we have learned to think it no blemish, there cannot be a practice more destructive of true architectural effect, and, what is worse, of true building stability. All vaults after this age became mere false ceilings, unseen externally, and depending for their existence on the maintenance of a very frail wooden covering. It may have been difficult to make naked vaults and domes proof against the weather. Still it was done before, and is done by the Saracenic architects to the present day; but the Gothic architects could not or would not do it.'

On this point and others, the author's judgment appears to us to have been warped by his Oriental studies and leanings. We are as averse as he can be to architectural shams and lies, but surely a contrivance adopted openly and avowedly as a useful and almost necessary defence against weather, does not come within this category. The Saracenic architects may have found

such a protection unnecessary in Eastern climates, but it does not follow that it is not required to throw off snow and rain in the moister north and west of Europe. And, independently of its practical use, it appears to us that the sloping roof has a peculiar propriety in northern styles, indicating the animal energy of the northern races, as the convex roof does the languor and dreaminess of the eastern. The roof of that curious architectural exotic, Rosslyn Chapel, near Edinburgh, is constructed on Mr Fergusson's principle. It has the charm of strangeness, but we ask any one acquainted with it, whether its bulging form is not felt to be singularly inappropriate? We are informed that constant repair is required to keep it water-tight.

The tenth century is fixed by Kugler as the period of transition, but there are few known Romanesque examples in Italy earlier than the eleventh. In fact, hardly any remains of tenth century buildings survive; were there any in existence, they would probably show incipient symptoms of the change, which was doubtless a gradual one. The end of the tenth century was a period of general panic and prostration of energy: a notion had taken possession of men's minds that the world was to come to an end in the year 1000; but when the second millennium of the Christian era had begun without the occurrence of any such catastrophe, this stagnation was succeeded by a powerful reaction. All Italy was stirred with a new life; the great republics arose. The wealth of the new States, and the spoils taken from the Saracens, were converted into cathedrals, churches, and convents, constructed on a scale never before heard of. Stately municipal halls and princely palaces sprang up in the great Italian towns, less elaborately decorated than the churches, but impressed with the same general character. As the style advanced, it freed itself more and more from conventional trammels, revelling in profuse imagery and fancy run wild. Tiers of arcades rose one above another, whose thin shafts were sometimes covered with quaint grotesque figures. Shallow porches loaded with surface ornament were sustained by slender pillars resting on the backs of monsters. In addition to the common character of profuse decoration, each Italian city or province had local peculiarities of its own. The intercourse which Venice maintained with the East led her to look abroad for her model, and to adopt a style almost purely Byzantine for the great and gorgeous Ducal Chapel, which was to contain the body of St Mark. Byzantine traditions indeed lingered all along the coast of the Adriatic: the Cathedral of Ancona is Byzantine in general design, though Romanesque in its details; it is a building of such

interest, that we wonder Mr Fergusson should have left it unnoticed.

But the honour of taking the lead in the development of Romanesque architecture belonged to Pisa. She had become the most considerable maritime power of Italy. Her fleet of galleys was employed with much success against the Mohammedan pirates who infested the coasts of the Mediterranean; and she acquired great renown in 1063 by a brilliant and successful expedition, in which Sicily was freed from the Saracens, and a vast amount of treasure and six richly laden vessels were carried off from Palermo. The Pisans thought they could not do better than devote this booty to the erection of a cathedral, which in size and magnificence would rival St Mark's at Venice. The name of the architect, Buschetto, has been preserved on his tomb, and he must rank among the few men of original genius who have inaugurated a new epoch in architecture. Who does not number among his most cherished memories of Italy the grass-grown old Piazza of Pisa, with the cathedral, the leaning tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo,—a group rivalling in fascination the Piazza of St Mark itself? And not the least lovely element in this lovely whole is the façade of the Duomo, with its four stories of delicate arcades piled above each other, and prolonged in fantastic quaintness under the sloping roof. Kugler rightly esteems Pisa Cathedral as the most noble as well as the most important building of its age; but Mr Fergusson is of a different mind. While acknowledging the separate beauty of the details, he characterizes the style of ornamentation as false, clumsy, and lifeless, adding that the subdivision into five orders is more open to criticism than the two orders of our own St Paul's. We may remark that the orders of St Paul's are objectionable, not because they break its height, but because the upper order is a sham, hiding the true structure and suggesting a false one; whereas there is no such fraud in the Pisa arcades. It is certainly not a principle universally true, that minute subdivision takes from magnitude. We judge of the size of a building from a combined impression of the size of the part most in view, and the number of parts. To us it appears that the arrangement of Pisa façade, similar in idea to that of the campanile above described, is about the most effective that could be devised for producing the impression of height. There is no break till the wall has reached an elevation too great for the eye to measure it, and beyond that point every additional division adds to the apparent height. The upper arcades are completely subordinated to the lower one; and as the basement arches are not recessed, their extreme richness does not take from the general character of solidity. Buschetto's style and model was adopted in a numerous

family of churches at Pisa and Lucca, in which the singularly storied facade is repeated, in the Lucchese churches with far more richness of ornament.¹

To the north of the Po, the corbelnotch and pilaster-strip ornamentation is an especial favourite; the Veronese architects, in their passionate attachment to this reminiscence of timber work, multiply the pilaster-strips, and sometimes carry them down in an unbroken line from the summit of a building to its base. The long thin shafts of the porches, condemned by Fergusson and admired by Ruskin, are also nothing but petrified timber supports. We cannot agree with Kugler in considering the predominance of the Roman over the northern influence as an especial characteristic of Verona, more particularly when we recal to mind the façades of the Duomo and San Zenone, and certain wild, strange figures of armed men, engaged in deadly conflict, of huntsmen, birds, beasts, and fishes, in all sorts of singularly conceived attitudes, the whole intensely northern and brimful of humour and of action. The later Romanesque of Pisa alone outdoes Verona in this sort of energy: the sculptures of the Pavran San Michele can only be compared to the creations of a feverish nightmare.

It is an easy transition from the Romanesque of Italy to the fairest of her offspring—the Romanesque of the Rhine. The least observant of our summer tourists can hardly fail to have his attention attracted by the multitude of round-arched churches which rise all along the banks of the German river. All are of one very beautiful type,—that type, in its very minutiae, recalling the Romanesque churches of north Italy. The characteristic decorations of Lombardy are there—the same corbel-tables of semicircular notches descending in shallow pilasters, the same open arcade encircling the apse, the apse itself precisely identical in form; and any one who is at all conversant with the architectural peculiarities of the different Lombard towns, will at once identify the details as those of Pavia. Yet, along with all this identity, there are striking points of difference. The tall square campanile of Italy has

¹ Thoroughly as this group of churches is stamped with the new character, the use, in some instances, of the round column in the interior instead of the square piers, leads Mr Fergusson to class them under the Basilican in place of under the Romanesque (in his phraseology 'round Gothic') style. We wonder that the prevalence of the round column in the pointed Gothic of Venice and Verona, as well as occasionally in Germany, where the material was strong enough, did not suggest the impropriety of making it a test of style,—the fact being, that in all other respects the Pisan churches partake strongly of the northern and eastern elements. The Duomo of Pisa has a central Byzantine cupola and large transepts stretching far beyond the nave, with apsidal terminations; and in the wild excitement of the Lucchese San Michele, it would be difficult to see anything analogous to the languor and repose of the Roman style.

had a spire superimposed on it—a spire of a form as strange and foreign to an English as to an Italian eye. In the absence of a diagram, we may describe it as a four-sided pyramid, rising diagonally from between the gables, which terminate the four sides of the tower;¹ and the tower with its spire is no longer detached, but forms an integral part of the church, sometimes single, sometimes in duplicate; often three or more towers, some of them round or octagonal, are grouped together in some system more or less beautiful of symmetry and subordination. Sometimes the intersection of the transept is developed into a tower, round or square. There is a tendency to reduplication of the different parts of the church in new positions; apses are protruded from the ends of the transept as well as from the choir; we meet with a western in addition to the eastern transept, in some instances with the further peculiarity of a western choir and apse. In sympathy with the spire, the pitch of the church roof has been considerably heightened. The points of difference between the architecture of the Po and the Rhine are, in short, as striking as the points of identity. The German architect, seizing the spirit of the Italian style, has amalgamated with it some indigenous element so skilfully as to produce a perfectly harmonious whole,—a little less graceful, perhaps, than the parent style, but grander in conception. We find the same style ramifying itself through Germany and Switzerland, and spreading as far east as Styria and Hungary, but nowhere in the same purity or nobility of conception as in the neighbourhood of the Rhine.

As the architecture of a country is the reflection of its history, let us advert for a moment to the history of the country which gave birth to this style. At the time when the Rhine was the eastern frontier of the province of Gaul, the borders of the Rhine and Moselle were largely colonized by the Romans. Treves was the transalpine capital of the empire, and a large and wealthy city, Cologne, a flourishing colony, and there is hardly one of the presently existing towns on the left bank of the Rhine which was not, in its origin, a Roman frontier fortress. The inroads of the Franks and Allemanni, which drove the Romans from the Rhine, were attended with an immense destruction of Roman monuments. Yet these tribes were not such utter barbarians as they have sometimes been represented; and once masters of Gaul, they endeavoured to put in practice the principles of Roman government. They continued to have an architecture, which, in its turn, was nearly swept away by the

¹ In Mr Fergusson's representation (from Boissérée), of the characteristic example of this spire, that of the Apostelnkirche at Cologne, the four-sided is made an eight-sided pyramid.

next invaders—the Normans. Kugler has come to the conclusion that the colossal gateway at Treves, called the ‘*Porta Nigra*,’ and reputed to be Roman, is a work of Merovingian art; but, be this as it may, enough remains to show that the Franks followed in the main, though in somewhat debased form, the traditional type left them by the Romans. The Rhine country once more became a centre of art and civilisation when Charlemagne took up his residence at Aix. The celebrated Münster which he built there, was a ceremonial church, intended for the founder’s tomb; and hence the form—a slightly Germanized copy of San Vitale at Ravenna. In both, a large lofty octagon, roofed with a dome, is surrounded by a considerably lower concentric vaulted aisle. The central building opens into the aisle by eight arches, separated by piers. In order to have the requisite galleries, the aisle is filled up with arcades, two stories of them at Ravenna, three at Aix, at Ravenna covered with tunnel-vaulting, at Aix with cross vaulting. The entrance to Charlemagne’s church was by a bold tower-like vestibule, flanked by two round turrets with staircases. The sole outside decoration of the octagon was a pilaster, with a classical-looking capital descending at each angle.

The Münster of Aix stands almost alone among the now extant monuments of this age, but it must have had no small influence on the succeeding architecture. It is probable that the round (or polygonal) form of church was largely adopted in the ninth and tenth centuries, and we know that it never went quite out of use in the Romanesque period. Yet we think Mr Fergusson goes too far, when he says that from Charlemagne’s time till about the end of the tenth century, almost all the churches built in Germany were round. We have no doubt there were also basilicas, many of them perhaps of timber; and were they extant, we could probably trace in them the peculiarly German features of the Rhenish style. But we are not left to mere conjecture on this subject. An important document of the first half of the ninth century comes to our aid,—a ground plan of the contemplated monastery of St Gall, in Switzerland, with an accompanying description in Latin hexameters. The foundation being a very wealthy one, everything is designed on a grand scale, and there is a completeness and refinement in the conventual buildings, and all their adjuncts, which is quite astonishing in so rude an age. The church of the convent is a basilica 200 feet long, possessing a number of the peculiarities afterwards found in the Romanesque of the Rhine. The western as well as the eastern termination is apsidal. Outside a parvis which surrounds the apse, and quite detached, are two round towers, ascended by winding stairs or inclined planes, in

position and form similar to the round towers of Ireland ; in the upper story of each is a chapel and altar. The purpose of these towers is said to be 'ad universa superspicienda.' The founder and patron saint of this monastery was the leader of a colony of Irish monks, who, in the early part of the sixth century, carried agriculture, the arts, and the doctrines of religion, to the fastnesses of the Alps. His cell became, in the course of time, the nucleus of learning and civilisation ; and when the convent was rebuilt, two centuries after his death, it may perhaps have been in honour of his memory that the round tower, the favourite architectural feature of Ireland, was introduced. Church towers were not originally bell-towers, but symbols of dignity and power, and also fortresses where the valuables of the Church and of the surrounding country might be deposited in time of danger. The idea of making a *fortalice* of a church is no unfamiliar one in the middle ages : we have examples, among others, at Maguelonne, near Montpellier ; Royat, in Auvergne ; Oberwesel, on the Rhine ; and Münstermaifeld, on the Moselle. Bells, when first introduced, were suspended over the church roof ; but where towers existed, as in Ireland or at St Gall, and the bells were of sufficient size to be heard at a distance, the expedient naturally suggested itself of placing them there, till, in course of time, it became the practice to build the tower expressly for the bell. What, then, more likely than that the monastery of St Gall—the admiration of the age, for its beauty and completeness—furnished a form which became traditional, and kept its ground after the introduction of the Romanesque style ? The towers of Worms Cathedral are but the round tower of Ardmore, in Ireland, with a little surface ornament from Pavia.

St Gall, then, shows us both the round tower and the western apse, as existing in Germany before the change of style. The large tower-like building, half transept half narthex, forming the western termination of so many German churches, is also a pre-Romanesque feature. We have it at Aix-la-Chapelle ; we can trace it in the tenth century at Essen, near Duisburg ; and it exists in fuller development at Gernrode, in the Harz, in a curious old church of the very earliest beginnings of the Romanesque style, in which also are the two round towers of St Gall, now advanced into absolute contact with the transept-narthex.

The change of style cannot be dated further back than, at earliest, the tenth century, when Otho the Great united Germany and Italy into one empire. In the few extant remains of the ninth and early part of the tenth century, we look in vain for one feature derived from Lombardy. But under Otho's sway,

Germany took an immense stride in civilisation. Throughout his reign, and that of his Hohenstaufen successors, a constant intercourse was kept up between Germany and the valley of the Po; and when Italy burst into fresh life, political and architectural, in the beginning of the eleventh century, it was not wonderful that the impulse spread to Germany, and that Pavia, the southern capital of the empire, gave its character to the movement.

Before the churches of the Rhine or Lombardy had been minutely examined, it was usual to ascribe a very high antiquity to many of them, on the assumption that they were of the date of the original foundation, which, it is almost needless to say, hardly any of them are, most having been pulled down and rebuilt during the church-building *furor* of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We should hardly have expected to find a critical writer like Mr Fergusson following Blavaignac in an error of this description with regard to a church at Romain-Motier, in Switzerland, which has all the well-recognised character, not even of eleventh, but of twelfth century Romanesque. On no ground, apparently, but that 753 is the date of the consecration, Blavaignac assumes the present church to be of the eighth century, whence it would follow that the new style was in use at least half a century prior to Charlemagne.

During the Hohenstaufen age, Cologne was renowned beyond any city in the north of Europe for her wealth and the magnificence of her churches and convents. Her Roman origin was matter of no small self-gratulation to her citizens, who maintained a constant commercial intercourse with Italy. At Cologne, therefore, the new style, naturally enough, took root; and here are yet to be seen some of the purest models of it, including a group of noble triapsal churches. The three-apsed form had been hallowed by remembrances of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem; it is of occasional occurrence in Italy, as at Pisa, and in Gothic and Renaissance times reappears in Florence Cathedral, and St Peter's at Rome; but nowhere is it treated with the same artistic beauty as in the Rhenish examples. The oldest of these, St Maria in Capitolio (why does Mr Fergusson always call it 'in Capitulo?') belongs in part to the first half of the eleventh century. It has an aisle surrounding the apses and opening into them, and a western vestibule giving access to the cloisters, both reminiscences of Aix-la-Chapelle. The later triapsal churches have lost the concentric aisle, but possess a new charm in the beautiful arrangement of the towers. In St Martin the apses are grouped round a large square tower with angular turrets and a lofty spire. In the Apostelnkirche a low octagon forms the centre round which are clustered the three apses and two intervening slender towers. An open arcade, running along

under the eaves, encircles the whole east end of these churches, and in the Apostelnkirche appears also on the central octagon. The Rhenish and the Lombard architects had an equal delight in those arcades ; but on the Rhine they were used with a more delicate discrimination, occurring almost exclusively in the part of the wall which is raised above the vaulting to receive the external roof, where the same solidity of masonry is not needed as below, and openings are required for the admission of light and air between the outer and inner roof. Mr Fergusson says of these churches :—

‘The arrangement with three apses possesses the architectural propriety of terminating nobly the interior to which it is applied. As the worshipper advances up the nave, the three apses open gradually upon him, and form a noble and appropriate climax, without the effect being destroyed by something less magnificent beyond. But their most pleasing effect is external, where the three simple circular lines combine gracefully together, and form an elegant basement for the central dome or tower. Compared with the confused buttresses and pinnacles of the apses of the French pointed churches, it must certainly be admitted that the German designs are much nobler, as possessing more architectural propriety, and more of the elements of true and simple beauty. They are small, it is true, and consequently it is not fair to compare them with such imposing edifices as the great and overpoweringly magnificent cathedral of the same town ; but among buildings on their own scale, they stand as yet unrivalled.’¹

We have already alluded to the occasional existence in Germany of a western in addition to the eastern choir. This peculiarity is found on the Rhine, in the cathedrals of Mainz and Worms, and the abbey church of Laach ; and, as might be expected, the Rhine architects have availed themselves of it to produce beautiful effects of tower-grouping. Laach we consider unsurpassed as a specimen of pure Rhenish architecture ; and we know no Gothic church so pleasingly broken in outline. Though but 215 feet long internally, it produces the impression of a far larger building. At each end two towers are subordinated to a central one, but differently enough arranged to give character and variety to the whole. The details are of uncommon rich-

¹ We cannot leave the subject of triapsal churches without calling the attention of the lovers of architecture to a noble example, nearly unknown, at Ruhrmonde, on the Lower Meuse, very similar to the Cologne Apostelnkirche, differing in the greater prominence of the cupola tower, and possessing, besides, many beauties of its own, which our limits forbid us to detail. It bears traces of neglect, and is disfigured by the clumsiest and most ungainly repairs ; but after a little familiarity with the destructive and deceptive restorations which have of late years become the fashion in the Rhine country, it is a refreshment to see grey and hoary antiquity allowed to show its face. At Ruhrmonde one is never at a loss to tell what is and what is not original.

ness and beauty, and the original colouring of the interior is (or was lately) in some parts to be seen. Laach is not much visited by tourists; but the beauties of the approach to it by the wild and wooded Brohl valley, are surpassed by nothing in the Rhine country.

In the later period of the Rhenish style we have less massiveness and more artistic grace. The trefoil comes to be extensively used in window-heads, and a great deal of ornament is bestowed on porches and recessed doorways. In gracefulness of design and richness of sculpture the capitals are almost unrivalled; the decorations often spread over the recess, and in the tympanum is generally a relief, of which the favourite subject is the *Agnus Dei*. We never meet, however, with the riotous wildness of sculpture that prevails in Lombardy. The apse takes a polygonal shape, and the pointed arch occasionally creeps in, yet without almost at all detracting from the Romanesque character of the buildings, which, though they have been called transitional, are not, like the English transitional churches, incipient Gothic. We do not discern the straining after a new principle so much as the introduction of an extraneous feature, by a people who still loved their ancient style, and clung to it. The most impressive church of this period, and perhaps the most extraordinary Romanesque church ever built, is St Gereon, at Cologne. Its principal feature is a large lofty decagonal nave, beyond which, raised by a considerable flight of steps, is a very long choir, terminating in a semicircular apse flanked by two towers. Internally, the light lofty proportions of the decagon produce an indescribable effect. There is a sort of concentric aisle, composed of a series of little niches or chapels, a second story to which is formed by a shallow lighted gallery; and above is a double clearstory, lighted with a system of windows as unusual as beautiful. Still more fascinating and unique is the exterior of St Gereon, where the great decagon is seen flanked by the two towers, and the apse between them.

The German secular Romanesque, to which Mr Fergusson devotes a chapter, is extremely interesting, and exhibits many features which we are apt to look on as exclusively ecclesiastical. We have the same form of windows, the same corbel-notch decoration, the same open arcade, and in some instances, particularly in Barbarossas Palace at Gelnhausen, more richness of adornment than in any of the churches of the style. Most of the once numerous conventual buildings of the Rhine were pulled down during the French rule, little having been left but a few ranges of cloistral arcades of extreme beauty, with rich carving on the capitals. Speaking of the Rhenish style generally, Mr Fergusson regrets, as we do, that the Germans should have

abandoned an architecture which they had themselves worked out, for a foreign importation which they never thoroughly understood. Had they gone on perfecting and developing the style which produced the cathedrals of Worms and Speier, the abbey of Laach, and the three-apsed churches of Cologne, it is impossible to say what glorious results might not have been achieved.

The Romanesque styles of France are treated at some length by both Fergusson and Kugler,—by Kugler with more completeness of detail, but with a wearying minuteness of subdivision. Fergusson gives us a map of France divided into eight provinces: four Northern or Frankish,—Frankia, Burgundy, Normandy, and Bretagne; and four Southern or Romance,—Provence, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Auvergne; and he endeavours to trace the architectural history of each of the several nationalities that afterwards fused into a uniform empire. These divisions are not, and do not profess to be, perfectly accurate, particularly in the Romance provinces, where Aquitaine and Anjou insensibly blend into each other. The first general Romance characteristic is the combination of tunnel-vaulting, often pointed, with classical detail. Then, in Languedoc, we have evidences of an intercourse with Italy subsequent to the tenth century, manifesting itself in unmistakeable Lombard details. As we advance westward, lateral aisles disappear; and when quite within the Basque country, the architecture becomes semi-Oriental,—the churches are roofed with a series of domes. In Auvergne alone has been elaborated a style thoroughly noble and grand in conception, and worked up with a degree of finish to be found in none of the other Romance provinces. The mixed features of the Auvergnat style have been correctly sketched by Mr Fergusson,—the round tunnel-vault of the nave, the side aisles with abutting quadrantal vaults, and a division into two stories both lighted, the central tower oblong below and octagonal above, the semicircular apse and concentric aisle, with apsidal chapels radiating from it. The grouping and proportioning of the apse, the chapels, and the central tower, evidence almost as high a degree of artistic feeling as do the triapsal churches of Cologne. The chief external decoration is a geometrical mosaic ornament of dark-coloured lava, on a pale ground of great decorative beauty.

Considerably south of Auvergne, and on the other side of the mountains of Forez, is the likewise volcanic district of Velay, where, among many-coloured lava rocks towering into gigantic obelisks, lies Le Puy, probably the most singularly placed town in Europe, full of dark, steep, rugged lanes, unfrequented by horses or carriages, like the Calli of Venice, where the natives sit in groups plying their avocations in the open air, the women never without their lace pillows and bobbins. All these quaint

old streets lead to one point, the architecturally unique Cathedral of Notre Dame du Puy, the resort for ages of myriads of pilgrims, kings and popes among the number, still visited annually by thousands of devotees; and nevertheless all but unknown to modern tourists and architects. Among its peculiarities are a huge western vestibule, most of its substructure, an oriental-looking porch adjoining the south transepts, and a lofty detached campanile tapering in stages. Internally the bays of the nave are isolated from one another by arches thrown transversely across, and each bay has a separate dome for its roof. Both Kugler and Fergusson place this church in the Auvergne group, with which it has no common feature. In Kugler's short notice he confounds the western vestibule with the south porch. Fergusson's description is as strange a congeries of blunders as it is possible to imagine. He assigns to it a square instead of a semicircular eastern termination, and omits all mention of the campanile, the vestibule, and the peculiarities of the interior. At the same time, he gives a so-called plan and elevation of 'Notre Dame du Puy,' which, to our astonishment, we found to be an accurate representation of Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont.

Markedly distinct from these southern styles is the architecture of the Northern or Frankish provinces of France. Their inhabitants were a semi-Teutonic race, and we think with Mr Fergusson, that the Norman style of France (and consequently of England) bears evidence of German parentage. The west front of the earlier Norman churches is just the façade of Germany, with two towers added. This conclusion is almost irresistible, if we compare the front of Speier Cathedral with that of the Abbaye aux Hommes at Caen. The lighted triforium, said by Mr Fergusson to be a departure from the German model, is frequent on the Rhine, where it is known as the *Männerhaus*, or *Männerchor*. In the Abbaye aux Hommes and other early Norman examples, it is also to be remarked that the original apse was of the same general form as in the Rhine churches. The extended choir and apse with concentric aisle, is an after addition, derived probably from some of the Romance styles. Yet, though the north and south of France received their architecture from different sources, we find that where the streams meet they exert a mutual influence on one another. Spires, for instance, are a northern invention, perhaps originating on the banks of the Rhine, thence introduced into the Frankish parts of France, but penetrating also into the Romance provinces as far south as Anjou.

It was in the course of the twelfth century that a new architecture sprang up in the north of France, and, overrunning more

or less rapidly first France and then the larger part of western Europe, superseded the styles which had gone before it. Mr Fergusson attributes this second great revolution in Christian architecture mainly or wholly to the invention of painted glass, and the desire to obtain the greatest possible space for its display. But there were also other causes at work. France had newly recovered from a state of insecurity and disorganization, arising from the inroads of the Normans. Amid this reviving energy, the French, like the Italians in the century previous, grew impatient of the restraints and conventionalisms of the existing school. The pointed arch was in itself no novelty. It had been in use in the east from præ-Christian times, and had been more familiar since the Norman conquest of Sicily. Constructional conveniences first led to its occasional adoption, and its harmony with the desire for loftier proportions, the striving after infinitude, became at once obvious. The pointed arch necessarily involved the steep gable, which was found practically convenient for throwing off snow. It was discovered that local pressure might be effectually resisted by buttresses and pinnacles,—a greater discovery than the pointed arch; and the result was, that all old ideas of limiting the height of columns vanished at once, classical proportions were thrown to the winds, and the pleasure in exercising this newly-found power, and the delight in the then recent invention of painted glass, together, led to the construction of piers of a narrowness and loftiness undreamed of before. The architect, set free from all constraint, gave vent to his fancy in a profusion of ornament, to which each individual mason, as well as the designer, contributed his quota of thought and soul. Mr Fergusson traces the development of the style throughout northern France from cathedral to cathedral during a period of intense architectural energy in which the mind of the age and country overpowered the mind of the artist, explaining how each church naturally became an improvement on those that preceded it, without presupposing any especial skill on the part of either masons or architects.

Gothic architecture was transplanted to the south of France and to England, where, though at first received unwillingly, it became naturalized in the course of time. For a century the Germans persisted in their old and beautiful style. As early as 1227 a round church in the new style was built on the site of Constantine's Baptistery at Treves—a perfect gem of early Gothic. It is said to be a copy of a church at Braine, near Soissons, and was doubtless designed by a Frenchman;—but the Germans of the Rhine still went on building their own way. The Church of St Cunibert at Cologne, which exhibits the Romanesque in full vigour, was consecrated in 1248. But the

contagion of the new style had at last penetrated to the very sanctuary of the old. In the same town, and in the same year, 1248, Conrad von Hochstädten, Archbishop of Cologne, laid the foundation of a cathedral in the new style, which in size and magnificence was to eclipse every cathedral that had hitherto been built. Its original architect doubtless was French, or had studied in France to good purpose. The design is substantially French,—the ground-plan borrowed, with some slight changes, from Amiens, and the window-tracery in part from the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The decorations were probably not originally intended to be so rich as at present. Kugler recognises in the exterior of the choir three different stages of development of Gothic,—the third in the flying buttresses, in whose matured form one can trace the German love of subdivision modifying and controlling the French elements.

A tendency to strain after the marvellous or difficult became a characteristic of German Gothic, as soon as it struck out a path for itself. Gothic architecture, in its decay, followed a distinct course in England, France, and Germany. In England it froze into a formal lifelessness; in France it launched into the fantastic vagaries of flamboyant tracery, which we can almost pardon for their grace. But the decline and fall of German Gothic is characterized by an inordinate delight in displays of skill, even at the expense of beauty, and an exaggeration of all the inherent defects of the style. Not merely were the external walls made a mere framework for coloured glass, but the windows were filled with the most ingeniously offensive tracery, whose aim was not to delight, but to astonish. The vaulting became more and more obtuse; and it was the artist's ambition to cover the largest possible area at the smallest possible expenditure of masonry. The piers are reduced to the narrowest conceivable dimensions, and rendered yet more insecure by the absence of capital or impost,—an arrangement which confounds shafts with vaulting ribs, and offends the eye, in so far as it sets the principles of stability at defiance. The climax of degeneracy is reached when the clearstory is abolished: the side aisles are raised to the same height with the central one, and the whole is placed under one disproportionally large roof. Yet even in this late period the workmanship is often most beautiful; and some of the elaborate spires have, with all their faults, a gracefulness that almost redeems them. In some cases, as in St Stephen's, Vienna, they are divided into such a multiplicity of parts, that it is difficult to say where the tower ends and spire begins. Various Germanisms, which had disappeared for a time, are re-adopted in the later style. The apsidal aisle, introduced by the French architects, is given up. The transept-narthex reappears,

and is sometimes raised to an immense height. At Erfurth it occupies the place of the transept, and terminates in three narrow lofty spires—a dim reminiscence of the Romanesque age.

To the south of the Alps, Gothic architecture but partially supplanted the previous styles. It was introduced in those parts of Italy in which the influence of the northern races was strongest; and, receiving considerable modifications from new circumstances of climate and character, it came, in some of the Italian provinces, to be more thoroughly naturalized than it ever was in Germany. France did not give Italy (as she did Germany) a style ready made: she gave her an idea, in the light of which Italy developed her existing architecture into a new style. We think both Fergusson and Kugler greatly underrate the Gothic of Italy,—an error into which the former writer is partly led by the extreme to which he pushes his ethnological theories, regardless of the variations which altered circumstances will make in the course of generations in the character and genius of any people.

The forms of Gothic in Italy are many and various; but there are one or two leading features common to most of them. In the first place, the windows are smaller,—not because the Italians did not appreciate the beauty of stained glass, as Mr Fergusson seems to think, but rather because they did not conceive, like the Germans, that the pleasure must increase indefinitely by increasing the surface of glass; and they felt the necessity of shade and coolness in the interior of their churches. The window-traceries correspond to the original idea of tracery, as do the early traceries of France and England: they are contrived so as to fix the attention on the penetrations through which the light enters, not on the framework which separates them. The involutions of intricate lines, which are such a source of pleasure in northern Gothic, are avoided by the architects of the south, who often present large flat surfaces, in which the eye is delighted by richness and variety of colour in the building material. We have broad masses of light and shade—broad masses of level surface and of sculpture. There is less foliation and more floral decoration than in the north. One distinguishing peculiarity of southern Gothic is the treatment of the niches, which are never thrown forward without support; but their canopies rest on two or on four columns. The interiors are, as Mr Fergusson says, often disfigured by the enormous span of the arches, and the capitals are in general far inferior to those of the north.

A very pleasing type of Gothic, more secular than ecclesiastical, found in many of the Broletti and palaces of the Italian towns, is a translation of the previously existing style into the

new one. The favourite triplets of windows are pointed and drawn out in accordance with the Gothic idea, a large pointed containing arch is superimposed with rich mouldings, and an upward tendency and degree of lightness is given to the whole building. Then there is the Tuscan Gothic, whose peculiarities arise in part from the many coloured serpentine and marble which were the prevailing building materials, for the proper display of which a good deal of flat surface was required, but the decorated parts are distinguished by a precision of detail, and delicacy of workmanship found nowhere else during the middle ages. The style culminates in Florence Cathedral and Giotto's lovely campanile, which present an encrusted surface of precious marble and serpentine, formed into pannels and pleasing patterns, and the window-cornices and other decorated parts, exhibit a rare union of rich fancy, and classical restraint. The Pisan Gothic, again, is a translation of Pisan Romanesque into the pointed style. We have the counterpart of the Duomo in the Dominican church of Sta-Caterina; and there are few more exquisite architectural gems than the little church of the Spina on the margin of the Arno, with its profusion of pointed gables, canopies, and beautiful niches. The Veronese Gothic has its peculiar charm in a dignified severity and simplicity of line, particularly in porches, canopies and niches, combined with delicate surface carving, unrivalled in expression and refinement.

But of all the Italian types of Gothic, the highest is the Venetian, which differs from the rest in having grown less out of the Romanesque than the Byzantine style. Some of its peculiarities may be seen in the Gothic churches of Venice and the towns once subject to it, particularly the beautiful but little known Church of St Nicolo, at Treviso; but it is, on the whole, more a secular than a religious style. The palaces of Venice will well repay an attentive study, which should be undertaken with the aid of the invaluable researches of Mr Ruskin; but it is only after comparing the lovely but faded remains with old Venice, as delineated in the pictures of Gentile Bellini, and Victor Carpaccio, that one begins to imagine what the glory of the ancient city must have been. The most obvious peculiarity of Venetian architecture is a Saracenic feature—the pointed arch of the form called the ogee, with a curve outwards towards the apex. It is first introduced as a moulding over the round arch, then it becomes the prevalent window arch; and the next change is to give it the trefoil form.

The decline of Italian Gothic is marked by a lavish abuse of ornament, as in the Cathedral of Como, where beautiful details are applied to an utterly meaningless design. In the Certosa at Pavia, we have the transition from Gothic to Renaissance. Milan

Cathedral is hardly Italian, but rather a gorgeous combination of the most exceptionable architectural features of Germany and Italy, the former predominating. Though without one particle of the chasteness or gracefulness of the Gothic of Verona, there is a fascination in its gigantic size, its lovely white marble, and the richness of its pinnacles, which forces us to admire while we condemn.

Neither Fergusson nor Kugler have entered on the architecture of the Renaissance. Had life been spared him, Kugler had contemplated an additional volume completing the history of architecture up to the present day; and we understand there is a prospect of his plan being carried out by his friend Dr Lübke, author of a more compendious and elementary historical sketch of architecture. Gothic architecture was in a declining state before the introduction of classicalism; a striving after effect had usurped the place of that singleness of design which was its original ruling motive. A corruption of architecture had followed in the wake of a general corruption of morals. The reaction was the great awakening of the human mind in the sixteenth century, one of whose developments was the Reformation. Men, in their longing for realities, were impatient of all forms whose meaning had been lost or obscured. This intense desire for knowledge on all subjects human and divine, led, as one of its results, to an earnest study of the language and literature of ancient Rome. The prevailing architecture was felt to have lost its life and truth: the Reformers, in place of purifying it, thought they could dispense with it, and divorced art from the service of religion. The widespread classical enthusiasm fired the architects with a desire to copy the forms of heathen Rome, the expression of the mind of a bygone age, developed under other physical conditions and modes of thought. The task of the architect was no longer to build a house or church which would do its work well; it was to arrange into new combinations the details of another age,—details having no relation to the purpose of the contemplated building. The genius of a Michael Angelo and a Wren succeeded in breathing some small degree of life into these dead forms; in the hands of inferior artists they remained mere forms, and forms but ill understood. Besides the disseverment of construction, fitness, and beauty, which in the better days of architecture had gone hand in hand, another result was the entire sinking of the individual workman, who from an intelligence became a machine. A steadily progressive degeneracy followed, till architecture had reached the abasement that is exhibited in the street fronts of the close of the last and beginning of the present century. By and by, people began to be sensible of this degradation, but without any distinct notion of what had brought it about.

The real evil had been the abandonment of the old and healthy principle of self-development; the cure was sought, not in a return to that principle, but in giving architecture a yet more purely representative character, by going back to the buildings of some past age, and not arranging their parts anew, but copying or endeavouring to copy them in their integrity. Nineteenth century architecture has by this means become the art of building so as to reproduce the peculiarities of different nations at different times. Some who see that such an architecture is devoid of either truth or historical value, talk of the propriety of inventing a new style, and are in hopes of its somehow developing itself out of gigantic conservatories and Manchester cotton factories, which, though not likely to renovate architecture as an art, are no doubt founded on a right principle—adaptation to the object in view. The architecture of the future is a subject involved in many difficulties; but one thing is obvious, that it must cease to be histrionic. We must study the architecture of our country, civil and secular, as well as ecclesiastical, at its culminating point, before it began to be unreal. We must build on the same principle with the old architects, not by slavishly copying forms which have no relation to the present age and habits of thought; nor, on the other hand, by rejecting expedients which experience, science, and an instinctive sense of beauty taught the mediæval builders, but by adopting their free, practical, comprehensive spirit, never sacrificing utility to an imaginary notion of beauty. The requirements, the arts, the improvements, and the inventions of the nineteenth century, will make our houses very different from those of the fifteenth; but we will have a style indigenous and true, a style which will please, which will have within it the seeds of improvement, which may even in the course of time attain something beyond what has ever yet been attained in point of beauty. Though we cannot have churches on the same scale as in the middle ages, we must regulate their form, as did the mediæval builders, by a consideration of fitness for the service for which they are designed; this fitness being promoted by a devotion of the best of everything, by every useful and splendid addition that can be devised, but without superfluities, or an affectation of the requirements of other times.

- ART. XI.—1. *Life of Andrew Jackson.* By JAMES PARTON. 3 Vols. New York, 1860.
 2. *Southern Presbyterian Review.* Columbia, S.C., 1861.
 3. *Senator Seward's Speech on the Union,* January 12, 1861.
 4. *The State of the Country.* By the Rev. Dr HODGE. New York, 1861.
 5. *Springfield Republican,* January 3; March 14, 1861.
 6. *Southern Wealth and Northern Profits.* Kettell. New York, 1860.

It was a solemn meeting in the old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, when the General Congress of the thirteen United Colonies deliberated, with closed doors, upon the question of separation from the mother country,—that question which John Adams pronounced to be ‘the greatest ever debated in America, and as great as ever was, or ever will be, debated among men.’

On the 2d of July 1776, when young men were quivering with emotion, and old men were melted to tears, this memorable assemblage unanimously passed the resolution, ‘That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States.’ Two days after, the Declaration of Independence was under discussion, and round the closed door of the Hall of Congress a vast crowd was surging, when the long looked-for signal was given; and the great bell, imported from England twenty-three years before, bearing the prophetic inscription, ‘Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,’ rang out the knell of British domination; and at the same moment, as tradition tells us, a venerable delegate stepped forth upon the stairs, and, in a voice thrilling with deep solemnity, read to the jubilant multitude the sublime declaration, that ‘All men are born free and equal, and possess equal and inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’

Before this period, England, against the most earnest protestations of the colonists, had deported 300,000 Africans upon their shores, and these had multiplied in the land. We find from the Colonial records that Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, on high religious as well as economic grounds, before the era of independence had demanded the abolition of slavery itself, and that several of the Southern States had resisted the enforced importation of negroes by all means short of actual revolt; but that England steadily and firmly resisted the prayer of the colonies for its abolition, and finally, in the last year of her rule, instructed the Colonial governors, on pain of removal, not to give even a temporary assent to any laws for its limitation. In the

light of this retrospect the conduct of the framers of the constitution regarding slavery appears in a somewhat less unfavourable light. At the time of the first census, taken by command of Congress, there were only 694,280 negroes in the United States, 50,000 of whom were in the North, either emancipated or in process of emancipation. It was probably expected by Jefferson, and the other framers of the constitution, that the Southern States would gradually follow the example of the Northern, and that this, with the final prohibition of the slave trade in 1808, would destroy slavery and bring down upon the enfranchised States the blessing and approbation of Heaven; for this latter step was half a century in advance of the public opinion and practice of Christendom.

At the time of the 'Declaration,' it does not appear that the actual existence of slavery in the States excited any discussion or uneasiness. It is probable that the subject scarcely entered the mind of Jefferson when framing the famous document; and tradition, possibly based upon his actual words, asserts that, when questioned many years afterwards upon his statement of the equal rights of man, he replied that he had 'forgotten the negroes.' It must be remembered that, in the last century, in the United Colonies the evils of slavery were *comparatively* unfelt, the question of its moral right and political expediency had scarcely been debated, except by the colonists of Puritan Massachusetts; and it may be suggested, with all due deference to the Transatlantic idolatry of Washington and his co-patriots, that their early prejudices, the selfishness of ownership, and their essentially aristocratic tendencies, led them to defer the consideration of the subject. Even so late as the year 1800, after Hamilton, Jay, Madison, and Jefferson had condemned slavery as a grave and admitted evil, and Washington had partially homologated their opinion, they regarded it as a temporary and doomed institution—threatened by the coming extinction of the slave trade, the growth of democratic feeling, the increase of a white population depending on manual labour for support, and the prospect held out by some of the Southern States of enactments providing that none should thereafter be born in slavery, and terminating the internal slave traffic. Under the influence of these delusive expectations, with a singularly short-sighted policy, slavery had been incorporated into the Constitution as finally ratified in 1788, by its recognition in Art. 4, sec. 2, which provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves, therein designated as 'persons held to labour;' and in another article it was recognised as an element of representation. In Art. 1, sec. 9, the slave trade is prohibited for ever after the year 1808. These are the only enactments which re-

fer at all to the subject, showing how little importance was attached to it at that time.

Hardly, however, had the country recovered from its external struggles and internal troubles, then the most eminent and sagacious of the American statesmen became apprehensive as to the nature of the disease with which they had inoculated the national being; and fears as to the dangers which might be evolved out of the perpetuation of slavery were openly and solemnly expressed. Gradually it became apparent that, however highly the slave States prized republican institutions, they prized slavery more—that slavery, instead of dwindling away, was establishing itself permanently as a commercial as well as a social institution, and allying itself with political power—that it was creating out of the Union a ‘North’ and a ‘South’—and that the necessity for its extension into new territory would cause a perpetual and ever-increasing antagonism between them, with an ever-growing divergence of feeling and interest. It was then that Jefferson uttered those terrible words, which seem as if he saw in dismal vision the sins of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation:— ‘The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and the most degraded submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it. *I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep for ever.* A mutation of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation among masters and slaves, is among possible events, and it may become probable by supernatural interference. *The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.*’ Some years afterwards, when the Union was shaken by the agitation which was temporarily quieted by the Missouri Compromise, a still clearer perspective of disaster opened before this great statesman’s eyes, and he exclaimed, ‘I have been among the most sanguine in believing that our union would be of long duration. I now doubt it much, and see the event at no great distance. My only comfort and confidence is, that I shall not live to see this.’

In the midst of the confusion and storm in which this prediction has been fulfilled, slavery looms before us as the malignant mischief which has mainly wrought the evil. But in taking such a backward glance as shall enable us to read the present with greater accuracy, we cannot exclude from our hasty retrospect some of the causes, not originally connected with slavery, which, from the first, threatened the perpetuity of the Union.

While the thirteen States were consolidated by the common interests produced by the presence of a common foe, the Con-

stitution drafted by Franklin in 1775, and adopted with some modifications by all the States in 1781, worked with marvellous lubricity; but when peace was concluded, and the pressure from without ceased, the Union resolved itself into an inharmonious aggregation of sovereign and independent States, which, with all their conflicting interests, jealousies, and antagonisms, eagerly re-assumed the authority which, in an emergency, they had committed to the Federal Government. Within five years from the conclusion of peace with England, the Central Authority rendered powerless by the very Constitution which had created it, enfeebled by the absence of external peril, outraged by European insults to its flag, almost incompetent to repel the incursions of hostile aboriginal tribes, and nearly unable to pay the interest of the national debt, formally abrogated its functions, and on February 21, 1787, declared its inability to conduct the affairs of the nation, and appealed to the constituent authority of the Republic. The United States present, in their earliest history, one of the most signal instances of failure and incapacity ever witnessed; and the novelty of a nation turning a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself, estimating the causes and measuring the extent of an evil so singular and so terrible, waiting patiently till a national convention, composed of the wisest heads and noblest hearts in the country, had discovered a remedy, and finally accepting the remedy which those mature legislators devised. When, in 1789, the Constitution as it now stands, with the exception of the amendments, was ratified by the States, it was believed that the arrangements between these States and the Federal Government were so perfect as to preclude the possibility of future discussion and antagonism; but even before Washington finally retired from public life, a small dark cloud rose on the horizon, which led him to pen those memorable warnings against the jealousies and selfishness of State Legislatures which appear at the close of his farewell address, leading us to imagine that a dread of a conflict between the Federal and State authorities, with disunion for its possible result, overshadowed his later years.

The division of authority between the Federal Government and the States, contemplated by the Constitution, was thus stated by Jay, Hamilton, and Madison, in the *Federalist*, No. 45: 'The powers delegated by the Constitution to the Federal Government are few and definite. Those which are to remain in the State Governments are numerous and indefinite. The former will be exercised principally on external objects, as war, peace, negotiation, and foreign commerce. The powers reserved to the States will extend to all the objects which in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the internal order and prosperity of the State.' In order to procure impartial decisions upon the questions which might arise

between co-ordinate authorities so vaguely defined, the Supreme Court of the United States was created, and rendered independent of the popular will, having, for the most important of its functions, the maintenance of the balance of power between the Federal and the State Governments. The object of the Constitution being the formation of a really national government, and not a league, the principle of centralization was fully recognised.

But all the safeguards which human wisdom devised, have proved impotent barriers against selfishness, avarice, and jealousy, which have wrangled and struggled ceaselessly over three provisions in the Constitution. Art. 4, sec. 2, delegates to the Federal Government powers concerning the rendition of fugitive slaves, slavery itself being regarded as a purely local and municipal institution, subject only to the laws of the States in which it exists. Art. 4, sec. 3, delegates entire jurisdiction over the 'territories;' and between 1780 and 1802, those States which extended indefinitely into the wild regions of the west, agreed to lay down their boundaries, and cede to the Federal Government all territory beyond those limits. Art. 1, secs. 8 and 10, delegate to Congress the sole power of making tariff regulations. It is upon these questions that nearly all the difficulties between the States and the Federal authorities have arisen; and the two last, frequently overlooked in this country in the importance attached to the first, have twice brought the country to the verge of civil war.

The animosities of the 'State Rights' and 'Federalist' parties began at a very early period; and though the parties have changed names, the war only gathers strength with time. The whole South stands upon State rights, or a nearly sovereign exercise of power; and a majority in the North sustains Federalism, or the delegation of a portion of that power to the national Government,—the question, like almost every other which is agitated in the United States, having become complicated with that of slavery. It argues either an inherent faultiness in the original compact, or a lamentable incapacity in the executive power, that, on nearly every occasion when the Federal Government and an individual State have come into collision, the State has gained the victory, leaving the central authority more crippled and humiliated after each defeat.

Both parties had reason to apprehend such collisions between individual States and the national Government, arising out of questions vaguely defined by the Constitution; but neither of them at the commencement of this century contemplated a struggle between the Federal authority and a collection of insurgent States united by a common interest,—far less, that this interest would be slavery, and the desire for its extension. But in the year

1818, the Southern States, feeling themselves strong in numbers and wealth, made the first move towards legalizing slavery in the newly organized territory of Missouri, a part of that great west which had been solemnly guarded from the contamination of slavery. A violent contest raged for nearly three years in the country and in Congress, the House of Representatives several times voting to exclude slavery from the State which was then knocking for admission at the doors of the Union, and the Senate as often restoring the clause legalizing it. This furious struggle, which led Jefferson to regard the dissolution of the Union as an impending event, was ended in 1820 by the admission of Missouri as a slave State, and the adoption of the famous 'Missouri Compromise,' which provided for the permanent limitation of slave institutions to the territory south of the line of 36° 30'. This well-known compact was constitutionally not a binding one, but patched up for the time a hollow and delusive peace. In 1825, the Government of Georgia and the Federal authority came into direct collision, Georgia desiring to invade the Indian tribes, and the central Government opposing it. It was then that the representatives of what is now the 'Empire State' of the South foreshadowed in bombastic periods that confederacy of Southern States which we have lived to witness, and the inevitable antagonism of North and South, and boldly affirmed the inherent sovereignty of the States. 'The hour is come,' said 'they, 'or is rapidly approaching, when the States from Virginia to Georgia, from Missouri to Louisiana, must confederate, and as one man say to the Union, 'We will no longer submit our constitutional rights to bad men in Congress or on judicial benches' (the Supreme Court). 'The powers necessary to the protection of the confederated States from enemies without and within, *and those alone*, were confided to the United Government.'

In 1832 the smouldering resentment of the South against Federal authority burst into an open flame; and the irascible little State of South Carolina stood forth as the champion of 'State rights,' making herself famous by her notorious 'Nullification Act,' and rehearsing her late performance with nearly equal dramatic effect. For a full and entertaining account of this daring proceeding, of which we can only sketch the leading features, we refer our readers to the 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' a work which, with many and grave faults, has the merit of giving a very complete insight into the political history of that period.

'Nullification,' a word the full meaning of which can only be appreciated in the United States, was translated into American political action as early as 1798, when, on the passage of the

Alien and Sedition Acts, the State Legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky adopted certain resolutions drawn up chiefly by Madison and Jefferson, one of which declared, that 'when the Federal Government assumed powers not delegated to it by the States, a nullification of the Act was the only rightful remedy.' The word and the idea were destined to a fearful significance, as interpreted and carried out by John C. Calhoun, the greatest of South Carolinian statesmen. Nullification is the indigenous growth of Southern soil, and has never survived even as a feeble exotic in Northern air; and, with its legitimate fruit, secession, was denounced as treason by New England even in the dark days of the non-intercourse and embargo laws, when her prosperity was totally prostrated by the policy of the Federal Government.

During the wars of the French Revolution and of 1812, when free communication with Europe was suspended, a number of manufactures had been established in the Northern States, while at the same time the country had become burdened with a war debt of a hundred and thirty millions. When peace was concluded, Congress enacted a high protective tariff, for the double purpose of paying off this enormous debt, and of protecting these infant manufactures, which had been almost prostrated by the peace. Calhoun at first was one of the warmest advocates of this measure; but the South, which with him had been clamorous for these duties, in a few years came to the conclusion that they were the cause of its laggard progress, and as it was purely agricultural, and had no manufactures to encourage, five of the Southern States remonstrated with more or less vigour; and South Carolina declared, in a petition to Congress in 1820, that the tariff law was 'unconstitutional, oppressive, and unjust.' Succeeding circumstances furnished the disaffected with a sublime and telling grievance. By the year 1831, the public debt had been so far diminished that in three years the last dollar would have been paid, and under the existing system there would have been an annual surplus revenue of thirteen millions. The South consequently demanded that the protective principle should be abandoned, and the duties so far reduced as to bring down the revenue to the expenditure. This demand was ignored; and inflamed and enraged, South Carolina, led by Calhoun then Vice-President, enunciated her nullification policy. A month after Congress had re-affirmed the protective principle, Calhoun returned to his irritated State, and through its Legislature, called a convention to discuss the action of the Federal Government. This discussion resulted in a law which annulled the obligation of the Federal tariff, forbade all levy of imposts under its regulations, and refused to recognise the appeal which might be made to the Federal courts of law,

declaring that South Carolina 'acknowledges no tribunal upon earth above her authority.' Shortly after the passing of this decree, Calhoun uttered this famous sentence, in which is condensed the 'Calhoun doctrine,' which speedily spread like wild-fire over the South, and has been so constantly referred to by the Secessionists of 1861:—'*The Constitution is a compact to which the States were parties in their sovereign capacity; now, whenever a compact is entered into by parties which acknowledge no tribunal above their authority to decide in the last resort, each of them has a right to judge for itself in relation to the nature, extent, and obligations of the instrument.*' This doctrine involves the idea of a league, and destroys that of a national Government.

After this overt act of the Convention, the 'Palmetto State' effervesced into a fury of excitement. The towns resounded with the clang of warlike preparations. Volunteers, whose services the governor had been authorized to accept, held themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Fair fingers busied themselves in making blue cockades with Palmetto buttons, which were worn on hats, bonnets, and bosoms. A red flag with a black lone star in the centre was adopted by some of the volunteer regiments, and 'nullifying' steamers and hotels exhibited the Federal banner with the stars downward. To such a length did Carolinian impudence run, that medals were struck with the inscription, 'John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy!' President Jackson was fully alive to the extent of the danger, and, in order to meet it, strengthened the garrisons of the military posts in the rebellious State, and placed a naval force off Charleston. There can be little doubt that, if he had been unfettered, his ideas of duty, as well as his somewhat despotic inclinations, would have led him to extreme measures. In talking over 'nullification' at the time, he said to General Dale, 'If this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag, and save the country.' On his death-bed, a friend asked him what he would have done with Calhoun and the Nullifiers 'had they kept on?' Half-rising from his pillow, with the vanished fire again flashing from his eye, he replied, 'Hung them, sir, as high as Haman. They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life.'

Compromising counsels, however, prevailed. The Federal Government quailed before its subjects in arms; and, after accepting the mediation of the powerful State of Virginia, passed an Act by which the tariff duties were to be progressively reduced, until they were not in excess of the supplies required by Government. Thus the Federal authority was completely

beaten in its first pitched battle with an individual State. It substituted a mere fiscal impost for the protective system, yet retained the principle in question, while yielding the point *de facto*; and, in order to gloss over its impotence, passed an Act investing the President with extraordinary powers, to enable him to overcome by force a resistance for which its measures had removed all pretext. The *Nullifiers*, however, were determined to have the last word, and removed from the Federal Government even the flimsy show of a partial success. The Convention re-assembled to accept the proffered concession, re-affirmed the 'Calhoun doctrine,' and annulled the Act which invested the President with extra powers. Thus the miserable contest ended, leaving South Carolina with that formidable prestige of victory which has encouraged her in perpetual acts of aggression.

A few sentences must suffice for a hasty sketch of the growth and policy of the South since the Missouri Compromise, which preceded this bloodless rebellion by twelve years. About the same time, the South received an addition by the acquisition of Florida from Spain; and before 1836 the huge State of Missouri possessed slave institutions, and the aborigines generally had been driven west of the Mississippi, leaving its fertile valley, with its almost boundless capacity for the production of cotton, to the enterprise of the Southern planters. A western exodus then occurred, the population of Alabama increased 136 per cent. in ten years, and the South-western States yielded a larger cotton crop than those on the Atlantic seaboard. In the next ten years Arkansas came in as a slave State. Some time previously an unnoticed movement towards Texas had commenced, and slavery had found an illegal footing there,—Mexico, which had emancipated her own slaves, being unable to prevent their introduction into this distant State. Under Tyler's administration, steps were taken to annex it to the United States; and its annexation, completed under Polk, brought on the Mexican war, by which California and New Mexico were acquired. The acquisition of Texas was a most important step in Southern advancement; for not only did the South acquire an enormous tract of rich and fertile territory for a new slave State, but the right to create four new States out of it as it filled up with population. Then, after stormy discussions on the subject of California, and the rise of the 'Free Soil' party in all the Northern States in 1848, the South demanded and obtained, in 1850, a more stringent Fugitive Slave Law, by which it expected to bind not only, as agreed upon, the Federal Government, but all the State Executives of the North. Then came the repeal of the solemn but unreal 'Missouri Compromise,' the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred Scott decision, the bloody terri-

torial conflict on the plains of Kansas, when marauding bands in the slave interest inaugurated a reign of 'Border Ruffianism' in the territory—when Federal officers, tools of the slave power, attempted by fraud and force to defeat the will of the people at the ballot box—when Buchanan sought to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the citizens by the military forces at his disposal; and the Federal Government so far truckled to Southern interests, as unjustly to refuse to admit Kansas into the Union, lest she should swell the vote of a Republican President. So successfully had the South consolidated its power, that in late years President after President entered office merely as the tool of its sectional interests.

It is evident that this bitter political antagonism between North and South must be the fruit of deep antagonistic convictions on the vital principle involved. Some of us can recollect the time when the doctrine that slavery was a disgrace, and a fruitful source of weakness and many evils, was held pretty generally by the better portion of the planters. Leading men condemned it on political grounds, and not a few Christian pastors and theologians denounced it as an evil *per se*, or as a fruitful source of evil. At the beginning of this century, the idea that slavery was a bad thing, politically and economically, was held pretty equally by North and South. It is possible that conviction followed supposed interest, and that the necessity for new slave territory, in which the slave-raising States might find an extended market for their human produce, and the cotton planters gain fresh soil to replace the exhausted cotton fields of the older States, formed the pivot on which the moral sentiment turned round. The gifted and ambitious Calhoun was doubtless the great apostle of the transformation; and after him the *onus* rests upon the ministers of the churches who, seeing the symptoms of the coming change, undertook to lead opinion in the popular direction. It is under this combined influence that the South has come to regard slavery (as we believe sincerely) as 'a patriarchal institution—an ordinance of God—the only safeguard against the devastating and anarchical tendencies of unmitigated democracy—the only successful missionary institution which the world has ever seen—an equal advantage to the master and slave, elevating both—as strength, wealth, and power, one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilisation.'

Under this high political and religious sanction, moral conviction and supposed pecuniary interest have formed a convenient and most satisfactory alliance; and the Southern doctrine of 1861 is, that slavery is right in theory, ordained by God in the Old Testament, and fostered by Christ in the New,—that its extension is the noblest fulfilment of humane and Christian

principle—the very best thing for the negro, his master, society, and government; and that the highest civilisation and most perfect culture can only exist where the labouring class is *owned* by the thinking and governing class! The conclusion which the South draws from these premises is, that slavery shall be everywhere respected and fostered under the United States Constitution, and that slave property shall be tolerated and protected in the territories, as a Northern emigrant's property in oxen and sheep is there protected. It is out of this article of the Southern creed that the terrible territorial conflicts of late years have arisen.

In the free States, during the same period, an exactly opposite process has been going on. From the moment when the South began to review its opinions, and to found its political action on its new ethical code—in a word, when it began to contemplate an extension of slavery rather than emancipation—the divergence of sentiment began; and from the date of the Missouri struggle, a conviction of the essential wrongfulness of property in man, and of the bad economy and disastrous political influences of slavery, has been steadily growing at the North. The progress in general intelligence, in religious and social culture, the rise of a liberal school of theology, the general sentiment of civilised Europe, the free discussion of the subject, and a widely diffused perception of the aggressive and despotic tendencies of the South, have all fostered the anti-slavery feeling. It is the fashion in this country to mourn over the retrogression of Northern opinion on this subject; and of all the misconceptions concerning America, there is none so universal as that regarding the attitude of the free States towards slavery; even the pregnant fact of the election of an anti-slavery President, by an enormous Northern majority, has failed to correct these distorted and one-sided impressions.

We are prepared to admit that the North merits a portion of the censure passed upon her; and that many of her anti-slavery men, instead of using their moral and political influence as they could and ought against slavery at the ballot-box, have neglected the exercise of the franchise, and have contented themselves with lazy protests and vague hopes of eventual amelioration. We also admit the existence of a pro-slavery party at the North, composed of men connected with the South politically, commercially, and by elective affinity; we admit that the timidity, irresolution, and factious divisions of the Northern representatives have given to a Southern minority in Congress the power and despotic authority of a triumphant majority; we admit that some of the churches, established for no other end than the propagation of gospel moralities, have refused to bear a testimony

in favour of men rendered liable by slavery to every malignant mischief, from which that gospel was meant to be a salvation,—that the American Tract Society and the Sunday School Union have declined to call Southern attention to the moral duties arising out of slavery, and that the *New York Herald*, and some other Northern journals of blasted reputation or infinitesimal influence, advocate pro-slavery views, either openly or insidiously. It is on these facts that many exasperating reproaches, addressed to the Northern States, have been grounded; and, in exaggerated proportions and heightened colouring, they are constantly used by many persons in this country who disguise a deep hatred of American political and educational liberalism under the ample cloak of a righteous hostility to American slavery.

The North, as it now exists, is in nowise responsible for slavery, except in the Congressional district of Columbia. Debating every pro-slavery measure; contesting every inch of ground upon which slavery has been forced in later years by a Southern majority and a servile Executive; organizing, at a vast expense, emigration societies to give Free-soil majorities in new territory; struggling, by State legislation and even physical force, against the obnoxious constitutional demand for the rendition of fugitive slaves; breaking up churches, tract societies, and missionary societies on the subject; baptizing the plains of Kansas in its best blood to preserve them pure from slavery; finally, after years of conflict, bringing Kansas triumphantly into the Union as a free State against the whole Southern interest, and, at the same time, carrying Lincoln victoriously into the Presidential chair, the nominee of a party whose organization is barely six years old,—the whole reaction, the whole mighty growth of Northern sentiment, under the influence of which the North has fought so nobly, dating only from the Missouri conflict. The subject of slavery has been sifted and discussed in the North till it has been finally understood,—the light of heart, intellect, and conscience being brought to bear upon it till 2,000,000 electors decided by their votes that slavery should never again be extended; and so decided, with the threat of Disunion, and all which to them that threat involved, hanging, like the sword of Damocles, over their heads.

Out of this change of attitude concerning slavery in the South, and this consequent reaction in the North, two anti-slavery parties have arisen:—1st, The abolitionists, divided into two sections; those who denounce slavery as a sin on the ground of the Mosaic law, and those who renounce the Bible because they hold that it does not so denounce it. These abolitionists, are extravagant and violent, probably sincere in their aims, though fanatical in their mode of carrying them out; and they may have

done some good, as they have done much mischief, by their rabid stump oratory and industriously circulated tracts. Politically, they have no influence, owing to their unconstitutional mode of proceeding, and their small numerical strength and moral power render them a *faction* rather than a *party*. 2d, The great Republican party, of which Seward is the founder and leader, which recorded its 2,000,000 votes in Lincoln's favour. This is the true exponent of the political anti-slavery feeling of the North, basing its organization on the important principle that slavery is an evil, to be insulated and circumscribed by all constitutional means. This principle was weighty enough to weld together the remains of the Free-soil party of 1848, and all the hitherto discordant factions opposed to slavery, and definite enough and noble enough to excite the latent enthusiasm of the Northern mind. The Republican party, while refusing to regard slaveholding as a crime *per se*, as murder or theft, treats slavery as a moral, social, and political error; a source of innumerable practical evils, and a grievous contravention of those enlightened political principles of which the Constitution should be the embodiment. It regards the insulation of slavery, and the freedom of all the territories, as the grand step towards emancipation, and the final extinction of slavery by constitutional means. On the side of this party the larger portion of the worth and intelligence of the North is arrayed, and to it the great body of the clergy, especially in New England and the north-western States, belong. The democratic party of the free States, divided, beaten, and trodden under foot, can never again assume either power or importance, so rapidly has Northern anti-slavery sentiment developed itself.

The guilt of slavery rests not, as is often speciously asserted, on the North, but upon the apparent necessities of the Federal compact, and upon that South which, blind to the logic of facts and unwarned by example, has declared, 'The Lone Star of our empire attracts our political needle to the tropics, there with the African we will expand'—and has closed its eyes to the flood of light with which within the last thirty years the subject has been illuminated within and without. America has thus reached a position in which the two sections are as far asunder in opinion as they can be; they are, in fact, diametrically opposed in respect to the fundamental ideas on which social and political institutions are based.

The conflicts of late years regarding the territories were naturally heightened and intensified in bitterness as the opinions and interests of North and South became more divergent; and owing to various circumstances, victory, with its consequent power, generally fell to the Southern side. If the South was in a

minority in Congress, it was a minority so united in purpose, discipline, and action, as to control a divided and distracted majority; and never in all representative history has a majority exercised a tyranny so vigorous, so relentless, and so persevering, wielding decade after decade the power of the supreme authority and its enormous civil patronage. From the time of the Missouri conflict the South has steadily pursued a well-considered system of aggression, led by the brilliant vision which dazzled the eyes of the ambitious Calhoun, and has since been the guiding star of every scheme of a tropical tendency. It is to this restless aggressive spirit that the Union owes the Mexican war, the scarcely checked filibustering attempts on Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua, the civil war in Kansas, and the clandestine attempts to revive the slave trade which have brought American institutions and the American Executive into disgrace in the eyes of the civilised world.

However, the ominous rise of a Free-soil party in 1848, the consolidation of Northern sentiment in the organization of the Republican party in 1856, and the large vote cast for Fremont—the vast influx of European emigration peopling the great North-west at a rate which rendered it certain that in a few years that liberty-loving section would be strong enough to dictate measures at Washington, and the rapid growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the press, pulpit, and State Governments of the North,—all conspired to convince the South that its lease of power might not be a perpetual one, unless very vigorous measures were taken. Kansas, too, could no longer be kept out of the Union with any show of decency, even by the most servile Congress; and its admission threatened to give the North a majority in the Senate.

These well-founded apprehensions account for the unwearied and often frantic attempts of the South, during Buchanan's term of office, to wring from the North concession after concession, and to obtain such guarantees for the security and nationalizing of the distinguishing institution, as should render its progress independent of all future Federal legislation under adverse Northern influences, if indeed it failed to secure a permanent monopoly of the executive power. The peculiar calm of last spring, and of the whole Presidential campaign, contrasts singularly not only with the storm which succeeded it, but with all previous contests. Before the meeting of the Charleston Convention in May, the South had not a reasonable doubt that its vote, united with that of the Northern democracy, would carry the election; but the elements of discord which met in the persons of Breckenridge and Douglas, the stormy sittings and multifarious broils in which the Convention was so fruitful, its final

disruption, and the break up of the great democratic party, defeated every calculation.

When the extreme southern faction nominated Breckenridge, who contended for the right of every citizen to remove with him into the territories everything which is recognised as property in the State from which he goes, and the northern and more moderate faction nominated Douglas, the great champion of 'squatter sovereignty,' who maintains that each territory is sovereign in itself, and cared not whether slavery 'were voted up or down,' so that he was voted into the President's chair, the success of the South became very doubtful. It is probable, that if the Democratic party had remained compact, its candidate, whether one or other of these gentlemen, would have been elected. The unanimous nomination of Lincoln at Chicago, on definite but moderate anti-slavery principles, was a great blow to the opposing parties; for his romantic history, his high reputation for honesty, and the comparative obscurity which had saved him from the odium which attaches to prominent public men, it was foreseen from the beginning, would carry the north-western States with a rush, leaving New York and Pennsylvania as the decisive battle-field. The small third party, into which Old Line Whigs, Know-nothings, Fusionists, South Americans, etc., had been temporarily fused, was of no account whatever, although its candidate was a Southerner; and we are unable to imagine why this very respectable gentleman consented to be made the tool of such an absurd faction, which hardly attempted to offer a definite platform on public questions.

The calm of the South was not the result of the certainty of success. A secession scheme had been quietly maturing for many years, and only waited an occasion to take effect. In January 1858, Davis, Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, and other Southern leaders, in the ease of social intercourse at Washington, frequently used words to this effect: 'The irritation kept up by the North on the subject of our institutions is becoming intolerable—the admission of Kansas as a free State would destroy the balance of power, and render our continued union with the North impracticable—the South has a different destiny before her—separation from the North, *and that alone*, can enable her to fulfil it. Free trade with Europe, and the peaceable acquisition of Cuba and portions of continental territory, are essential to our growth in wealth and civilisation.' We are loth to bring grave charges against public men; but nothing can be clearer than that the Southern members of Buchanan's Cabinet, during last spring and summer, were secretly aiding the secession scheme then maturing, and that Mr Floyd, Secretary of War, is actually guilty of treason. During the year 1860, from Springfield

armoury alone, 125,000 muskets were sent to the points where there were not United States troops enough to keep them from decay, and where secession made its first appointments, and *not a single musket to any Northern arsenal*, except 20,000 to New York, with the secret understanding that they were to be sold to the South for the paltry sum of 2·50 dollars each. The Southern leaders were prepared for the worst, and to them the election was to bring a firmer grasp of power within the Union, or else secession and its brilliant career.

It was not the policy of the South to put forward very definite views during the campaign; and bluster and threatening had been so long its habit, that the North treated whatever was said upon the subject of secession as the mere froth of tropical oratory, and, even after the election, disbelieved in the reality of the movement. Mr Seward was the only public man who read the future with any degree of accuracy. In June 1860, just after Lincoln's nomination, he wrote to a friend: "The prospects of Mr Lincoln's election are very fair, as indeed those of a more prominent Republican would have been. In this condition of things, it may be anticipated that the extreme slavery States on the Gulf of Mexico will be forced into an attitude of resistance to the inauguration of a Republican President." The eventful day came; but the thunder of the cannon which announced Lincoln's election had hardly died away before the storm which had been brewing burst forth. The South loudly proclaimed her dissatisfaction, and her resolution not to regard the national verdict, however constitutionally given, as binding on her; and South Carolina, the vanguard of the seceding host, notified her intention of reassuming the sovereign powers which for eighty years she had delegated to the Federal Government. On Nov. 15 her Legislature called a State Convention, and on the 23d the governor declared absolutely for disunion. The secession feeling developed itself like wild-fire. Alabama and Georgia voted the Union 'a husk to be puffed away for her worthlessness.' The President's message of Dec. 4 only fanned the flame which he desired to extinguish. He blamed the North for her 'long-continued and intemperate interference with the question of slavery in the Southern States,' for the 'incessant and violent agitation on the slavery question, . . . at length producing its malign influence on the slaves, inspiring them with vague notions of freedom.' . . . 'How easy,' he added, 'it would be for the people of the North to settle the slavery question for ever, and restore peace and harmony to this distressed country!' All that was required for this purpose, in his opinion, was that the Southern States should be 'let alone, and allowed to manage their institutions in their own way,' as they only were responsible

for them before God and man. After stating that there could be no legal or constitutional separation, but that Congress had no power to compel any State to remain in the Union, he added, that in collecting the customs duties, and protecting the United States' property, he should act strictly on the defensive, and recommended such amendments to the Constitution by a National Convention as should 'guarantee to the States the enjoyment of their rights.' The two following sentences express the most important of his views upon secession:—'The Personal Liberty Acts of several of the Northern States are in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and ought to be repealed. If continued upon the statute-books after the public attention has been directed to the subject, the injured States will be justified in secession.'¹

On Dec. 20, South Carolina, with great solemnity, ratified the secession ordinance, and left the Union, calling on the other malcontent States to follow her example, seizing Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, the custom-house, the post-office, and the arsenal, comprising nearly the whole of the United States' property in Charleston. These buildings were at once occupied by State troops; and Fort Sumter, to which Major Anderson and his little band retired, was beleaguered by insurgents armed with Federal muskets, sent down in preparation by Secretary Floyd!

Affairs now progressed rapidly. The grand jury of the Federal court at Montgomery formally voted the Union a nuisance; a caucus of Southern Congressmen at Washington declared that secession was inevitable; a manifesto, announcing that 'a Southern Confederacy is now alone possible,' was signed by representatives of Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi; the Louisiana Legislature voted 500,000 dollars to arm the State militia; and South Carolina took steps to provide two war-steamers, passed bills for the regulation of the revenue, the customs, and the navigation laws, assumed sovereign prerogatives, and authorized the governor to appoint foreign ambassadors and consuls. Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson resigned their places in the Cabinet, and were shortly followed by Cass and Toucey; business suffered materially; securities of all descriptions fell immensely in value; the state of monetary affairs threatened a crisis; the Treasury was exhausted, and Government credit low; and thus, in doubt and dread, closed the year 1860.

1861 opened with a national fast, and God only knows whither 'the ship of State, would have drifted had not He inter-

¹ As the Personal Liberty Bills still remain in force, the seceding States may justly plead the authority of the head of the Executive, in justification of their conduct.

posed in behalf of the poor panic-stricken helmsman who cried to Him thus in his distress ! The last days of Buchanan's administration were the least destructive and unworthy. The vacancies in his Cabinet were filled up with loyal, honest men ; and from that time he adopted a firmer but yet a conciliatory policy, acting strictly on the defensive, avoiding everything which might provoke civil war, yet replying to the South Carolina commissioners who demanded the surrender of the national property, that he would not only decline to withdraw the troops from Charleston harbour, but would defend the United States' property, collect the revenue, and execute the laws. We are aware that Buchanan has been charged with timidity and imbecility in not treating the seizure of Fort Moultrie as a *casus belli* ; but the very nature of his position and his previous policy rendered this step impossible. Every available soldier was required for the defence of the capital ; the Southern Congressmen had not then vacated their seats, and were ready to vote down any war supplies for which he might have asked ; the naval forces at his disposal were sufficient to exasperate, but powerless to intimidate : and if, like Jackson, he had declared that he would hang the secession leaders 'as high as Haman,' an exhausted treasury and a reluctant nation would have nullified the threat. It is true that, in the first fever of irritation with South Carolina, New York State tendered 10,000 militiamen to the Executive for the purpose of 'suppressing' an 'insurrection' which 250,000 could not have trampled out ; but shortly after, in a cooler mood, the Empire City of that State sent an immense deputation of her most influential men to urge Congress to make concessions to the South, and 38,000 citizens of the same city have since petitioned in favour of the 'Border States Compromise.' No policy can stand for a day in America unless sustained by the popular will, and that will would have rendered the declaration of a coercive policy a mere dead letter.

The disunion menaces of the Gulf States took effect in the first week in January ; and Louisiana, bought by the Federal Government for 15,000,000 dollars, in order to secure the control of the mouths of the Mississippi ; Florida, which cost 5,000,000 dollars ; Georgia, the 'Empire State' of the South, Alabama, and Mississippi, formally seceded, forming themselves into independent republics ; and Texas, which cost 10,000,000 dollars, after some delay, followed their example. The succeeding weeks were prolific in rapid organization on the part of these seven States, seizures of United States' property, vain schemes for compromise in and out of Congress, and the yet vainer sittings of the 'Peace Conference.' The firing into the 'Star of the West,' as she attempted to reinforce Fort Sumter, the removal of the buoys in Charleston

Harbour, and the blocking up of its channels, the seizure of various forts, the United States cutter 'Dolphin,' the United States steamer 'Fulton,' the Marine Hospital at New Orleans, the arsenal at Baton Rouge, the naval stores at Pensacola and elsewhere, and the Federal offices generally, followed each other in rapid succession. During the months of January and February, compromises more or less favourable to the South were suggested by Crittenden, Guthrie, Douglas, Franklin, and Adams, as well as by the 'Border States.' The last received the most attention in the North, but as the South left it unnoticed it fell to the ground with all the others. The only legislative Act bearing upon the state of the Union which was carried, was Mr Corwin's proposal for an amendment to the Constitution, which simply provides 'that the Constitution shall not be so amended as to give Congress the power to abolish or interfere with slavery in the States.'

On Jan 9, Buchanan, in a special message, threw upon Congress the responsibility of initiating a war policy, condemned the seizure of Federal property, and justified the employment of defensive measures; but after the first fury had evaporated, both parties were desirous to avoid a collision; and the attitude of the border States and Arkansas, with certain reactionary symptoms in two of the Gulf States, produced a cautionary effect on the seceding leaders. On Feb. 9, delegates from six States, afterwards joined by Texas, met in solemn convention at Montgomery, to establish a provisional government, adopt a constitution, and finally sever the tie to that Union, to create and cement which the blood of their fathers had flowed in unstinted measure. The action of this convention was rapid and decisive. It adopted the United States Constitution, with only a few unimportant alterations, decided that no collision should take place without its formal declaration, organized the nucleus of an army and navy, elected a president and vice-president, demanded a loan of 15,000,000 dollars, levied an export duty on cotton, declared the Mississippi free, proposed a new tariff and navigation laws, and an international copyright, and entered the family of nations under the name of 'The Confederate States of America.'

On Feb. 18, Jefferson Davis (ex-senator of Miss.) was inaugurated at Montgomery amidst the roar of artillery, the jubilant shouts of assembled thousands, and the triumphant waving of the flag of the New Empire. His inaugural address hardly recapitulates the causes of secession, but dwells at length on his future policy, declaring finally that 'the judgment and will of the people are, that connection with the Northern States is neither practicable nor desirable. If necessary,' he said, 'we

must obtain by final arbitrament of the sword the position we have assumed.' After this grand consummation of the seceders' projects, the Convention proceeded industriously with the task of organizing its resources, but recently adjourned till May, leaving the important questions of the tariff, etc., to be finally decided when the three Southern Commissioners return from their embassy to the European Governments. Such are the outlines of the history of the great secession movement, so far as it can be written at present, divested of the exaggerations coined in the furnace of passion and excitement, and magnified a hundred times by the 'sensation' press of the North.

The history of the Federal Government during the same period is a negation. While Charleston and Montgomery were the scenes of prompt decisive and energetic action, all was dismay, division, and incertitude at Washington. The crisis was a new one: history furnished no precedent for action; and treason was doing its worst, costly Federal property and strongholds were being surrendered by traitorous officials or feeble garrisons, and State after State was declaring its independence, while Buchanan, Seward, Dr Hodge, and others, were spending their ability in proving that there could be no secession, for the Constitution made no provision for it. Senators and representatives bade farewell one after another to the halls of Congress in orations more or less pathetic; and when their places knew them no more, and the North possessed a majority in both Houses, Kansas was admitted into the Union as a free State, and the 'Morill Tariff Act' was placed upon the statute book.

The leading features of Lincoln's career could hardly have been exhibited under our Old World institutions. Born of humble Kentucky parents, receiving only eight months' 'schooling' in consequence of the poverty of his widowed mother, he spent his youth in farm labour, rail-splitting, and working on a flat boat on the Wabash and Mississippi. In 1830 he went to Illinois, again worked on a farm, then became shopman in a 'miscellaneous store,' served in the Black Hawk war, learned land-surveying, served in the State Legislature, studied law, and in 1846 was elected to Congress for one term, after the expiration of which he opened a law office in Springfield. He had considerable legal practice, and his power with juries was great, as he never undertook a cause of the moral right of which he was not convinced. In 1858 his name was first prominently brought forward during his contest with Judge Douglas for the grand prize of the United States senatorship, an occasion on which he 'stumped' the State in his own interest. His stump speeches were published as a campaign document in 1860, and gave evidence of a facility in debate, a legal acumen, and an intimate

knowledge of American political history, very remarkable in a man who had not the advantages of education. His oratory became famous in the Eastern States in 1859, when he delivered political lectures in the large towns; but his chances for the Presidency were never discussed until the Republican Convention met at Chicago; and though he permitted his name to be brought forward, probably no one was so surprised as himself when it rose higher and higher on the balloting lists, till it was finally shouted in triumph by 10,000 voices.

Although Lincoln possesses extensive information, and has hewed his way from manual labour to a learned profession, his abilities are by no means of the highest order. He has the perceptive rather than the reflective faculty; his views are deficient in breadth, and he is a politician rather than a statesman. His *forte* is in stump oratory and political strategy, but the last is singularly combined with a downright honesty which has never been impugned, and which has earned for him throughout all the West the sobriquet of '*Honest old Abe*.' As a speaker he is ready, fluent, and racy, and his extempore addresses, like his conversation, abound with rough but expressive idioms taken from Western life. He employs but little gesticulation; but when he desires to 'make a point,' he produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of the corners of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance, so comically awkward as to excite a merriment which his words could never produce.

When he left his humble home in Illinois for the dubious honours and certain miseries of the Presidential chair, his old friends and townsmen accompanied him to the railroad station, perhaps expecting that he would break the seal of his four months' silence by an intimation of his future policy. But, ignoring pretension and the prospects of ovation and position, he turned to his friends, and, with tearful eyes and a trembling voice, asked them to pray for him when at the post of duty; and the brief but heartfelt response, 'We will pray for you,' was the last home echo which fell upon his ears as the cars whirled him away on his perilous journey. Every devout heart must rejoice that Lincoln, awed by the prospect of his fearful responsibilities, recognised an overruling Providence so simply and honestly. He left his home to enter upon a course, the issues of which were hidden by the darkest clouds which had ever hung over his country. He saw the Union dismembered, full of dissension and full of fear, and realized that upon him more than upon any other man rested its future destinies. He saw arrayed against his rule a band of rebellious States; he saw that, during his administration, the strength of the Government would

be tested; that Providence had called him to preside over the changes of a great historical epoch, and that the eyes of the civilised world were upon him.

No scene at Washington was ever so mournful or so impressive as Lincoln's inauguration on March 4. Around that tall, ungainly figure, which stood upon the steps of the Capitol above the multitude, more of fear, anxiety, and hope clustered, than about any former President. For the first time in American history, bayonets bristled and cannon frowned around the Federal capital. Familiar faces were seen no more; friends, whose presence had lent lustre to many preceding inaugurations, in distant States were ranged in the malignant attitude of foes; and every ear was straining to hear whether

‘The long stern swell
Which bids the soldier close,’

were coming up on the soft southern breezes. Seven States had seceded, others were hanging to the Union by a thread; forts, arsenals, mints, sub-treasuries, had been seized; Forts Sumter and Pickens were beleaguered; insurgents were in possession of nearly every stronghold on the Atlantic, from North Carolina to the Texan frontier; and a hostile Congress and President, sitting at Montgomery, were providing the sinews of war, and threatening an appeal to the bloody arbitrament of the sword.

The inaugural address made under these circumstances, is of necessity a document of singular interest. It does not rise to the magnitude of the crisis, but discusses its aspects, brushing aside all other matters as of trifling consequence. With his eye on the wavering border States, Lincoln assures them that their rights and property have nothing to fear from his administration, asserting his purpose to defend equally and constitutionally the rights and interests of all the States. He affirms the obligation of the law for the rendition of fugitive slaves, condemning by implication the ‘Personal Liberty Bills,’ and suggests that an Act may be framed which should accomplish the same object without the risk of being instrumental in the enslavement of free men; but, in the same connection, reminds the South of one of her odious and vexatious violations of the Federal compact. He attempts to meet the Secession question by the official quibble, to which we have before referred, declaring that, even if the Union be a mere contract, it cannot be broken but by the consent of all the parties to it; and as the Constitution makes no provision for secession, he must officially regard the Union as entire, and execute the laws in all the States, as far as he is supplied with the necessary powers. He decided against thrusting strangers into the Federal offices in the

seceding States, and promises that the mails will be furnished to them unless repelled, and that every effort will be made to secure a peaceful solution of existing difficulties. He appeals to the disaffected to consider whether their rights, under the Constitution, do not remain to them; and whether, by refusing to acquiesce in the will of the majority, they are not striking at the foundation of popular government. For a settlement of the present controversy, if any fresh negotiations are needed, he favours a national convention. After recommending prudence and deliberation, and admonishing the malcontents, that if there is war they will be the aggressors, he concludes with a hope, of which we cannot believe that his sober judgment ever expected the realization—‘The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.’ It is to be observed that, although Lincoln speaks of executing the laws in the seceding States, he refers the matter entirely to his masters, the American people, and reserves the right to modify and change his policy by the course of current events.

In this address, Lincoln rather defined the constitutional limits of his position than his future policy. He can only be bound by the Chicago platform within the limits of the Constitution. He entered office, as the servant of the people, to sustain and carry out that Constitution. Whatever his political and ethical theories may be, by it their action must be restrained. He was elected, not as the partisan of a sectional interest, but as President of the United States. That Union comprises Virginia and Missouri, as well as Illinois and Massachusetts. When he took the oath to the Constitution, he vowed as solemnly to execute its Fourth Article, section 2, on which the fugitive slave law is founded, as section 4 of the same Article, which guarantees to each State a republican form of government. Whatever amendments to the Constitution might hereafter be framed, were not within the scope of his official vision. It is to the limitations of the Federal Government, under the Constitution, that we must attribute most of the vagueness, scantiness, and apparent irresolution of Lincoln’s address. There are, however, points which he might have touched more satisfactorily, two of which he has almost altogether ignored. He is as surely bound to the putting down of the slave trade, as to the rendition of fugitive slaves; and he is silent on this subject, on which he might have given us satisfactory assurances that the repulsive traffic should no longer be winked at by the administration, and that the American flag should cease to

cover it with impunity. The Morrill Tariff—one of the most insane pieces of retrograde legislation ever placed upon a nation's statute-book—is left unnoticed also, when a suggestion of the propriety or possibility of its repeal would have been an act of justice to the border and north-western States, and a friendly overture to the European Powers, so likely to be dazzled by the low duties of the Montgomery Tariff. The formal quibble, by which he asserts that the seceded States are still in the Union, is very reprehensible, even if its only object was to gain *time*, which Seward declared to be the 'great solvent of present difficulties.' It accords most unfortunately with the first great act of his administration, the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter¹, which, however necessary on strategic grounds, is a confession of weakness before the whole world, and of total incapacity to 'execute the laws in the seceded States.' It was worse than useless to take a stand on the *de jure* aspects of secession, when the Confederate States *de facto* were an independent Government. To all intents and purposes, while Lincoln was arguing this point, the seven States were as independent of Federal as of British rule. The Federal Government had there no State governors recognising its authority, and no officers to execute its laws or collect its revenue. The new nation had its President and Congress, its flag, its mint, its army, and its distinct export and import duties. New York and Boston were as much foreign ports to the collectors of customs at Mobile and Savannah, as Valparaiso and Liverpool. The only remaining tie was, that the Federal Government still continued to perform the slavish function of carrying the mails for a people incapable of carrying them for themselves.

After recognising these defects, and making every allowance for the constitutional limitation of the executive power, we must admit that the address is discreet, constitutional, and national, and avoids the error of giving pledges which it is impossible to fulfil. The lucid exposition of the constitutional position of the President, and the subsequent attitude and acts of the administration, taken in connection with the accomplished fact of secession, argue in favour of an inherent faultiness in the original compact, tending to a growing weakness in the national Government, till at length, in the presence of circumstances—the natural result of forces which have been at work since the era of Independence—the Federal authority is left as a mere 'grinning mockery of power,' from which patriotism has nothing to hope, and insurrection nothing to fear.

¹ Although this has been constantly asserted, and General Scott's opinion of the impossibility of relieving the fort has been frequently quoted, there is still a doubt whether the order has been actually issued.

Since the inauguration, wherever Lincoln has been unfettered in action, he has shown an honest fidelity to his anti-slavery principles, overstepping perhaps even the bounds of prudence, in conferring leading foreign missions upon such men as Burlingame and Schurz, who are obnoxious to the more moderate section of the Republican party. His Cabinet is discreetly chosen, combining in Seward and Chase the Radical and Conservative elements of Republicanism. The political significance which attaches to the appointment of the profound, astute, and comprehensive New York senator to the position of Secretary of State and chief adviser of the new Government, cannot be overlooked. Rising like a giant above the horde of public men of mean ability and easy virtue, Seward, with the single exception of Crittenden, is the only man in America who displays a genius for statesmanship, as distinguished from political adroitness and jugglery. Mental powers of the highest order, thirty years spent in public life, and in the study of the science of government and the political history of nations, a personal and political character free from the slightest stain of dishonour and inconsistency, a profoundly philosophical intellect, a far-reaching foresight, a comprehensive judgment, a regard for the weal of the whole nation, and for those sacred principles of liberty and right which are the foundation of national prosperity,—fit him, better than any other public man, for the helm of affairs in these troublous times. For thirty years he has been eminent in the national history, eschewing the ephemera of the hour, disdaining all appeals to popular passions and prejudices, and standing firmly out against those frantic impulses by which the country has been occasionally swayed, earning exclusion from the Presidential chair, but a universal reputation for far-seeing and comprehensive judgment, causing his utterances to be received as oracles in all problems of State. No fact illustrated more forcibly the confusion among public men, than that Seward for a moment bent like a willow wand before the storm, treating secession at first like a passing frenzy, then suggesting compromises to save a Union that was already gone, and running after the dismembered empire like a child after a lost toy.

The history of the American government, since Nov. 9, has been one of the most pitiable that ever disgraced a nation. Buchanan aiding and fostering treason till he shrank from the menacing spectre he had raised; yielding and temporizing when firmness was required, firm when firmness could only exasperate; finally neutral, irresolute, vacillating; signing away his country's commercial interests as his last act of official incapacity;—Lincoln assuming a power which has scarcely substance enough to cast even the faintest shadow over those States which profess

to acknowledge it; proclaiming his powerlessness to the nation and to the world in his inaugural address; his administration manacled and paralysed by the acts of its predecessor; neither taking the last step firmly on the path of surrender, nor the first on that of the inevitable recognition of the new confederacy; incapable of giving a distinct affirmation of its rights and purposes; sacrificing the last remnants of national *prestige* and strength; descending into the lowest depths of national humiliation; great in honesty of purpose, contemptible in total incapacity for action;—the Union itself falling to pieces under the weight of its own institutions, the vaunted Federal tie no stronger in an emergency than a rope of sand, and the Federal Government a symbol of confusion, humiliation, and contempt, in the sight of the armed despotisms and constitutional monarchies of Europe.

It would be altogether premature and useless to speculate on the future policy of a Government which shapes its course by the events of the hour, and has a changeable and impulsive people for its recognised master. The questions now before the administration are of a most difficult and complex nature, and may require years for their solution. We apprehend that all hope of reconciliation with the Gulf States has passed away from the minds of even the most sanguine Unionists. Two decided courses are now open to the Government,—the first, to regard the seceding States as still under Federal authority, and by naval blockade close the Southern ports of entry, or collect the tariff dues on board; the second, to recognise secession as an accomplished fact, and treat with the Confederate States for an amicable and equitable solution of existing difficulties. The most important of these at present are regarding the tariff and the seizure of the Federal property; but the boundary question is likely to be more formidable in the future, as the Southern Congress is certain to claim all territory south of 36° 30' for the realization of its 'idea.'

However indisposed the Administration may be to the adoption of a decided policy, its necessities and circumstances cannot admit of much longer delay. The Morill Tariff, the offspring of the selfishness of the New England manufacturers and the Pennsylvania iron-masters, framed in a blind adherence to the protective principle, and an equally blind prejudice against direct taxation for national purposes, came into operation on April 1st, and is a gross injustice to the North-western as well as to the Border States. Meantime, the South is supplying itself with goods under the low tariff of 1857; and there is no doubt, that if the mission of its commissioners to Europe be successful, the Montgomery Tariff will become Confederate law during this present month (May). The proposed duties are 100 per cent. lower on most articles than those of the Morill Tariff, while many

are to be admitted free of duty altogether. The Morill Tariff mixes up most grotesquely the specific and *ad valorem* modes of imposing duties, and is otherwise complicated and unintelligible, while that of the South is simple and straightforward. The North-west is already making arrangements for supplying itself with foreign goods through Mississippi ports, and without recognising the independence of the seceded States, and establishing the costly and cumbrous machinery of custom-houses along their northern frontier, this gigantic loss to the revenue cannot be prevented. A special session of Congress will probably be called to enable the President to act in this and other matters.

The difficulties of the Administration are further complicated by the adherence of Arkansas and the Border slave States to the Union. There is an evident disposition on the part of some influential persons to procrastinate until the Virginia Convention, and a probable Border States Convention, have given a decision; and we are not without apprehension, that the malevolent machinations of Douglas, and the fear of losing these States, may lead to concessions and compromises which will destroy the political identity of the Republican party. The seceding States have held a threat over these slave-raising States, of prohibiting the importation of slaves from them, except under heavy duties; but as the South cannot re-open the slave trade—and her existence depends upon a supply of slave labour—she cannot enforce it; and if the Southern slave markets remain open, we believe that the northern slave-raising States would find it their interest to remain in the Union, which ensures to their property the protection of the fugitive slave law. If they should be forced out by that reckless, lawless class in which three of them abound, they will probably return at no distant period, or as soon as the interests of freedom shall preponderate over the slave-raising interests.

Delaware has only 2000 slaves in a population of 100,000. In ten years she has undergone a decrease of 785 slaves, or 34½ per cent., sufficient in twenty years to destroy the slave element in that State. Maryland has only 87,000 slaves in a population of 700,000, and they have decreased by 3000 in ten years. She is rapidly becoming a free State, and all her interests point in that direction. Nearly her only tie to slavery, is the profit her few slaveholders obtain from the sale of their surplus labour to the South. Virginia, the most populous of all the slave States, has less than half a million slaves in a population of a million and a half; and while her free population is increasing at the rate of 15½ per cent., the slave element only shows a progress of 5 per cent. Kentucky has only 200,000 slaves in a population of nearly a million; her free population is increasing at the

rate of 12 per cent., and her slave population only 7 per cent.; and she is freeing herself from the curse of slave labour more rapidly than Virginia. Missouri has 100,000 slaves in a population of half a million, but the slave population has only increased 32 per cent. in the last ten years, while the free population has increased 83 per cent.; and the certainty that she will become a free State in a few years, rivalling Illinois in population and wealth, is recognised and accepted by her people. The material interests of four of these States are tending to the same result; and whatever decision may be forced upon them now, the 'inexorable logic of facts' may be relied upon to convince them ere long, that nothing would be worse for them than to be tied to the destinies of an exclusively slaveholding Republic. But the reckless, juggling American politicians of the present day, with two or three honourable exceptions, rarely look into futurity, or at any other than selfish or sectional interests, and, unless restrained by better influences, may overlook the foregoing considerations, and sacrifice the little of national honour that remains to the apparent exigencies of the hour.

We cannot regard the secession of the seven States as anything but an accomplished fact, beyond the power of the Federal Government to alter. The 'grievances' set forth in their declaration must remain the same. The first and greatest of these was, that 'the fugitive slave law is set at nought by the Personal Liberty Acts of some of the free States, and is grossly evaded in all.' This grievance has a very small foundation. These laws were partly designed as a protection to free negroes, who were constantly carried away to the South, and also to embarrass and obstruct the fugitive slave law; but, as they cannot practically accomplish even that, much less prevent the final rendition of a claimed negro, they are quite a useless irritant. It is important to remark, that although they may constitute a ground of quarrel between the South and individual States, it cannot lay a solitary charge against the *Federal Government* regarding the faithful execution of the law of 1850; for, through its judicial and executive officers it has persistently discharged the odious obligation. While section 2 of Article 3, and section 2 of Article 4, have been feebly carried out in the first instance, and totally nullified in the last, out of deference to the South, the law founded on the last clause of section 2 of Article 4 has been faithfully executed against the hostile feeling of the whole North. Therefore this grievance falls to the ground, for the Federal Government is the party bound, not the State authorities; and as long as it is faithful to the contract, there is no violation of the Federal compact, the law being designed to carry into execution a Federal prerogative by Federal officers, not

by State officials, who cannot *legally* be required to perform the duty.

Another grievance is, 'that the South has lost its equality in the Union, and is denied equal rights with the North;' and the vagueness of this statement renders it a valuable popular outcry. It generally refers to the territories; and the complaint is, that while Northerners are allowed to take every species of property with them into this neutral ground, Southerners are excluded from settling there with what the laws of their States declare to be property. The South can take into the territories just such property as the North can, according to Republican opinion. But, in fact, slaves are taken now into the territories, and are held there by decision of the Supreme Court, although it was the opinion of all American statesmen until the time of Calhoun, that slavery rested on the *lex loci* of the several States; therefore it could not exist in districts where there is no law to create and enforce it. 'Equal control over the government' is another point raised under this head, but it is not equality but despotic power which the South desires; in fact, that 350,000 shall equal 20,000,000. It has, by the Constitution, more than it is entitled to ask. Slave property, and no other property, is represented in the national Legislature. Florida, with only 47,000 white inhabitants, is equally represented in the Senate with New York, with 3,000,000; and 25,000 slaveholders in South Carolina have as much control over the government as 2,500,000 people in Pennsylvania.

Two other 'grievances' may be placed in one category; 'the interference of abolitionists with the slaves,' and 'the moral attitude of the North regarding slavery.' The first is doubtless of a most serious and exasperating nature; for, among the felt evils of slavery, the liability to incendiarism is the greatest. For the conduct of some Northern fanatics in appealing to the worst passions of an excitable race, urging them to rise upon their masters, no apology can be offered; it is offensive, impolitic, and wicked, and, if successful, would inaugurate such a reign of blood, terror, and rapine as the world has never seen. But to charge the offences of a small band of abolitionists upon the North which generally repudiates them, is preposterous, and certainly secession is not the remedy. With respect to the second, the North has an undoubted right to frame its own ethical code; and there is nothing in the Constitution binding it to the acceptance of any particular theory about slavery. The States, however, are not given to moral theorizing, and we are not aware that they have attempted to settle the question. It is true, as this 'declaration' asserts, that the free States have permitted the establishment of anti-slavery societies; but the Constitution does

not bind the people of any State to silence on any subject. The slaveholders have had the remedy in their own hands. If, instead of seeking to extend and nationalize their institution, they had made judicious and consistent efforts to extinguish slavery, the sympathies of the North would have been enlisted in their favour. We regret the disposition to harsh and vituperative language evidenced by a portion of the Northern pulpit and press. We are all in daily need of mercy, and we dare not put any beyond the pale of our charity for whom Christ died, and on whom God's sun shines and His rains descend. The South has yet to learn, through the medium of some terrible lessons, that the universal brotherhood of man stands on the same platform as the universal Fatherhood of God, and that there is a statute of undoubted authority and universal application more binding than the mere letter of law or gospel, on which the North may securely rest her condemnation of slavery.

It shows the real point and ground of the whole matter, that these grievances are brought far more prominently forward than that of the Federal Tariff Law, under which the South really suffers a hardship. But we must look beyond any of them for the true causes of secession. The free States of the country, notwithstanding their disadvantages of soil and climate, were prospering, while the slave States were not advancing in a corresponding degree. The North was absorbing all the vigorous voluntary labour of European immigration: it was rich, it was covered with profitable railroads; it was full of schools and general intelligence, while the South was poor, and frequently obliged to pledge its coming crop for the necessities of the present year. Certain disagreeable facts became increasingly prominent. In 1790 the population of the slave States was larger than that of the free by 66,007 persons. In 1860 the number of square miles possessed by the South largely exceeded that of the North, but Northern population was ahead of Southern by 5,443,870 persons. The rate at which population (owing of course in great measure to immigration) increased in the free States in the last ten years was 41 per cent., in the slave States 29 per cent. The only decrease in city population which the last census recorded was of nearly 3000 souls in Charleston. Virginia, which in 1790 had the first place in population, had sunk to the fifth in 1860. Of eight States which contained over a million inhabitants, only two were slave States; and of twenty-one cities containing over 40,000 inhabitants, only five were Southern cities. The imports into the States south of Maryland in 1859 amounted to 13,000,000 dollars, or one-twentieth only of the whole importation of the country. A revenue was derived from the Post Office in the free States, while in the slave States the

expenditure exceeded the receipts annually by 3,500,000 dollars. The total agricultural and manufactured products of the North were 60 per cent. in value above those of the South. The North contributed five-sixths of the Federal revenue; even including cotton the exports of the South were 22,000,000 dollars below those of the North, and the imports of the free States exceeded those of the slave States by 216,000,000 dollars. The improved lands in the South were only as 10 per cent. against 15 per cent. in the North, and land thus occupied was worth 6 dollars per acre in the slave States, and 19 dollars in the free States. When we add to these considerations, that the proportional representation gives the free States 150 representatives, and the slave States only 84, and that the economic exigencies of slavery require new territory to replace the overrun and exhausted lands of its reckless and nomadic cotton cultivation, we can understand how the South, groaning under these disabilities, and wilfully blind to their cause, adopted the idea that the North was the vampire which lived upon it and sucked its blood; and that connection with the North was the fatal incubus which pressed it to the ground. In the list of grievances put forward, the seceders have not been honest with themselves or the country. They raise false issues and conceal the true ones. They go out to gratify the mad ambition of their party leaders, who, because they have lost the control of the Union, seek its destruction that they may rule a fragment of it—the avarice of their commercial men, who gloat over the riches to be poured into their coffers by free trade—and the craving demands of their planters for new territory and fertile soil. They go out to rid themselves of the moral coercion of Northern sentiment, to pursue that brilliant *ignis fatuus* of a tropical destiny which for ever floats before the eyes of their politicians, and to found an empire of which slavery shall be the distinctive characteristic and controlling interest.

Therefore, whatever line of policy the Administration may drift into—whether ‘coercion,’ or ‘recognition,’ or ‘masterly inactivity’—whether the inevitable disputes are settled peaceably or are referred to the ‘bloody arbitrament of the sword,’ by which neither of the contending parties shall be the gainer,—our opinion is, that the cotton States are gone, and that, in fulfilment of their ‘manifest destiny,’ they have shaken the dust from off their feet, and never more, *under the present constitution*, will re-enter the door of the American Union.

Another twenty years, in all probability, will solve the problem of the future of the two Republics. It is under the banner of ‘King Cotton’ that the Gulf States have marched out of the American Union; and as cotton has dictated their policy, so it promises to shape their destiny. At the moment when the short-

sighted slaveholder, reasoning from the fact that cotton lands and cotton slaves are annually rising in value, is boasting that the earth is becoming tributary to him, his huge monopoly is preparing to fulfil the law by which sooner or later all monopolies must fall. The seceding leaders have duly estimated the stake which Europe has in their cotton-growing capabilities. England, from whose anti-slavery proclivities they have most to fear, cannot, they argue, afford to quarrel with them on ethical or philanthropic grounds, while 4,000,000 of her people are dependent on their staple production. Full well they know that the British cotton-spinner's mind is in perpetual anxiety about the supply of the raw material, and keenly sensitive to May frosts, October storms, and rumours of a servile insurrection or an American 'difficulty.'

No trade has ever grown so rapidly or assumed such gigantic proportions. In 1800 our imports of cotton were 370,320 lbs., and the value of our cotton exports, L.3,000,000; in 1860 our imports were 1,435,840,000 lbs., and the value of our exports between forty and fifty millions sterling! The amount of capital invested in the cotton manufactures of this country is between L.60,000,000 and L.70,000,000 sterling. Great Britain alone consumes annually L.24,000,000 worth of cotton goods. Our imports of the raw material are valued at L.30,000,000. The cotton demand is daily increasing; and as the future augmentation of the supply of human clothing must be met almost entirely by cotton, the fact becomes painfully significant, that, of the already enormous quantity imported, America supplies us with five-sevenths of the whole. Our total imports in 1860 were 13,367,046 bales, being an increase over last year of 536,400 bales, and of this increase America furnished 460,424 bales.

The prospect of a short supply of American cotton for some time to come, owing to the dissensions in the country, naturally produces great apprehension, but at the same time is bringing out the fact that the production of the comparatively neglected cotton regions of the earth may be made capable of keeping pace with the demand. In a notice of these capacities, the statistics of an exceptional year are of no value; therefore we take the data furnished by the returns of the seven years from 1850 to 1857. During that period the increase of 300,000,000 lbs., in round numbers, in our imports of cotton was furnished by the following countries:—

United States,	161,604,906 pounds.
Egypt,	5,910,730 "
West Indies,	1,184,667 "
East Indies,	131,465,402 "
Africa and others,	5,895,462 "

If we take the fourteen years from 1843 to 1857, we find that

the cotton countries increased their shipments to England as follows :—

United States,	15 per cent.
Egypt,	140 "
Brazil,	54 "
East India,	288 "
Africa,	300 "

If we take the import of 1857 as the basis, and assume the increase of the fourteen succeeding years to be in the same ratio, the rate of increase in 1871 will be as follows :—

United States,	752,911,754 pounds.
East Indies,	720,973,853 "
Brazil,	45,464,464 "
Egypt,	31,216,849 "
Africa and others,	23,758,480 "

In this estimate we have not taken into account the opening of new fields, the stimulus given to free growth by British capital and enterprise, and the possibility that the present enormous American rate of increase may be checked for a time by domestic dissension. The probabilities are, that in 1871 the free labour countries will be able to produce nearly as much cotton as the increased British consumption will require; and with this change, and its accompanying revolution in price, the great Southern monopoly must inevitably be broken up. India will then rival the United States in her production—Africa, begirt with free settlements, will supply us with millions of pounds—Greece and Turkey are beginning cotton cultivation—Cyprus has devoted 80,000 acres to it—and Tunis and Australia are moving in the same direction. The great difficulties are the cleaning of the raw material and its inland carriage; but the first can be overcome by perseverance, and British energy and capital will accomplish the last by means of railroads and light draught steamers. In fact, so strong is the resolve not to be dependent upon slave-grown cotton, that stimulating production and cheapening carriage are merely questions of time. In parts of Africa the natives are satisfied with a halfpenny a pound on uncleared cotton, and cleaned cotton, worth 8d. a pound in Liverpool, can be bought on the Niger for 3d. per pound. In India industry is cheap and abundant, and in most of the free labour countries a great item in the cost of production is saved by the plant being a perennial. Allowing for a great rise in the value of labour, two continents will be able to undersell America,—cotton being raised in the United States by ‘cotton hands’ who cost their owners L.250 a-piece, and in Africa and India by men who own themselves, and are satisfied with 4d. a-day; while the South cannot diminish the cost of production to any great extent, for the re-opening of the slave trade is impossible. Never before

have geographical discovery, religious effort, commercial enterprise, and philanthropic ardour pointed so unanimously in the same direction, forecasting the probability that cotton, which has shaped the Southern policy and has founded the new empire, will be, under the operation of a retributive Providence, the means of the overthrow of Southern slavery and Southern power together.

Various other perils of a lesser but more immediate nature menace the Confederate States, unless they are temporarily compacted by Federal coercion. The cotton States of necessity desire cheap labour. Three of them have openly avowed their wish to procure it by the re-opening of the slave trade. Mr Yancey, of Alabama, one of their commissioners now in Europe, publicly declared that, if 'the North has the right to import asses from Spain, the South has an equal right to import negroes from Africa.' To gain this right was an undoubted motive of secession. South Carolina is already aggrieved with the Montgomery prohibition of the slave trade—the sacrifice to European opinion and Border States incertitude; and the right of secession having been recognised, there is nothing to prevent her or any other of the seven States from becoming independent, and attempting to revive the slave trade through the convenient medium of Cuba.

Revenue is another difficulty. The Southern Congress demands a loan of 15,000,000 dollars for present necessities; and probably, as the interest of 8 per cent. is secured by an export duty on cotton, the principal will be subscribed within the seceding States. But when the storm of passion has passed by, and further sums are required for future exigencies, to pay a standing army, to build and equip a navy, to carry the mails, and to guard a frontier exposed to the incursions of predatory tribes, we apprehend serious financial embarrassments. What capitalists will lend their money upon the security of a Government which may at any time tumble to pieces upon any disputed subject; and upon the pledge of States which, in the event of other secessions, will fail to recognise any individual obligations to the public creditor,—States, two of which have repudiated their debts, and which own for their chief magistrate the dishonoured apostle of repudiation? The revenue must be raised by direct taxation, a measure most odious in America, and which is likely to inflame that immense class of 'poor whites' who, owning no slaves, and being too poor to buy any, have lent their lawless energies and strength to the secession movement with very different expectations. These men are demoralized, lazy, brutal, the moral gangrene and cancer of the South; reckless, warlike, unscrupulous, the stuff out of which border-ruffians, fili-

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